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SULTAN MAHMOOD.
ON HIS WAY TO THE MOSQUE.

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CONSTANTINOPLE
IN 1828.
A
RESIDENCE OF SIXTEEN MONTHS
IN THE
TURKISH CAPITAL AND PROVINCES:
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE
OF THE
NAVAL AND MILITARY POWER, AND OF THE RESOURCES
OF
THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

BY
CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
MDCCCXXIX.

TO
THOMAS HOLME, ESQ.

THE FRIEND OF MANY YEARS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

WITH ENDURING SENTIMENTS OF GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION,

BY THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN recording his observations on a country like Turkey, and on a people still so imperfectly known as the Turks, and when submitting those observations to public attention, a traveller may be exempted from the usual excuses (of modesty or affectation) deemed necessary to precede or accompany the descriptions of more familiar regions, whose inhabitants and institutions differ comparatively little from our own, and are every day brought before our eyes in the progress of public affairs, or in the familiar intercourse of society.

In our own language we have one standard work on Turkey, (Thornton's,) but even that is not free from many and serious errors: the spirit of enterprise and investigation which does honour to our country, has not been idle, and through a numerous collection of Travels much valuable information is certainly scattered, though perhaps few but literary men will be at the pains of extracting and condensing it, from so many heavy volumes. A work that should unite the valuable portions of the information on the Ottoman empire, we possess in our native authors; and that which is to be

found in French, Italian, and German travellers, would be a desideratum for the general reader, and would tend to give something like stability to the popular ideas on Turkey, which are now as vague as those connected with fairy-land. But this is not my present business. All I have aimed at in the following sketches, is to furnish a few slight materials, to add to those already in our possession. The field is acknowledged to be vast, and every man, however far he may be from possessing the elaborate accuracy of a Tournefort, the vivacity of a Clarke, or the graphic skill of a Leake, if he will but see with his own eyes, and not through the medium of books, can hardly fail (even if he but glean where others have reaped) to collect something novel and interesting which has escaped his predecessors. It is more than probable, however, that my slight researches would have remained in the obscurity of my portfolio, or have been treasured up in my own mind with many other pleasurable recollections of travel, and would have sought no other issue than that afforded by conversation with an untravelled friend, or complacent listener ; (for we of the itinerant genus must at least *talk*, and like a rough fox-hunt, half the pleasure of travelling, perhaps, consists in reflecting on the tales we shall have to tell, particularly when we extend our wanderings beyond the pale of civilization ;) but I found myself in Turkey at a remarkable and eventful epoch, which afforded me an opportunity of watching the movements of the Moslems' minds when under the influences of calamity and excitement, and of tracing the operations of the sultan's new system and improvements. I was in Asia Minor at the date of the fatal conflict at Navarino—at Constantinople at the commencement of the Russian invasion ; and were it but as an abstract study of the human mind,

in a state imperfectly civilized, and modified by a very peculiar religious code, I flatter myself that my observations on the Turks during those trying circumstances cannot be found wholly devoid of interest.

Dr. Walsh, in his deservedly popular work, has given an able account of Sultan Mahmood's military reforms, which might seem to render further details unnecessary ; but it was my fortune to see the development or extension of those plans, the progress made in them since the Doctor's departure from the country, and to watch the working of the new system in the most critical moments. Thus taking up the subject where he left it, I consider a portion of my work a humble continuation of my predecessor's ; whilst some details on the civil improvements of the Ottoman government, not noticed by Dr. Walsh, may pretend to entire novelty, which succeeding travellers will in their turn enlarge upon. The authorities from which I have drawn my connected sketch of Mahmood's life and reign, and the characters of several men who have figured on the dangerous theatre of Turkish politics, are such as I have good reasons to respect—they are persons born and bred in the country, or European residents who have passed many years of their lives in it, and have witnessed the scenes, and known (some of them intimately) the persons they described. Motives of prudence (as regards themselves and their connexions in Turkey) necessitate the suppression of many names ; but I may mention with confidence, as I do with gratitude, those of my friends Messrs. Constantine Zohrab, Edward Zohrab, R., Liston Elliot, (the oriental secretary of the late embassy,) G. Wood, (one of our drogomans,) and Donald Sandison of Constantinople ; and Messrs. Wilkinsons, Borrell, Langdon, the

late James Sandison, Cunningham, and Jasigi of Smyrna. From these gentlemen I obtained various and interesting information, but it is to the first of them, (Mr. Constantine Zohrab,) that I am most deeply indebted. Of Armenian descent, he was born at Constantinople; the Turkish, from the disuse the idiom of his ancestors has fallen into, may be considered as his mother tongue, and perhaps, to no Osmanli of Stamboul is it more familiar. His father held a diplomatic situation in the Turkish capital, and from his childhood he has been in habits of familiarity or of intercourse with Turks of all classes. Mr. Thornton, the author of "The present State of Turkey," married Mr. C. Z.'s sister, and it is not depreciating the merits of the Englishman to suppose that he owed a portion of his information to his Levantine brother-in-law, who was so well calculated to furnish particulars concerning the extraordinary people among whom his life has passed. Mr. C. Zohrab has been, moreover, a traveller; he has visited England, (several times,) France, Russia, and most of the countries of the continent; and this, with his constant intercourse with Englishmen, arising in part from his family connexions, and in part from his partnership as a merchant with Mr. Cartwright, (now our consul-general at Constantinople,) whilst it has emancipated him from the narrowness of mind incident to Levantines, and more especially to those of Pera, has enabled him also to draw comparisons, and to feel what is interesting and what otherwise to European research. The latter quality is most valuable, for in consulting natives of the country, the misfortune is, that they are almost sure to suppress as trite and trivial the very things that are most characteristic and amusing, if not the most important.

My hearty old friend has not the least pretension in the world to

literature or philosophy, (though he has a fund of information, the fruit of personal experience, and a rough-coated, good wearing sort of philosophy of *his own*,) but he is fond of talking of what he has seen, in the true spirit of a traveller, and one who has lived in the midst of “moving accidents ;” and I always found his accounts deliciously quaint, bold, and animated. It used to be refreshing to me when oppressed by the ennui and stupidity of Pera, to get closeted for a whole long evening with Zohrab and our pipes, and to talk of Turkey, the Black Sea, England, and the mountains of Scotland. I could fill volumes with my friend’s tales and odd remarks ;—but of this enough.

It will be seen that the disturbed state of public affairs, and bad health, prevented me from extending my excursions as I had proposed, but if my range of travel was not a wide one, I at least saw what I visited coolly and deliberately, and in this I differ from the generality of tourists, who pass so hurriedly from place to place, that they have no time for mature examination, and the result is a succession of pictures, weak, indistinct, and confused. The rather singular circumstance of there being only three Englishmen resident at Constantinople during my stay, in depriving me of the pleasure of the society of my countrymen, threw me on what resources I could find among the natives of the place. The absence of all amusements necessitated application, and many solitary hours were occupied by noting on paper what I had heard in conversation, and seen in the day’s excursion.

In making out my own cause, I have a right to assume my advantages ; whatever may be the value of my observations, they are the latest made in Turkey, (that are likely to meet the public eye,)

I believe, by two or three years ; and they will assist an estimation of the real state of the Ottoman empire, as I left it, in October 1828.

I cannot soothe myself with the belief that the personal circumstances of an author can have, or even ought to have, anything to do with the success of his book, or the decision of his readers ; but the fact that the following volume has been written under the unfavourable influences of almost uninterrupted ill health, may soften the severity of criticism, and account for my omitting many interesting details.

The countenance of a public, whom it is customary to call intelligent and kind, (though the prevalence of the former quality may be obnoxious to the latter,) and a return of better health, may embolden me again to call attention to the fruits of my wanderings ; in the meantime, with the ordinary mixture of hope and fear, I submit the present volume to the dread fiat, reserving to myself the good old Italian consolation, that if it utterly fail and die, it will only go *nel numero de' piu*.

LONDON, *June 10th*, 1829.

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It was on a beautiful evening, about the middle of August, 1827, that I found myself, after a long struggle with calms, and the baffling Etesian, or annual northern wind, (which eighteen days before had driven us back from the Doro passage to the island of Milo,) slowly sailing between Scio and Ipsara, and close to the latter island.

Scio, seen in this direction, presents nothing to justify her claim to the title of the “Flower of the Levant.” Lofty mountains descending precipitously to the sea, with scarce a span between their feet and the water’s edge, black rocks and volcano-like peaks, broad masses of burnt, scoria-like matter, intermixed with thick patches of underwood and shrubs, silence and desolation—such are the features of this profile. And it is on the other side of the island which faces the coast of Asia Minor, and looks towards Erythræ, Teos, and Ephesus, that the beauty and cultivation of Scio are to be sought for. Ipsara, like all the other small islands of Greece, (I do not remember a single exception among the Cyclades and Sporades,) is a dark, naked, scorched mass, not even pretty or picturesque in its outline. The neat white town,

now in ruins, and totally deserted, shone forth sweetly and reproachingly as we passed, recalling scenes of horror and blood that made me shudder. Being built of fine stone and marble, like its neighbour of Scio, at the time of its taking (1824) it resisted the savage efforts of the Turks to destroy it in toto. A few of the meaner houses alone could be easily levelled with the earth, the rest were merely gutted; their fine outer walls, deprived of roofs, doors, and windows, remain, and look perhaps more melancholy than those that are laid in the dust—as the skeleton on the heath, through which the wind whistles, and the rain patters, is a sadder object than the unrecognizable remnants of mortality mouldering in the church-yard. There was not a human being—not a dog, within that (but lately) busy and prosperous town. A seaman on board showed me, beyond a white stone chapel, a steep cliff, whence many Ipsariote women, pursued by the Turks, threw themselves into the sea, with their children in their arms. I saw the remains of the little jet which the enterprising islanders had constructed to defend the small port below the town from the southerly gales, and which the Turks had knocked to pieces. As the sun set, innumerable swarms of sea-fowl boomed between us and the island, uttering harsh, shrill cries, the only sounds that broke the sepulchral silence, except indeed the scarcely audible *striscia* of our vessel passing through the smooth waters.

It has been my fate, during my voyages in the Levant, to be becalmed three several times off this unfortunate island, and neither time was it possible to defend myself from the deep, mournful impression, its sight and recalled destruction suggest. The last time (in December 1828) I found it as silent and deserted as ever. The remnant of its population that had escaped slaughter, and gained the shores of continental Greece, had long been driven from their new settlement at the Piræus, but were too few and too poor to venture returning to their native island.

The tragedy of the fall of Ipsara is but too well known, and were it not so, I should shrink from the detail of its horrors; but there is one circumstance connected with it, which I have never seen alluded to, and which I will here relate, in justice to her noblest son, the purest patriot that the Greek revolution has produced, premising my statement with the assurance that it rests on indubitable authority. When the island was menaced with the Turkish attack, a council of the primates was convened, to decide on the measures to be adopted for defence. The majority at once resolved, that it

would be madness to attempt, with their light, merchant brigs, to arrest the course of a numerous fleet, composed of strong and lofty men-of-war, and that they had sufficiently provided for the defence of the island, by garrisoning it with six hundred Albanians, and planting slight batteries above the points of debarkation. The good Canaris, who was present, trembled at this decision, and conquering his diffidence, and a natural difficulty he had in expressing himself before an assembly, rose and opposed it with all his might. He referred, modestly, to what he had done against the Turks with the same small craft that were now contemned; he asked if the Turks could be supposed to have improved as sailors? whether they were not as blind and inexperienced as ever? He spoke of the changes and chances of wind and weather, which are always favourable to the skilful party; he begged, he implored his countrymen, to put their vessels to sea, converting two, three, or even four into fire-ships. But he spoke to men blinded by immediate and private interests and prejudices, and who were resolute to their own ruin. The fact was, most of the ships had been already drawn up in the two small ports of the island, and their guns removed to furnish the inefficient land-batteries. The minority that voted with Canaris, convinced by the arguments, or overawed by the far superior number of their opponents, slunk from his side; and when he rose again with tears of grief and rage in his eyes, and poured tardy but bitter invectives on the leaders of the land-party, reproaching them with the folly of relying on mercenaries, whose faith was to be bought and sold, and threatened them with the dreadful fate that befell the neighbouring island of Scio, two years before, he was tumultuously silenced, thrust out of the council, thrown down, and trampled beneath the feet of his countrymen. In the moment of fury, yataghans were even drawn against the life of the man who had done so much for the Greek cause, whose name was a terror to the Turks, and will hereafter hallow the island he in vain attempted to save, for his adversaries' opinions were preferred, and Ipsara, after a process of blood and crime, became what we now see it.* Canaris, with his family, as is well

* Since the very commencement of the Greek Revolution, certain Frenchmen, taking their tone from Pouqueville, have been in the habit of heaping indiscriminate abuse on the English flag in the Levant, on the English as enemies to Greeks! It will be easy for me to show the incorrectness of their statements. But are these gentlemen aware of the accusations brought against their flag? Among many, I will here mention one. The Greeks accuse the commander of a French ship of war, (a corvette,) of having employed himself for days in taking soundings round the island of Ipsara, of ascertaining the proper points for landing, and of having given the fruit of these obser-

remembered, had the good fortune to be among the number of those who escaped in some of the ships, when the island was taken. The humiliation and wrongs he had suffered, produced no effect on the hero's patriotism. As soon as he had seen his wife and children in safety, his first demand was for another fire-ship, with which (only a month and a few days after he had been driven from his native home) he performed his third grand exploit, burning a Turkish forty-gun frigate under sail, and defeating Husref Pasha's projected attack on the island of Samos. Had the Greeks possessed at the beginning of their revolution a dozen men, with the bravery, devotedness, and other virtues of Canaris, with a superaddition to his qualities,—of eloquence, (for the Greeks in this, as in so many other points, identify themselves with their ancestors, and are to be governed but by men who can speak them well,) their cause would have been long ago triumphant; the slaughter which has so thinned their numbers, the desolation which has visited nearly all the territories they are to possess; the catalogue of civil dissensions, piracies, and other crimes, would have been spared them, and the interference of European powers (an interference that *may* always prove dangerous, when proceeding from the strong to the weak) would have been required only under the form of recognition, or, perhaps, of political guarantee. Greece would have then started with a fair name, free from the obloquy which (and in part justly) is now cast upon her.

But, to proceed with my approach to Turkey. The next morning, when I went on deck, I found we were under the lofty "Black Cape," (*Carabournou*) and merging into the long, winding bay of Smyrna. We still saw behind us Ipsara, Scio, and the Islets, called the Spalmadores, whilst to the left the high points of Lesbos were in view, peering over the Phocæan Cape, which, with Carabournou, forms the mouth of the Smyranean gulph. Our progress was, however, extremely slow until about ten o'clock, when the *inbat*, or westerly wind, which blows regularly during the summer months up the gulph, wafted us on our way, and hurried us past scenes of great interest and beauty. We saw in succession the site of the ancient and Greek Clazomene, and the modern town of Vourla, with picturesque windmills and Turkish cemeteries to our right; and to our left, the broad mouth of the clas-

ventions to the Turkish Captain-Pasha, to direct him in his attack on Ipsara. And I have heard others (not Greeks) say, that such a plan, immediately after the French survey, was seen on board the Turkish Admiral's ship!

sical river Hermus, a long line of salt cones, and the windmills and minarets of Menimen. At noon we came to, off the Sangiac Castle, which is situated where the bay contracts, on a projecting slip of land, under the bold and picturesque mountain, called, from the double cone in which it terminates, the "Two Brothers," or, by Italian sailors, "Le Mamelie." Here a boat came off to us, containing no less a personage than the governor of the fortress—a fat, dirty old Turk. The business of this functionary would have been to examine the nature of the ship's cargo, whether she carried ammunition or arms, or Greeks; but this was business that could not be done without trouble. His mode of proceeding was much more simple. When asked what he wanted, he replied, "due talleri," marking the number on his fingers. This sum being given to him without demur, he smiled graciously, said "buono! buono! Capitan," sat down cross-legged in the bottom of the boat, and made a mute sign to his men, who rowed him to another vessel a-stern of us. We passed safely through the narrow channel left by the encroaching flats, and laughed heartily (knowing that no serious injury could ensue) when, on looking back, we saw three heavy "argosies" flounder on the sandy shoals, the deposit of the river Hermus.

The scenery here assumed the characters of beauty. On shore, by the castle, was a small Turkish village, a low mosque, a narrow cemetery with tall black cypresses, and the "turbaned stone," some Turkish kiosks, gay with red paint, with fronts all windows, and open to the cool breeze, looking out from the midst of sober olive groves, or rich clumps of the odorous myrtle. A little further on, and close to a spot called Jackal-bournou, I perceived near the sea-shore, an encampment of Yerooks,* and a large drove of camels browsing under the tendance of men and boys with turbaned heads and naked legs. I felt for the first time, that I was in "the land of the East."

The castellated heights of Mount Pagus had been visible even for a considerable time before we reached the castle, and now we saw the town of Smyrna, situated at its base, and on a narrow flat that runs round the end of the bay. On approaching still a little nearer, (near enough to allow a short-sighted man to take in the view without aid of telescope, which spoils the general effect of scenery,) I was delighted with what I saw; and indeed so fine, and in some cases so peculiar are the objects, that the mere mention

* Wandering pastoral tribes, that live in tents.

of them will convey the idea of beautiful and varied scenery. A rough, steep mount of considerable elevation, with the gloomy walls of an ancient fortress running along its ridge, and a crowded town of low and quaint looking edifices painted in many colours, spread amphitheatrically round its bases. On a lower height, a long black line of cypresses, (the Turkish cemetery,) and lower still, a shelving hill-side, covered with broad flags of white stone, (the humbler resting-place of the Jews,) tall, white minarets, relieving against the back ground of the castle hill, or painted dwelling-houses, beyond and among which are again seen, at frequent intervals, the dark spiral tops of the tree of the orient. All this is in immediate relation to Smyrna itself; and then we have the grand accessories of the landscape—the bay bounded on either side by magnificent mountains, with an intervening narrow belt dotted with olive groves, myrtle, and other kiosks. To the left, a lovely little flat, with tall trees and fountains; (called Cordelew;) then an inlet of the bay, running towards the village of Bournabat, whose white casinos and dark cypresses are seen in the rich plain, which is overlooked on the opposite side by Kuklujà, another village, (the most romantic of all in this district,) situated on a lofty ridge, and under a rugged and overhanging precipice; and lastly, bounding the scene, and presiding in majesty over all, Mount Sipylus, the mysterious, the sublime! the haunt of the divinities of classical mythology! whose voices may still be imagined in the thunder of which he is continually the dispenser, while, to the fanciful eye, his projecting rocks preserve the form of the proud but hapless Niobe.

But our vessel is coming to anchor, close before the town, and in the midst of flags of all nations, and ships of almost every possible form. Our names are called, and on looking alongside, we see our kind friend S—— with his aide-de-camps, (his cashier and warehouseman,) two strapping Armenians, with calpacs as big as balloons, shaved heads, long coal-black mustachios, unbuttoned throats, loose *benishes*, shawls round their waists, petticoats, broad scarlet trowsers, and soleless boots of a cochineal colour, thrust into slippers of the same hue. We now experienced, that though travelling in the East has its inconveniences and hardships, it has its comforts and advantages too; we went on shore at once, and repaired to our friend's house, without any mention being made of quarantine or passports, or any of those things which in civilized countries are such checks and torments on one's movements; and our luggage coming after us, passed close under the noses of the autho-

rities of the Turkish custom-house, without their testifying any inclination to pry into our portmanteaus. (I remained in Turkey long enough to see some important changes attempted in certain of these matters, particularly in those relating to passports and police regulations; but hitherto they have been almost confined to the capital. When I arrive there, I will detail them.)

The generality of travellers who have lately visited Smyrna, have gone there from the Morea, or the impoverished islands of Greece, where they had suffered privations of every kind; and have, naturally enough, found that this town, which from its extensive trade and European population, does possess some of the comforts of civilized life, is a delightful residence—a paradise in the desert. Even the wanderers from the other direction, who have just left the palaces and the etiquette of Pera, and have their memories full of the torpifying influences of stately parties, composed of flippant secretaries and drowsy drogomans, with their no better “halves,” the second-hand retailers of the airs of Madame l’Ambassadrice, on finding themselves in a place where etiquette is unknown; (except always among the consuls;) where there is an easy familiar intercourse between all parties; where every evening, if you like, you may go to an uncereemonious *soirée*, and meet pretty-faced young Levantines, who can laugh, and dance, and “be agreeable;” and where you meet with men, undistinguished, it is true, by high qualities either of principle or intellect, but who are civil, friendly, and cheerful;—I say, even these travellers are apt to place Smyrna high in the scale of pleasant residences, and to draw a veil over its deformities and impurities. Now the difference of my immediately preceding circumstances, which formed indeed a contrast but unfavourable to Smyrna, may very well account for the difference of my first impression. I had come from pleasant Italy, where I had left society and friends, and the resources of a great capital. A short stay at Malta, which possesses in La Valetta one of the finest cities in the Mediterranean, had been very agreeable. I had suffered no privations on the voyage, (which, long as it had been, could scarcely be deemed tedious, considering the interest of the islands we passed and stayed at,) and I had an old and dear friend with me, to ward off the approaches of *ennui*. The first impressions, therefore, that I received from Smyrna, were far from flattering: the wooden houses seemed more mean and fragile—the streets narrower and filthier—the air more sultry, foul, and oppressive—the mosquitoes, fleas, and “other vermin,” larger in size, and more persecuting in nature, than I had ever yet seen. The people

too (I mean the Franks, and the men only) seemed of a strange hybridous nature, something neither Christian nor Turk, Asiatic nor European; and I was struck with a general absence of information, spirit, and liberality, really astonishing, at the present day, in people, natives of England, France, Italy, &c., or descended, as they pretty generally are, from parents born in those countries. They appeared to have, in turns, the sympathies, the listlessness, and supineness of the Moslems, without being striking and picturesque like them:—the lightness of character and vanity of the Greeks, without their vivacity and natural talent. I thought the reigning pleasure, that of sitting three or four hours on a sofa or a wooden stool and smoking ten or twenty pipes, a very dull one; their casino, or assembly rooms, with interminable discourses on figs, sponges, and pirates, with newspapers three months old, I thought duller still. The variety of costume and feature presented by Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Franks, all seen jostling together in the narrow streets, was amusing for awhile; but that soon passed, and was succeeded by a feeling of a less pleasant nature. Each class of that strange mixture was losing the characteristic markings of its caste or nation: there was no spirit, no raciness in either. A turban and caftan, would make the Frank a Turk; a hat and coat, the Turk a Frank:—the moral changes necessary for identification would be scarcely more considerable; and the same may be said of all the sons of Mammon, be their race what it may, that haunt this great *scala* of the Levant. (Thus far I beg to remind the reader:—I speak of first impressions; during a residence of many months I had time for examination, and some of these were considerably modified, as will be seen.)

Of the beauty of the Smyrniote ladies I had heard and read much, and my first observations went to confirm the high character that has been given of it by travellers. When seen at their wide, open windows, (where, by the bye, they are to be seen nearly all the day through,) they look enchanting. Their turbaned head-dress is the most graceful I have seen, and a fac-simile in style to that found on ancient statues—the works of the most talented of the Asiatic Greeks, the elegant Ionians. The formation of their heads is generally fine; their regular and arched eyebrows, their large coal-black eyes, fringed with long silky lashes, their complexion, the expression of their countenance, a mixture of languor and cheerfulness and coquetry, are calculated to strike, and *do* strike, *at a distance*. But, like pictures, (if they wish to keep up the full force of the enchantment,) they should never descend from

their frames (the windows) where only the more favourable part of their figure is visible—where their defects are concealed, and where one cannot perceive that their eyebrows are trimmed and dyed, and that they are indebted for the lilies and roses of their complexion to the *boyadjî*, or itinerant vender of colours. The use of cosmetics is here so general and undisguised, that I risk none of those dangers from my fair friends in the Levant, by stating the *fact*, that I might incur by a mere hint or implication among my fairer countrywomen.

The very first walk I took (on the evening after my arrival) which presented me with these beautiful head-pieces, led me strangely enough to the Protestant burying-ground and the English hospital, as if on purpose to check any gay or agreeable feeling that might offer itself in my new sojourn. The burying-ground on the edge of the town, but not quite out of it, is a small, uneven, thorn and weed-covered enclosure, only partially girt in by walls. The graves, which are already rather numerous, are occupied (with a few exceptions) by English, or descendants of English. While I was there, the funeral of a sailor from one of our ships of war on the station, took place. I looked into the poor fellow's grave—it was not deep, and yet it was half full of water. This, I was informed, was the case with every grave dug in the ground; and though the water may ooze from the Meles, (Homer's own river, a branch of which flows close by,) I should think that scarcely enough to reconcile the feelings of relatives to the unseemly immersion of remains but a few hours cold in death. The grave of an Englishman in a foreign land has always been to me an object of great interest: I have stood by the side of many—at Lisbon, at Leghorn, at Rome, Naples, and Constantinople, but I never saw any thing so slovenly and indecorous as here. There was hardly a trace of that delicacy and religious respect to the dead that distinguishes our country in general—a feeling which, in spite of the cold-blooded, desecrating calculations of political economists and utilitarians, is honourable to our character, and which we share with the most ancient and the most refined nations. The tombs of the Greeks and Romans formed sacred avenues to their cities and towns, and are among the most splendid works they have left to our admiration, and the violation of a temple was scarcely considered more sacrilegious than the violation of a tomb. The present cemetery of Smyrna is rather a recent acquisition—the former one stood nearer to the foot of Mount Pagus: it was abandoned some years ago, and

the Turks have taken away the tomb-stones and tablets it contained, to employ them in the barracks they are now building for the regular troops, without a word of remonstrance being uttered. The English hospital stands close to the burying-ground, to which it is but too frequently the portal; and as if that vicinity were not enough to exercise an evil influence over the spirits of the victims of disease, the narrow court-yard, scarcely larger than "a chair-lumbered closet," has been dug into graves, and is covered with grave-stones. The house is small, and in want of repair; the situation low, damp, close, and unhealthy. At the time of my visit, it contained several patients, chiefly, I believe, sailors from our trading vessels: they were lying on wretched pallets, some of them unprovided with mosquito-curtains, appendages absolutely indispensable to any man (even in health) who would close his eyes in Smyrna; and the mosquito-nets that did exist, were too old and ragged to perform their duty of excluding the persevering and tormenting insects. I should be unwilling to attach the serious blame of this cruel neglect and misconduct to any particular person or persons; I describe what I saw in August, 1827, with extreme surprise, being previously aware that the Levant Company had been accustomed, at least, to provide liberally for the establishment, and that the British government had generously taken on itself this charge, with many others, on the dissolution of that association.*

From this melancholy survey of grave and pest-house, passing through some filthy, narrow lanes, where I ran the risk, so often incurred, and (as it would appear to a stranger) so miraculously avoided in Smyrna, of being squeezed to death by a long string of loaded camels; I emerged into an open sort of faubourg, called by the Franks "Les Jardins." Here the fruitful causes of malaria, fever, and infection met me at every step; nor could I wonder, (as the Smyrniots did,) after a brief survey, why the place should

* During my stay in Smyrna, a commission was appointed to examine into the state of this hospital. Some *trifling* improvements followed. The capital defect admits of no improvement; the situation is most pernicious;—it ought to be removed.

The French have a spacious and airy hospital, with an enclosed garden before it, situated on the Marina, and open to the salutary diurnal breeze of the *inbat*. This hospital has been but a short time finished; and here many of the French sailors, wounded at the battle of Navarino, were landed and cured!

In Dr. Clarke, the resident physician and surgeon, the hospital (as well as the English families) is admirably provided for; with skill and extreme attention, this gentleman unites the most agreeable manners, and a kindness and benevolence of character, it has been rarely my lot to meet with.

have lately been so unhealthy during the heats of summer ; and why so many of the poorer classes of Christians, who resided near this spot, and in the lower parts of the town, should have fallen victims to a dreadful fever during the present season (the summer of 1827.) I saw a number of ditches of green, stagnant water, infested with vegetable decomposition, or dried up by the long and violent heats of summer, with a deep unwholesome deposit traverse this suburban paradise, at a few paces from the town, and from the best quarter of it.* To confine the destructive miasma thus generated, there are numerous trees, banks, and garden walls, which prevent the free circulation of the sea breezes, and retain the poison in such a manner as to render it almost impossible for the inhabitants to avoid inhaling it. The waters of these pestilential ditches are furnished, in part, by an ill-directed branch of the Meles, and, in part, by the heavy tropical-like rains that fall during the winter. To give them proper beds, would be a work of trifling difficulty, for in no instance are they more than half a mile distant from the sea ; but so far are the people from thinking of this useful undertaking, that they permit the channels, natural or artificial, which already exist and issue in the bay, to be choked up at their outlets. The lords of the land, the indolent Turks, never think of these things : not one in ten thousand, perhaps, could be brought to understand the nature of the evil ; and then, in addition to their want of motive, must be added, that they live in an elevated part of the town, on the side of the hill, away from these dangerous nuisances, and that the annual summer fever does not extend its influence so far. Let the dogs lie in the plain “ till ague eat them up,”—what is that to them ? The poor rajahs, the Greeks and Armenians, (the Jews live on the Turkish side, and almost as high up the hill as their masters,) can hardly be supposed to do any thing which would betray a spirit of enterprise and improvement and the possession of money, each sufficient to awaken persecution. But might not the five thousand Franks, that live in the sty of Smyrna, do something to purify it, by treating with the local government, and taking the insignificant undertaking into their own hands ? Surely they should look to it ! For these last six years, the fever, which begins with the great heats, has been increasing in extent and danger, and now threatens to depopulate Christian Smyrna.

* Called by the English “ Bond Street,” by the French “ La Rue des Roses.” The Greeks have a less fashionable, and less agreeable name for it, i. e. “ *Coprieis*, or Dunghill !”

Besides these exterior enemies, there are other causes within the Frank town, fruitful in effects prejudicial to health. The sewers and drains run through the streets and the court-yards of the best houses, only a few inches under the pavement, which is frequently loose and full of crannies, (*sævi spiracula ditis*,) that emit the most fetid vapours; and myriads of insects generated by this filth and closeness, and the heat indicated by the thermometer's varying from ninety to a hundred, or even a hundred and five degrees, add torment to pestilence, and render Smyrna insupportable from May to the end of September. "Were it not for the inbat or regular westerly breeze, that blows freshly up the gulph, the place would be altogether uninhabitable." This has been remarked by Dr. Chandler, and all the travellers since his time; and from my experience of the horrid state of the atmosphere, after only two or three days' interruption of its purifying visitation, I should subscribe implicitly to their belief. I was also informed by some old inhabitants, that it was generally during the remission of the inbat (when, for example, it had not blown for several days) that their putrid and gastric fevers, and other disorders, were observed to declare themselves.*

On returning from my cheering promenade in the gardens, the night fell, and every person I met I saw furnished with a lantern. I ran a greater risk than I was aware of at the time; for if the police guard of Turkish mountaineers meet you without a light, they have orders to arrest you, and the discretionary power of ill treating you. They are extremely active in this respect, as it is almost the only case in which, by the good regulations of the present pasha, they are allowed to interfere with Franks. A gentleman with whom I was acquainted, having to go but a short distance in the town, thought that a clear moonlight, which rendered a lantern perfectly unnecessary, would be excuse sufficient for his going without one. Close to the door of his house he fell in with the guard. "Where's your light?" cried they, gruffly.—"There," replied he, pointing to the moon. The Turks neither admitted the reference, nor admired the joke, and cudgelled him soundly, notwithstanding that he wore a hat.†

* In 1828, which was a most unhealthy year, the northerly winds, (so cool at Constantinople, so suffocating here,) were frequent, and the inbat was of course suspended.

† The regulation of carrying lights, where there are no lamps in the streets, is a good one; and particularly at Smyrna, where there is always a set of amphibious Slavonians, Maltese, &c., who are not too much to be trusted in a dark night.

CHAPTER II.

Tranquillity of Smyrna—Character of the Pasha—Historical Sketch of the Greek Massacres—Execution of Italian Sailors by the Turkish Government—Charity of the English Residents to the suffering Greeks—Anecdote of M. David, the French Consul—Easy suppression of the Janissaries at Smyrna.

At my arrival, (in August 1827,) Smyrna, though suffering in commerce, and from the daring piracies that were then being committed, had been in the enjoyment of tranquillity for a long time, that is, for more than a year! It is rarely that so many months revolve, for those who are in the territories of the sultan, without some scenes of distraction, or at least motives of alarm. But people get used to this like every thing else, and I really believe that for the Frank dwellers at Smyrna and Constantinople, these alarms and tragic scenes have become essentially necessary, as excitements and occupations. In the first of these places particularly, every third man will on any given day in the year (no matter how clear may be the horizon, physical or moral) beat Croaker* in foreseeing and predicting calamities. That epicure in tales of destruction and misery, could see the earthquake that overthrew Lisbon was “coming round in a circle,” and must soon arrive at London; but these his congenial spirits can descry earthquake, fire, war, plague, famine, and the whole countless list of human calamities advancing upon them in solid squares from every point of the compass, as if the powers in Heaven, the powers on earth, and those under the earth, had no other business whatever, and had formed a league to wage exclusive hostilities on the mart of figs, opium, and cotton bales. This, on ordinary occasions, may amuse them; but in times when there were *really* reasons for fear, (after the battle of Navarino, for example,) I have seen a knot of these alarmists heap horror upon horror, until, like children telling ghost-stories, they trembled at the accumulation.

* In Goldsmith’s “Good-natured Man.”

The last current alarm had been, that Lord Cochrane was coming with the "Hellas," and the brigs of the Greek navy, to burn Smyrna to the ground—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Franks; which indeed was a possible thing to occur, considering how agreeable such a deed would be to the powers of Europe; and how easy it was to effect, as there were seldom more than two or three ships of the line, and some half-dozen of frigates and other ships, English, French, American, Dutch, Austrian, &c., in the port at a time. The tranquillity lately enjoyed was disturbed shortly after my becoming a sojourner among them, by news of the treaty of the 6th of July, signed by England, France, and Russia, to settle the Greek affair, and clear the Levant of blood and piracy. This, it was foreseen, would bring the powers in hostile collision with the Porte, in the train of which would come reprisals, confiscations, captivity, or death. In this instance, the probability of the prediction, and the interests they had at stake, (many of them their all,) gave a rather more sane character to their speculations; and it would not have been fair for a stranger, who had nothing but a portmanteau among them, and who could go away on board of ship at any moment he chose, to deprecate too severely the extent of their apprehensions, or their maledictions against the half-butchered Greek people, (who ought to have been left to the Turkish knife,) or their animadversions on Mr. Canning, and on the injustice and *illiberality* of England and her allies!

Hassan, who had been pasha of Smyrna for several years, was a great favourite (and deservedly so) with all classes of its motley population. Though not exempt from all the vices of a Turkish governor, he had generally shown himself moderate, tolerant, just, and averse to bloodshed. He had established an excellent police, and deeds of violence had become rare in his jurisdiction. Hassan was appointed about the time of the breaking out of the Greek Revolution, and had immediately to pass through scenes of extreme difficulty and danger. When the Moslems resolved to avenge the losses and (occasional) cruelty suffered by their brethren in the Morea and elsewhere, with the entire destruction of the unoffending, unarmed Greeks in Asia Minor, Smyrna, where those devoted beings resided in great numbers, became a bloody stage, on which murder, and crimes to which murder is mercy, were exhibited, with varying degrees of activity, during months. Hassan exerted himself, from the very beginning, to stay the tempest, but it was not to be conquered, and soon threatened his own head. During a brief intermis-

sion of its fury, he had called together a number of Turks of age, and a certain rank, (the *notables* of Smyrna and its districts,) to devise measures for securing tranquillity. These unfortunate men were convened in a large room attached to the Turkish custom-house, near the pasha's palace, when unfortunately the populace ascertained that a large merchant-vessel that had been in the port under Russian colours, and had sailed down to the Sangiac castle on her way out of the gulph of Smyrna, was in fact a Greek, and had taken a great number of fugitive Greek families on board. A cry was immediately raised, the pasha was accused of treachery, and of befriending the Greeks; every possible exaggeration and misrepresentation was made use of by the orators of the blood-thirsty mob, and Hassan, and the council he had assembled, were devoted to destruction. The multitude, reinforced by all the *canaille* of the neighbourhood, rushed to the custom-house, where the poor men, devising means of peace and good-will, were advised by the imprecations that pealed around them, of their death-warrant. It was in vain to attempt to harangue the noisy, maddened mob below; and an attempt at defence in the slight wooden kiosk they were in, and to be maintained by their weak arms, against thousands, was equally vain. In vain also the pasha sent out a body of his troops to their relief, they could not penetrate the dense mass, they dared not emerge from the square before their master's residence, which was already menaced with an attack. Left to themselves, and to a few faithful servants, who endeavoured to secure the doors and windows against the assailants, the catastrophe was not long delayed. The mob became masters of the house, and massacred every human being in it. (I have heard a person in the pasha's service, describe the scene that presented itself in the council-room the following morning, with a detail of horror that fixed it on my mind, and makes me shudder even now; the bodies of the respectable old men were literally *cut to pieces*—severed limbs and heads, with their grey beards clotted with gore, and other mutilated remains, actually strewed the floors of these atrocious shambles.) After exulting in their infernal gratification for awhile, the mob, hungry for new victims, gathered round the palace of the pasha. Fortunately the lower part of this was pretty solidly built in stone, and a stone wall and strong palisades surrounded it. The few troops immediately about his person, stood firm and faithful, and offered the appearance of an organised body, always (though ever so weak) imposing to a vile mob. Their fury, which had been head-long where none, or the weakest resistance could be offered to them,

here came to a pause;—they wavered, and retired from before windows and other apertures, bristled with tophaiks and pistols, ready to open a deadly fire on them. Meantime the darkness of night had closed, and the Pasha's messengers, by dropping through some back windows, got unperceived from the palace, and summoned many of his friends, and of the well-affected, to his defence. Hassan's coolness and judgment are said never to have forsaken him for a moment. As the night advanced, the mob again condensed, and advanced with renewed impetuosity; they forced the palisades, and were rushing on in front of the palace, when the pasha ordered the chief gate to be thrown wide open. The sight of two long cannons within the narrow passage, of the *topgis** with the match in hand, and a body of Albanians and others, (Hassan's guard,) with levelled muskets, in the rear of the artillery, quelled their boiling hearts;—they pushed back, to the right, to the left, every way but forward, and ended the disgrace of the day by a general and precipitous flight. The panic, indeed, was so complete, that in less than a quarter of an hour not one of the wretches was to be seen, and the howling city became as quiet as a midnight heath.

The impression produced on the minds of the mob by the pasha's undaunted conduct, and on the milder and more respectable part of the Turkish citizens, by the massacre of the *notables* at the custom-house, forwarded the views at which Hassan had been long labouring, to stop the equally iniquitous massacre of the peaceful Greek population, which had been carried on for months, in spite of the orders and the threats of the Porte, that could hardly wish to *exterminate* so useful a portion of its Asiatic population, though it might at first wink at what it considered a political check, or an *ad terrorem* chastisement. But the ruffianly mob, while destroying Greeks like game in preserves, had become, in fact, masters of the town, from which they had frightened speculation and commerce, to the no small detriment of the pasha's revenue. Neither the voice of Pasha, Moolla, nor Oulema was listened to; and every remonstrance against murder and robbery was interpreted into a guilty predilection for the Greeks. Hassan had now a favourable opportunity to make head against them, and he did so with promptitude and discernment. He rallied round him the friends of order in Smyrna, and several Ayans of his Pashalik; and some from the districts of Magnesia, and the valleys of the Hermus and Caicus, assisted him with men and arms, with their countenance, and in most instances with their personal attendance. The

* Cannoniers.

Moslems of the town, not usually a ferocious people, were soon detached from the murderous league; those of the neighbouring country, chiefly mountaineers, and infinitely more dangerous, were induced to return to their homes, and the only set against which Hassan was obliged to employ violent measures, was a body of Candiot Turks, most of them long settled at Smyrna, as butchers, porters, &c. sanguinary villains, who had been the principal actors in the tragedy. Some of the leading characters of their band were seized, and beheaded or strangled; the mass were constrained to embark, and were transported to Candia. Of a few stragglers that remained behind concealed, scarcely one escaped prompt detection, and execution. The Pasha then felt he had purged Smyrna—tranquillity was restored about the end of June (1822;) since when no more massacres have been perpetrated here. Of the dreadful transactions of which Smyrna had been the scene for nearly twelve months preceding that period, accounts but faulty and unconnected, were remitted occasionally to Europe at the time. I have no inclination to resume, or collate them. I have already detailed some such particulars, replete with the horrid monotony of crime, but there are a few circumstances not generally known, which may be worth a moment's attention. When the Turks commenced their murderous attack on the Greeks in the streets of Smyrna, the merchants and most of the people of that caste, at all in easy circumstances, shut themselves up in their houses. But the poor labouring men, who lived from day to day, on their day's work, could not do this; they must either go out or starve. In the streets, their destroyers, particularly the Candiot butchers, were in movement, like sportsmen beating the bush, or watching the spring of a woodcock, and as soon as the dark turban or calpac of a Greek was seen, a shot was sure to follow him. No distinctions were made, and whether the blood flowed from the veins of venerable age, or from the "holy breasts" that gave suck, or from the innocent that suckled there, it was still so much Romaic blood. As the danger increased, many of the wealthy families, disguised and assisted by the Franks of the place, escaped to ships in the bay; some of these, abandoning their houses and property, fled thence to the islands of Sira, Tino, and Miconi, or to the Morea. As the murders became every day more and more frequent, the poor people, in despair, rushed to the European ships in the port; in some of these they were humanely received—in others, access was only to be procured by sacrificing what little money or valuables they might possess, the

brutal captains making a profitable speculation on their calamities. The Franks taking the alarm, embarked their wives and children, so that, in a short time, every ship was crowded to suffocation. This was in the months of July and August, and under the broiling sun of Smyrna; and there, in each merchantman, were thrown two or three hundred unhappy wretches, without provisions, without water to quench their burning thirst! Hundreds were not able to gain admission to any vessel, but lay in open boats, which they attached to the shipping for protection, huddled together like sheep in a market-pen. In situations like these occurred almost every species of human suffering and privation.

The following story (one among many that I have heard) will give a correct idea of the dreadful state of the Greeks in Smyrna. A poor old man, a builder, or mason, who lived in the gardens, (*les jardins*,) at the edge of the town, shut himself up with his wife and children, a son, a young man, and a daughter between eleven and twelve years old. For many days they lived on the provisions his prudence and thrift had laid up; but at last these were exhausted, and either some one must expose his life by going out to purchase bread, or they must all starve. The son conceived the duty to lay with him; he went out in the dusk of the evening, and never returned. The next day the little girl, frantic with hunger, made the attempt; she succeeded in buying some loaves, and had nearly reached her home, when a ruffian of a Candiotte perceiving her, fired his long pistol, and wounded her in the arm. The poor creature shrieked, but ran on, retaining a fast hold of the precious bread which she brought to her old parents, stained with her blood!

The misfortunes of these people were aggravated to such a degree, and seemed so irremediable, that they were seen at last, as it were, courting death. Religious feeling, too, operated wonderfully on their minds; they were led to consider their death at the hands of the blaspheming Mahometans, as a martyrdom, and hundreds submitted their throat to the knife with a placidity and self-possession and unresistingness, that might go far to merit that palm. I have heard these bloody doings described by many eye-witnesses, who all agree in their accounts, that resistance was *never* offered; and at last, flight, hardly ever attempted. The Franks' lives were never aimed at; the few who had the courage to walk in the streets during the "carnival of slaughter," were merely warned to keep out of the way of the shot: their property was untouched, even when they had run on board ship, and left it unprotected.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, who happened to be walking along the Strada Franca early one morning, saw a Turk suddenly run furiously towards him with his pistols in his hands. The rencontre made him stop short, and betray symptoms of alarm. At this the Turk laughed, and then with an attempt at politeness, begged him to step on the other side of the way, as he only wanted to shoot the Greek who was behind him. An unfortunate creature, whom the Frank had not perceived, was in the next moment stretched on the stones.

A respectable English family, that had hitherto delayed going on board ship, in the hope that such a horrid storm could not be of long continuance, on seeing it thicken, and numbers of poor wretches slaughtered immediately before their residence, made a precipitate retreat to the bay. They did not even close the doors of their house. When they returned, several days after, the quay in front of their house, the court-yard, presented a revolting scene;—murder had been committed even at their threshold—the door was open, but on ascending to their apartments they found that nothing had been touched therein. Frank blood was, however, shed by the Turks, in the course of these troubles, but that in a judicial manner, and by order of the Pasha. A vessel under Sardinian colours had taken on board a number of Smyrniote Greeks, and was sailing with them from the bay for one of the islands of the Cyclades. The Turkish authorities, who had some time before made known an express order of the Pasha, prohibiting European or other vessels trading with Turkey, to take on board or convey away any of the Rayahs or tributary subjects of the Porte, without permission given, ordered the Sardinian to be seized. For this purpose, several large *caiques*, full of armed Turks, were sent off into the bay. The Italian knowing he could not pass the narrow passage off the Sangiac castle, without being sunk by the Turkish cannon, ran for protection under the guns of some men-of-war in the port. The Turks followed, and explained to the commanders their right of seizing him. The Italian's ship-papers were examined and not found in proper order, and depositions were made affecting the character of the captain and his crew. In short, the seizure was permitted, the vessel was carried by the Turks, and the Italians thrown into the Pasha's prison. As the Sardinian consul was absent, the captives applied to the Austrian, the French, the English—to all the consuls in succession, not one of whom, on examining the business, and the depositions against them, would interfere in their favour.

A traitor, a friend of the Sardinian captain's, under pretence of bribing the Turks, drained him and his men of their money ; and when their last piastre was obtained, left them to their fate. This was more dreadful than the most timid of them anticipated ; (they merely apprehended total confiscation of ship, &c. and long confinement.) Early one morning they were dragged out of their dungeon to an open square, where lines of armed Moslems and executioners, with naked swords, gave them the first warning that they were to die. The captain and four of the crew, seeing no hope of prolonging life, submitted quietly to the death-blow, after kissing a small crucifix which one of them had on his person ; but the sixth, a vigorous young Genoese, burst from the executioners, and rushed wildly round the square, whence there was no egress but through armed Turks, shrieking and crying out piteously :—*“ Devo morire così ? Non c' e un Cristiano che mi salvi ? ”* (“ Must I die thus ? Is there not a Christian here to help me ? ”) These struggles but lengthened his life a few seconds, and increased the pangs of dying. A few Christians who happened to be present at the execution, were glad to keep out of sight when he made his appeal to them, his brethren in religion. My informant, who was one of them, and who must have been very young at the time, seemed to have been intensely affected at the scene, and when (in the course of a solitary journey along Mount Sipylus) he described it to me with that imitative spirit these Levantines generally possess, and repeated the wild gestures, the glances of the eye, and the supplicative, deep, thrilling tones of the dying Italian, I confess he brought tears to my eyes, and a dead chill to my heart. I believe, neither the naval commanders, nor the consuls, had entertained an idea that these unhappy beings would be punished with death ; but I must say at the same time, that I never heard the giving of them up, and the non-interference properly justified.

For very many years no such thing as an execution of Franks, by Turkish law, had been seen in the Levant, where offenders are given over to their respective consuls, who take into their own hands their punishment if the offence be light, or send them home to be tried by the laws of their country if serious. Consuls of all nations have been strenuous in endeavouring to establish this into a right ;* and they must be applauded for doing so, when we reflect on the barbarity and summary nature of Turkish law. Putting aside our sympathy for the Italian sufferers, who may have been what they

* The right indeed has been acknowledged times innumerable by the Porte.

were described, rogues, still I must regret their execution, as affording a dangerous precedent.

In the course of the Greek massacres at Smyrna, the most thorough heartlessness, was generally testified by all classes, Franks and Rayahs, wearers of hats and calpacs. The Franks were not attacked, and when their alarm for themselves subsided, they gave soirées and balls, while unfortunate Christians were murdered in the streets. The Armenians, who wore before black caps and calpacs, scarcely distinguishable from those of the Greeks, fearful of being mistaken at a distance by the Turkish hunters of men, ensconced themselves in huge calpacs of flaming red, rising in the crown into four short horns; and thus finding themselves in security, joined the Jews to speculate in the midst of destruction, and to seize the trade and occupations left vacant by the murdered, or the fugitives. Exceptions certainly there were, and brilliant ones too among the Franks, (the brighter from their rarity !) and I reflect with satisfaction, that among those most forward to relieve the sufferers of Smyrna and Scio,* were some English, and an American gentleman, a native of Boston.

The influence and the charity of those high functionaries the consuls, must have flown in "secret channels;" only one of the august body exerted his protection to a very considerable number of devoted individuals, and from his easy success, we must feel an inclination to regret that his example had no followers.

Monsieur David, the Consul-General of France, determined not to close his doors against such fugitives as might claim his protection—his house, his premises, were soon filled with men, women, and children. This could not escape the eyes of the Turks. Demanding the Greeks, they besieged his house, and threatened to break it open, to burn it down, if they were not turned out. Monsieur David perceiving they were about to put their threats into execution, boldly descended, opened a fold of his door, and placing himself with a friend or two in the gap, addressed the mob. The substance of his

* This gentleman, Mr. Joseph Langdon, among many other generous and noble actions, in favour of the unhappy Greeks, ransomed a fine child, (a Sciote,) and sent her to his home, to be educated among his relations and friends. The poor creature had not a friend or a relative in existence, (at least, that could be traced,) when he liberated her from slavery and debasement. Mr. L. does not look for public praise like this, but I have a debt of affection and gratitude to him, for the friendship I experienced while at Smyrna. This instance is not a solitary one.

speech was, that they must pass over his body ere they should enter to molest the inmates of his house ;—that if but a hair of his head was injured, the ships of war of France would knock Smyrna about the ears of the Turks—and the vengeance of his master, the great sovereign, the friend of their sultan, would fall on them and their whole race. He had accorded the strangers within the hospitality of his roof, by which he had contracted a tie holy in his religion, and equally sanctified by the precepts of their prophet Mahomet. The harangue, such as it was, had an immediate effect ; the Turks retired, and never again troubled him or his protégés.

From the dreadful period of which I have given a slight sketch, Hassan Pasha had maintained good order in Smyrna and its dependencies. The suppression of the Janissaries cost but a few noisy, indiscreet heads, for here, as well as all over Asia Minor, they gave in at the first blow, and renounced cauldron and wooden spoon, and all the honours of the Orta, with the same facility that school-boys threatened with the rod give up the apples and pears they have purloined. The corps of Janissaries thoroughly demoralized, had long been ripe for ruin. Like the idolatrous statue of ancient Egypt, it had stood on, from a misconceived idea of its might, and the chaos that would attend its overthrow, and like it, it dropped an inert mass of fractured members, under the hand that had the boldness to attack it, and talent to direct the dissevering strokes.

The tranquillity of Smyrna, and of the whole Ottoman Empire, has, no doubt, been favoured by the breaking up of the detestable and unwarlike incorporation of the Janissaries.

CHAPTER III.

New Troops—Bazaars of Smyrna—Soldiers exercising—Bad barracks—Extreme civility of the Turks—Large new barracks erecting for the regular troops—Want of instructed non-commissioned officers and subalterns—Uniform of the new troops—Incorrect idea as to the number of European officers in Sultan Mahmoud's service—Turkish officers formed under Sultan Selim—Field-days at Smyrna—Turkish Music—New system of tactics criticised by an old Turk—General ugliness of the Tacticoes.

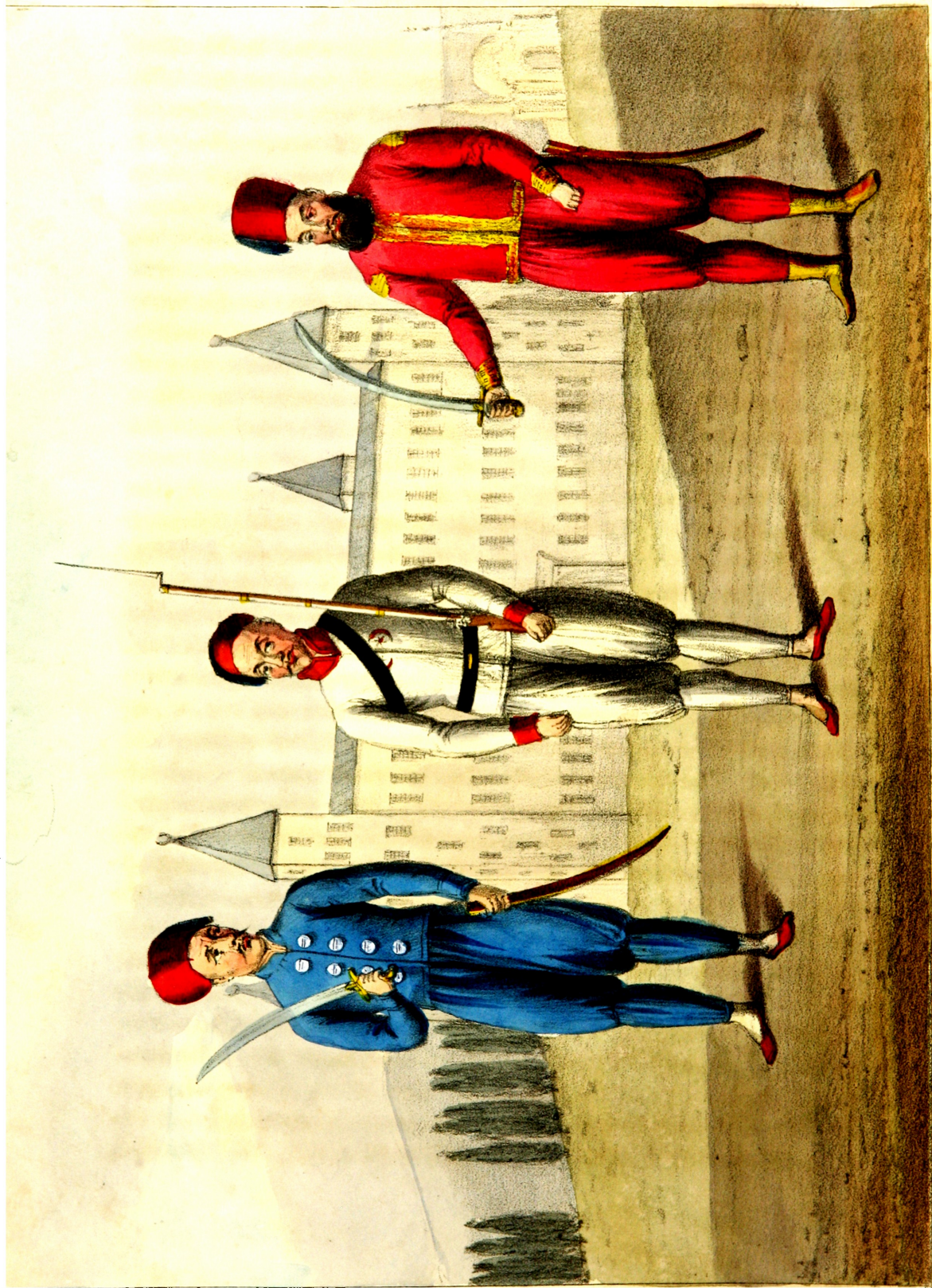
HASSAN PASHA had been one of the first of the Sultan's lieutenants charged with the raising and disciplining of troops on the European system, and the Smyrna tacticians (or tacticoes, as they are generally denominated by the Franks) were held inferior only to those of Stamboul, that had been formed immediately under Mahmoud's own eye. This being one of the most interesting features in the infant plan of Turkish improvement and civilization, I took an early opportunity of examining it ; and during my stay in Smyrna, used frequently to repeat my visits. The first time, I was conducted by some British naval officers, who had been before attracted by the same motives. We passed through the Frank quarter of the town. The winding, dark, and dirty bazaars are situated at the extremity of the long "*Strada franca* ;" they offer a variety of colour in goods of silk, of cotton and wool, that is striking as the eye glances along the open shops, and an air so impregnated with otto of roses, musk, and tobacco smoke, that it seldom fails of giving a stranger a head-ache. Except one or two stone-vaulted passages, these bazaars are built entirely of wood. The *coup d'œil*, as I have said, is striking ; the picture, of course, has all those oriental accessories, which we have been accustomed to admire from our earliest reading of Eastern tales, and will long remain strongly impressed on the mind of the traveller who goes no further ; but the immense and magnificent *Tcherchè* of Constantinople has almost entirely effaced it from mine. On emerging from the bazaars, we traversed a small portion of the lower Turkish town, chiefly inhabited by makers of drums for packing figs, and found ourselves in a small square, before a large, but half-

ruined wooden house, decorated with a long Arabic inscription, in gilded letters, over the door, and a number of large placards in vulgar Turkish pasted on the walls. In this square, three or four elderly Turks, with grey beards, were instructing the incipients of the military art to turn out their toes, to hold up their heads, to lift their feet from the ground, (a difficult thing for a common Asiatic Moslem,) and were initiating them in the mysteries of the lock-step, &c.

The shattered building, where we heard a tremendous rattling of arms, had been converted into temporary barracks. On advancing to the door, we were kindly invited to enter, by, what we should call a serjeant or corporal, and two sentinels at the foot of the stairs presented arms to us; though, I imagine, this honour resulted rather from their spirit of frolic, or a desire of showing their ability to European officers, than from any instructions of their superiors, which would not be consonant to Mahometan ideas. The interior of this building was even more dilapidated than the exterior; the boards creaked and started, the beams groaned, the staircase shook through every inch, as the noisy inmates ran to and fro; and when we went into a large *salle* on the second story of the building, where some twenty fellows were going through their "shoulder arms" and "ground arms," banging the butts of their muskets on the wooden floor with deafening clamour, I almost apprehended a rapid and vertical descent. All present were extremely good natured and civil to us, and instead of being offended at our close inspection of their arms and accoutrements, and the strange barracks in general, they invited our curiosity; pulled down every article, and took us into every possible corner. A gratification, however, they did not fail to exact in return: my friend Lieutenant B——, of the Marines, was begged to shoulder a musket, and go through the exercise as it is really done among the *Inglissee*. There was no denying them this favour; but, when once he begun, there was no ending his military display: he did it so well, that he must have the kindness to do it once more, only once more, and poor B—— went through such a drilling as he had not had for many a day. It was a curious scene. All those who were disengaged ran about us; and these Turks, who would be imagined so starch and grim and fierce were as playful as so many school-boys. I never after saw this gaiety and natural ebullition among the Moslems but *once*, and that was among a very different class—the students of the *Medressé* or College, attached to the Mosque of Sultan Amurath, at Magnesia. Our survey,

which had begun in the attics, ended in the kitchen, a roomy stable, with a fire on the middle of the floor, at which their pilaff was cooking in a black copper boiler of portentous magnitude. On asking where they slept, we were shown the hard uneven boards of the room floors, and there they all really slept by companies: their bedding consisted of strips of straw mats; some few had a rough coverlet, made of goats' hair and camels' wool; but pillows seemed a luxury of which they were all ignorant. No capotes or great coat had as yet been distributed. Insupportable as all this would be to most European soldiers, it was little to them, as probably even these accommodations were equal to any they had ever been accustomed to. But unfortunately this house, with the others we saw them then occupying, was badly situated; dirty ditches and stagnant waters existing on this side of the town, though not to such an extent, as well as on the opposite extremity, "Les Jardins." Bad fevers of different classes were the result: there had been a considerable mortality in the course of the summer, and we saw a number of poor wretches, suffering under the cold attacks of intermittents, huddled together near the kitchen fire. The thermometer, in the open air, marked 98°. Extensive barracks were then erecting, and in an advanced state, for the accommodation of these regular troops. They form a hollow oblong square, the front along the line of the sea-shore, from which it is but a few paces distant. The four exterior walls are of stone and rubble work, but slightly built for their height and extent. Four interior walls rise to the elevation of the first story; the rest is in wood. Corridors run along each side of the square, and into these open the rooms or wards, which are well lighted and aired by windows in the main walls. A large fountain was constructing in the middle of the square or yard. When I saw this edifice completed, in the autumn of the following year, it presented a very respectable appearance, with its neat roofs, plastered and whitewashed walls, and its four lengthy lines of windows. Seen from the bay, it is, in fact, a fine object, and may bear a comparison with the new barracks erected in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. It was subjected, however, to the same inconveniences as the old houses I have described, and which are indeed close to it. The pasha had the intention, it was said, of draining the ditches, and carrying off the insalubrious deposits; but it may be doubted, even then, whether its situation on a low, sandy, sea-flat, with mountains close behind, will be found healthy. It stands, too, on the water's edge, an admirable mark; and so weakly is it built, that two or

three enemy's cannon would produce sad havoc. With the exception of the great mosques, Turkish buildings seem calculated but to last one generation ; and it is probable that Smyrna barracks will brave the winds and the rains so long. I observed frequently while it was building, that there were very few Turks engaged on the works, and *they* as common labourers ; the masons, carpenters, &c. were Greeks ; they were impressed for the service, but their daily pay, though low, was pretty regularly paid. But to return to my observations on the troops : the friends we had made at our first halt, civilly conducted us to another temporary barrack close by, where we saw another party going through the rudiments of drill ; and thence to a square in front of the pasha's palace, where part of the *élite* of the forces (about three hundred men) were exercising under the eyes of their colonel and officers. Considering that these troops were, at the time, of little more than a year's standing, they went through their evolutions in good style ; they handled their muskets with great activity and tolerable precision, but they had not yet caught the military march-step. The marching, indeed, was the worst part of the exhibition ; and its slovenliness is perhaps to be accounted for by the habitual locomotion of the Turks, which is performed by something which I should describe as between a shuffle and a strut, and by their wearing clumsy *papoushes*, which fit ill to their feet. The most striking deficiency, of course, was that of non-commissioned officers and subalterns ; these being imperfect in their *service*, threw all the work on a few of the superior officers, who were seen running from place to place, performing the duties of drill serjeants : even the colonel did this, and was seen racing and storming, and using the flat of his sword, until he appeared ready to drop from heat and fatigue. Strange work this for a colonel ! but so few were the subjects possessing any previous knowledge of the military art, that they were obliged to submit to it. Another strange sight to see, was, that many of the officers carried thick heavy horse-whips, made of plaited thongs, not merely for ornament, as was demonstrated by their frequent application to the shoulders of the awkward or careless soldiers. This endurance of blows which the tacticoes bear with the equanimity of an Austrian recruit, is considered, by those acquainted with the proud and fiery character of the Turkish people, as not one of the least strange workings of the " new order of things." The colour of the uniform of the Smyrna corps of regulars is blue ; their jackets, like those frequently worn by Italian sailors, are long, and rather more loose than becomes military *tenue* ; their trowsers



C O S T U M E O F T H E N E W T R O O P S .

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are very wide down to the knee, where they are tied in, thence they fit close to the leg, and descend to the instep; neither stock nor stockings have been introduced; and the want of them, and bare necks and feet, give a dirty, forlorn look to the whole man in the eye of a European. The European military hat or *shako*, has not been introduced; but the eastern turban has been entirely put aside. They wear red cloth caps, (not small, and gracefully clapped on the crown of the head, as with the Albanians, but large,) padded, and descending over the whole of the upper part of the head, and reaching the ears: a blue tassel in silk or wool, is pendant from the crown, as an ornament. This description will certainly not convey a splendid idea of the uniform of the tacticoes; but even this, as worn by some of the officers, properly made to fit, and in good materials, with a *crescent* worked in silver, or in small brilliants (according to their rank) on the breast, with a good cap, and flowing bushy tassel, and a neat pair of morocco leather boots, or at least a pair of stockings in their slippers, does not look amiss. The best part of an officer's equipment is, however, a cloak or mantle, worn occasionally: this is fastened round the neck by a silver clasp, and descends below the knee in loose folds; the colour is a rich Turkish red. It has a graceful and military appearance; and so sensible are the wearers of this, that they can scarcely be induced to resign it by the heat of the dog-days. No people, perhaps, are more attached to dress than the Turks; and had the grand signior's finances permitted, it would have been wise in him to create an affection to his essay (the regular service) by giving them a dashing uniform.

The muskets and bayonets of the troops, which were furnished by a house at Marseilles, are of inferior French manufacture, and were not kept remarkably clean. The belts and cartouche boxes were extremely slovenly, and hung too low; a trifling defect to the eye, which they share with the French. The instructors and officers were all Turks. At the commencement, the pasha had a Piedmontese; but he was dissatisfied by his entire ignorance of the Turkish language, without which it was impossible for him to do much; and the soldier of fortune, on his side, thought his services inadequately recompensed, and retired. The colonel and one or two elderly officers had acquired their knowledge, during the fatal attempt made by Sultan Selim, to introduce discipline and European tactics. Indeed, it was a few of these men who escaped massacre at the time from the hands of the Janissaries, and who were found alive at the suppression of that body, that formed the nucleus

of the infant Turkish army of Mahmoud. It was on these men the Sultan called, and on them he relied.* A very false idea prevails in Europe, as to the number of Christians employed in the formation of the new troops, and also as to those actually in Mahmoud's service. The fact is, he never has had more than a few individuals employed merely as instructors, without rank or command in his army, and they had dwindled down to almost nothing before the opening of the Russian campaign of 1828. As the Turks of the *Nizam djedid*, under Sultan Selim, were instructed by French officers; and as the Europeans employed by the present Sultan were either French or Italians who had served in Buonaparte's army, the French system of drill and evolution has been naturally adopted for the new troops.

During my stay in Smyrna, I was a frequent visitor to the Turkish side of the town, to see the exercising and progress of these *tacticoes*. On particular days, all those who had passed through the "awkward squad," exercised and manœuvred before the pasha and his court. By the end of September, 1827, there were between six and seven hundred men, so far advanced; the mere *tyros* were between three and four hundred. The scene of their display, or their champ-de-mars, was a small plain immediately under Mount Pagus, or the castle hill, and the hills on which the Turkish cemetery, with the dark cypress grove, and the Jewish burying ground, with its broad white flag stones, are situated. The curve of these hills bound in the *esplanade* like an amphitheatre, and their lower declivities were generally occupied here and there by groups of Turkish women, who, contrary to another opinion prevalent in Christendom, are constantly gadding about, and who seemed to find much amusement in these military scenes, particularly in the firing. Parties of Jewish women occasionally partook of the pleasure, sitting apart from their superiors of the *yellow boots and slippers*. I have also seen, at times, a few Armenian dames, "fat and contented;" but do not remember having seen any Greek females among the admiring spectatresses. The pasha and his suite spendidly attired in oriental costume, with rich turbans, and flowing robes of bright and various colours, sat sedately under an awning on one side of the square; and old Smyrna castle, more imposing still, seemed to preside, from his throne on the summit of the steep mountain, over all the scene. On these grand days, which were considered as a sort of holiday by a good

* A few officers were furnished by the pasha of Egypt, who began earlier to adopt the new tactics.

part of the Moslemin population, the band was constantly present, and playing almost incessantly. The pasha had not been able to go so far as the grand signior, who has introduced Italian music into the band of the imperial guards at Constantinople. Here music, instruments, and performers, were all truly Turkish and Asiatic. The instruments next in importance to their *big drums*, which are very different, both in shape and sound, to ours, are a species of long flutes, held not horizontally, but perpendicularly, which emit the shrillest, most piercing notes I ever heard, and grating, cracked, screaming trumpets, that positively tear the ear of an upractised European. The airs are primitively simple and monotonous; but yet there were some of them that possessed a wildness and plaintiveness, which, when heard *at a sufficient distance*, (as from the surrounding hills,) were not without their charms. They always recalled to my mind the old Scotch mountain music and the pipers of the north, who also (begging the pardon of every bag-pipe among them) I have generally preferred to hear “at a sufficient distance.” The passion of the Turkish women for their music, barbarous as it is, is unbounded. I have remarked this wherever I have been among them, both in Europe and Asia Minor; and have seen that it formed one of the principal attractions, not merely to the military reviews, but also to the convents of the dervishes.

The countenance and admiration of the fair sex, to the new military, and to “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” even though such were but imitations of the faithless Christian, seemed to be pretty generally shared by the young Turks, particularly by those of the city. There were, however, not wanting sneerers and scoffers, and deprecators of the departure from the old and true Osmanli arms and tactics, and the modern and impious adoption of the *unmanly* weapons, and riddling, incomprehensible manœuvres of the Ghiaours. Such men, indeed, were numerous both at Smyrna and Constantinople, though in the latter city the expression of their contempt and complaints was, for good reasons, much more guarded. Besides the exclusive attachment to what was Mussulman and antiquated—besides their religious fanaticism—a considerable portion of the spirit of Janissaryism entered into all this.

A grim old Osmanli, from the inland district of Magnesia, a true Turk, who looked upon every change as a crime, happened one morning at the review to enter into conversation with a Levantine gentleman, with whom he was acquainted. “So these are the new troops,” said he, “that I have

heard so much of; these are the troops that are to defend the Ottoman empire from its enemies! And what in Allah's name can the sultan expect to do with these beardless, puny boys, with their little shining muskets? Why, they have not a yataghan among them! What does this mean? It was with the yataghan the Osmanlis conquered these territories and the countries of the Christians; and it is with the yataghan they ought to defend them. The yataghan is the arm of Mahomet and of his people, and not that chibouque-wire I see stuck at the end of their guns. Mashallah! And what sort of a monkey's dress is this? What sort of ugly-faced, shrivelled, puling dogs are these? Why, they don't look like Osmanlis! And the land of Mahomet to be defended by such as these!—Baccaloom!" He continued somewhat in this style, blaming all he saw, and breathing his choler from time to time with a—"If it please Allah!" "Allah be praised!" "We shall see!" "What is written is written!" and other good Turkish orthodox exclamations. Of their deploying, their lines, their squares, and other mathematical figures the *tacticoes* formed in the course of their evolutions, he could make out nothing, except that it all appeared very silly. But when they came to firing; when he saw a regular rolling fire maintained along the line; the firing in platoons; the means of defence of a solid square;—all which was very tolerably executed;—and other things which his philosophy had not dreamt of, he was obliged to confess that it would not be so easy as he had imagined to charge and cut such troops to mince-meat, with the yataghan in hand. Indeed, at length his progress to conversion seemed merely impeded by the conviction, that though clever and effective, this mode of warfare was wicked and unbecoming of the children of Mahomet, being derived from profane, infidel sources.

One remark of the prejudiced old man does however merit attention, at least in my opinion, as I have frequently made the same myself. The *tacticoes*, in fact, do not look like Turks; (generally a fine set of men, physically considered;) they are short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill visaged. Only a trifling part of this difference can be accounted for by the change in their dress, the rest must be sought for in other causes, to which the following circumstances may afford some induction.

On carrying into execution his long favoured plan for raising a disciplined army, the grand signior directed the levies to be made among young lads,

and principally in districts remote from the great cities of the empire; thus wisely insuring to himself a superior degree of docility, and running little risk of his conscripts having the dangerous taint of Janissaryism among them. The regular service, as may be well imagined, was not much affected; and the better class of Turkish peasants bought off their sons from the officers and local authorities, who, in Turkey, are universally corruptible by bribes, to an extent perhaps unknown in any other country. The weight fell on the most degraded of the peasant caste, and for the most part in poor, mountainous, rude countries. The Turkish people, when they first came in contact with the nations of Europe, were remarkably ugly, and their great improvement has been attributed to the intermarriages, once very frequent, with women of different countries, where the standard of beauty is high. But immense portions of the original race, that remained stationary in remote districts, (particularly in the interior of Asia Minor, which has furnished so great a part of the levies,) can have had no such opportunities of improvement, and may have retained their original Tartar ugliness.

To bid farewell to the *tacticoes* of Smyrna, for the present, I will say from the experience of several months, that they were remarkably docile, inoffensive, and quiet; and that when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived, and the Christians dreaded some movement of popular fury, they considered their presence a valuable protection.

CHAPTER IV.

Commerce of Smyrna—Imports and Exports—Opium—Large quantities purchased by the Americans—Curious Turkish Laws respecting Contracts and payments of Debt—European or Consular Courts of Law—The Greek, Armenian, and Turkish Traders—Story of a Jew at Smyrna—English, French, and other commercial Establishments—Enmity of the *Imperialists*, or Austrians, to the Greeks—English Levant Company.

SMYRNA, as is sufficiently known, has been for several centuries the most important *scala*, or place of trade, in the Levant ; and although, from various causes—such as the recent withdrawing of a part of her exports, the Brusa silk, to Constantinople—the progress of Alexandria, which has now many establishments, and furnishes France with cotton to the detriment of the produce of Asia Minor, and the districts of Egypt and Syria with European manufactures, &c. (formerly chiefly drawn hence,) and, more than all, from the gradual impoverishment of the country—an impoverishment that, within these last six years, has spread in an increased ratio—although, from this combination of causes, it has suffered much, the commerce of Smyrna is still very considerable. The principal imports are cotton manufactures, woollen cloths, colonials, iron, steel, lead, tin, hardware goods in general, and many other articles ; for the Turks have need of almost every thing made to their hands. Even swords, sabres, and other *armes blanches*, for the manufacture of which they were once so celebrated, are now nearly all brought from Christendom. The fine old weapons, whose beauty and temper can hardly be surpassed, are becoming every day more scarce and dear. An important item in the imports of cotton goods, is the cotton twist or yarn, made by our machinery, and exclusively furnished by Great Britain. This is used by the people of the country in their finer cotton manufactures, but the greatest quantity is consumed at Brusa (in Bithynia) and its neighbourhood, the first manufacturing district in the Ottoman empire, where it is worked up with silk,

which the country produces in great abundance. I have seen specimens of these mixed stuffs, of great strength and beauty, and with more taste in the designs than might be imagined : they are made by the Greeks and Armenians, a Turk rarely putting his hand to the loom.

The exports of Smyrna are numerous, and generally rich. Besides its cargoes of figs and raisins, which principally supply England, all the north of Europe, the United States of America, &c., it furnishes bales of cotton, still to a considerable amount, bales of silk, though this trade has fallen off, from a cause already mentioned, goats' hair, sheep and camels' wool, rabbit and hare skins, cargoes of vallonea and madder root, yellow berries, and a surprising number of cases of opium. The trade in opium is said to be extremely delicate ; ingenious modes have been discovered of adulterating that very expensive article, and only a limited number of appointed brokers or *conoscitori* all Jews, whose honesty is scarcely to be depended upon are said to be in possession of the secret. The Americans have of late been the largest purchasers of the intoxicating drug, which they dispose of in their trade with China, and the Mahometans of the islands of the eastern seas. Its use has been for many years on the decline in Turkey ; and the Turks, who are not aware how the purchasers after dispose of it, give the Yankees the credit of having assumed the propensities they have themselves abandoned.

All the transactions between the Mahometan grower or merchant, and the European merchant, are conducted through the medium of Jewish or Armenian brokers,—a medium by no means calculated to improve the honesty and good faith which seem natural to most of the poor Turks. Contracts previously entered upon with them, for the supply of a stated quantity of a certain article, to be delivered at a certain time, are not however to be depended upon ; for if the Turk finds the article rises in price, he will not fulfil his engagement, and the infraction is supported by the peculiar nature of Turkish law, which only admits as regular transactions of trade, goods delivered for money or the promise of money, or in barter, when there has been an actual delivery. Written contracts even signed and sealed, are of no weight.

Another curious feature in Turkish justice is, that when a creditor summons a delaying or dishonest debtor before the moollah or cadi, on having a sentence awarded in his favour, and payment enforced, *he* and not the *debtor* pays a per centage to the court on the sum in litigation. In “ written law ”

this is limited to three, but in practice is frequently raised as high as ten per cent ! In spite of some recent improvements of system, emanating from the Porte, and the good intentions of the pasha, the greatest corruption was said to prevail in the courts of Smyrna. Litigation between Frank and Frank is settled by arbitration, or by a court of merchants of different Christian nations, presided by consuls.

The effects of the revolution had ruined and scattered the principal Greek traders, who (particularly the Sciotes) were by far the most enterprising and intelligent of the *rayahs*.* The Armenians, who have been praised for their honesty by travellers who knew nothing of them, receive a very different character from the resident merchants, who have had dealings with them for years. " They are a gross, dull, thick-headed set," said a gentleman to me, who was complaining of the frequency of their failures; " with just talent enough to be rogues in business, and to cheat in a cowardly manner." They are now in possession of a great part of the retail business; there are, however, many Turkish magazines in the bazaars, mixed with theirs. The Jews seem to live entirely on the affairs of others, but they cannot be said to thrive on them, as that class is, at the present day, extremely poor at Smyrna, and indeed throughout Turkey. A mishap that befell one of these degraded sons of Israel, during my stay at Smyrna, deserves to be mentioned as affording proof of the decline of Turkish fanaticism. A young Jew, the son of a *mez-rano* or broker, was found to have intrigued with a Turkish female, which, by ancient law and usage, was punished by death, to be avoided only (when favour was extended) by the delinquent's embracing the Mahometan religion. The Jew, however, escaped the dire alternative—he neither lost his head nor apostatized—a sum of money raised by his father, and a subscription among " the people," satisfied the present improved views of Turkish justice,

* The British merchants have claims on the Turkish government to a very considerable amount. The warehouses of the fugitive Greeks, in 1821—2, were sealed, and the goods in them sequestered and sold by the local government. Now these Greeks were debtors to the merchants, and in many instances the goods so disposed of were in fact *their* property, having never been paid for.

The disturbed nature of our relations with Turkey has hitherto prevented our ambassadors from pressing these claims on the Porte; but, perhaps, their consideration might be introduced as a sequel on the renewal of our good understanding with that government. The claims are considerable; but even were they not so, it would be well to give them just support, as any infringement on equity or privilege that is permitted to pass, is too apt, in Turkey, to grow into confirmed abuse, and to be considered afterwards as law.

and set the offender at liberty. It is necessary to state, that the partner of his crime was a very obscure woman.

At present, there are about twenty English houses at Smyrna, the number of establishments having increased here, as in many other places, as the business to be done decreased ; our trade is still incomparably the most considerable. The French, who preceded us in their establishments in the Levant,* and who for many years were the first trading nation, were thrown out of the market by their revolution, the wars that were consequent, and by the rapid improvements in British manufactures, and the extensive development given to our commerce. They are yet, however, numerous in Smyrna ; and though extremely limited in their commercial operations, they, by their number, give the *tone* to the Frank society at Smyrna, where their language has displaced the Italian, which used to be the prevailing idiom in the Levant. The Austrians, or rather the Venetians and other Italians, and the Dalmatians under the Austrian government, have numerous little establishments ; and the circumstance of the shipping of these people having engrossed of late years nearly all the *cabotage*, or carrying trade of the Levant, which was greatly interrupted by the Greek cruisers, and which will be, in a great measure, taken out of their hands by the Greeks, should the acknowledgment of their independence by the sultan permit them to resume their commercial pursuits, may account in part for the great enmity the Imperialists have entertained against the Greek cause from the very beginning, and for the frequent partial interference of their ships of war, ever ready to favour the Turks, and protect Turkish property, if covered by their flag.† Besides the nations enumerated, the Americans, the Dutch, and the Genoese, have each several establishments at Smyrna ; and before the present war, there were some Russian houses conducted by Greeks, who held letters of naturalization from the court of Russia.

According to the ancient system, which directed all our early commercial intercourses of any note with distant countries, the merchants trading with the

* The first French treaty of commerce with the Turkish government, and the establishment of a French Levant company, were effected in 1531, under Francis the First. Our first treaty with the Ottoman Porte was made by Queen Elizabeth in 1581.

† The Austrian ships of war have, in fact, served as carrying ships and couriers for the Turks. If they have at times prevented piracy, they have, on the other hand, forcibly taken from the Greeks what were fair and lawful prizes.

Levant formed themselves into a factory or company, which was acknowledged and protected by government. The rights accorded to them in the perpetual charter granted by James the First, appear of an extraordinary nature—these rights were confirmed to them by Charles the Second at the Restoration, and formally recognized by both houses of parliament by an act passed in 1753. “The Levant Company” had the free choice and the power of removing any ambassador, minister, governor, deputy, or consul in Turkey, all whose salaries they paid; they “could levy money on the members of their corporation, for the necessary charge and support of their ministers, officers, and government;” they could prevent all persons, who were not members or not licensed by them, from sending ships to the Levant; they could fine, distrain, and imprison the refractory, and their ambassadors and consuls had even authority to send offenders out of the country, and to England in custody. These great powers, with an exclusive commerce, included all the “Levant,” by which comprehensive term was meant, the dominions of the grand signior, even the tributary states of Barbary; in short, every country situated on the Mediterranean Sea, except the coasts of Spain, France, and Italy, and Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and the other islands without the Arches. This charter must appear extraordinary in our days. In explanation, I beg leave to quote a passage or two from a pamphlet I found at Smyrna, entitled, “Account of the Levant Company,” and written apparently by one of the body at its disfranchisement.

“To account for conferring such powers upon a trading company, it will be only necessary to consider the peculiarities of the Levant trade. The Turkish government being essentially different from any other in Europe, perfectly despotic in its nature, and approached only like that of all oriental people, ancient and modern, through the medium of *presents* and *particular influences*, no intercourse can be carried on with the natives, with any security to the Franks, unless under certain regulations, called *capitulations*, agreed upon by the respective courts. By the terms of their capitulations, all causes of dispute in which a Frank is concerned, must be determined by the interference of the ambassador or consul of the nation by whom he is protected; and, to support their consequence, protect their persons, and carry on their correspondence with the authorities of the country, subordinate officers, such as dragomans, janissaries, &c., are indispensably requisite. Now, as it was the policy of the government of England to throw the whole

weight of *paying* those officers and establishments on the Levant Company, it was but reasonable to confer on them the *appointment* and *management* of those whom they had to support; and it is clear that this power would be nugatory, unless the British subjects resident in Turkey were made amenable, in a certain degree, to their authority," &c. &c. * * * * *

"The Levant Company was not a *joint-stock* company, like the East-Indian, Greenland, and others, but was open to *all the subjects* of England, who became free of the company, by paying only such reasonable and proportionable sums as were necessary for the support and protection of the trade itself. Every man paying a trifling sum was admitted a member, and then traded on his own account; and though the company was governed by a Court of Directors, every man who paid forty shillings duty in the former year, was entitled to vote on all its questions and elections. The company was empowered to levy taxes on its members, but they exercised the power with a jealous scruple; they never allowed their ambassadors or consuls abroad to levy arbitrary imposts on the trade of its members, but they *taxed themselves* for all the necessary expenses. They were authorized to make by-laws, but before these were valid, it was necessary that they should be confirmed by the Board of Trade. They could fine and imprison, and send home the refractory in custody; but for a century no instance occurred of their exercising such a power."

This view of the institutions of the Levant Company is (as far as my information has reached) clear and true; but the discrepancies of such a system, as a whole, with the spirit of modern policy, is evident. Besides, as our political relations with the Porte became more complicated, our government found an inconsistency, and much inconvenience, in having all the diplomatic and commercial agents, at the nomination of an independent body of merchants. As early as 1803, Government took upon itself the nomination and payment of the ambassador and suite at Constantinople, and named some additional consuls. In 1821, when Turkey became the scene of the greatest political interests, the expediency of our government's possessing the sole appointment of resident agents throughout the Ottoman empire, was made still more evident; whilst the existence of the Levant traders as a body corporate, as a chartered company, was deemed every day more unnecessary, and less consonant to the prevailing ideas of free trade. It was not however until 1825, that a communication was made

to them by Mr. Secretary Canning, containing the information that a bill, for the better regulation of consular establishments was about to be submitted to parliament, and that the said bill would include the consuls and subordinate officers of the Levant Company. Mr. Canning concluded with a suggestion for their consideration, "whether it would not be expedient to give up the remaining privileges of their charters, which, being no longer connected with public interests, might be deemed by parliament and the public to be useless and injudicious restrictions on trade." The suggestion was forthwith acted upon; the charter was surrendered; and the company dissolved itself, after having existed for two hundred and forty-four years.

From the commencement of the Greek revolution, the Levant Company had been considered as an enemy to the cause, and the dissolution of that body was learnt in the Levant with great joy by the Greeks and their friends. Even an English gentleman who has published an account of his residence among the Greeks, and of part of their revolutionary war, mentions the suppression of that commercial body as an event importantly favourable to the Greeks. This is scarcely to be understood. When the difficulties of the Levant began, in 1821, part of the British consuls and agents were direct servants of the government, and not of the company; and those appointed by the company received instructions for their mode of conduct from the ambassador. The Turkish predilections supposed or real of the Levant company could not influence them. Among the number of these consuls or agents, *one** was accused of collusion with the Ottoman commanders against the Greeks; and that *one*, who was never supposed to have acted on any suggestions but those of his private interests, was promptly recalled by his government, which professed perfect neutrality; a neutrality that was maintained until armed interference was deemed necessary to save the Greek people from utter annihilation. In fact, the whole of the sins of the Levant Company, as regarded the Greek cause, related to the expression of certain opinions of the defects of the Greeks; their inability to support the struggle, and the present misery entailed on the East by their attempts. But these opinions were in a great measure confined to the members of the body

* Mr. G. Consul at Patrass. A communication explanatory of his conduct, and in which the French writer, Pouqueville, is severely handled, was published some time ago in a London periodical.

resident in the country, or extended, but in a small degree to the numerous and most important members of the Levant Company in England. The effect that the expression of individual judgment or prejudices produced against the Greeks, must have been trifling indeed ; and as they could in no way be checked by the dissolution of the Levant Company, the exultation the event elicited was uncalled for. Be it remembered, too, in justice, that most of those very resident merchants of the British factory, who were considered so inimical to the Greeks, were always the most forward to assist the suffering portion of that people—not with fine words, but with disbursements of *hard money*, and that to the exertions, of the Company as a body, or its members and agents separately, hundreds of the unfortunate inhabitants of Smyrna and Scio are indebted for their lives or liberty. The Greeks of Asia Minor and of Constantinople know all this, and are grateful, as they should be ; but certain writers of a rival country, whose lips ought to be sealed by the far weightier accusations, (many supported by sturdy proofs,) brought by the Greeks—not against a body of merchants, but the captains and officers in their naval service—have seized the opportunity of venting their spleen against every thing English, and have coupled the name of the Levant Company with that of the Corcyrean Pandemonium, (as M. Pouqueville* politely entitles the government of Corfu,) where the most nefarious measures were resorted to against the Greeks and liberty and humanity.

I can suspect myself of no particular partiality to the English merchants of Smyrna ; my opinions on the Greek question were directly opposite to theirs ; and in discussion, I had frequently occasion to recur to their charitable deeds, and to the difficulties and losses they were suffering, to reconcile me to what I considered, on their part, as prejudice and illiberality. But I am anxious, as I ought to be, for the honour of my country, and would not let a calumny rest on the heads of any class of Englishmen, whilst I had the means of dissipating it with truth.

In giving an account, brief as it is, of the Levant Company, it would be injustice not to record the benefits that association has conferred on science and literature. In their nomination of ministers, consuls, chaplains, and agents, they must have exerted great discrimination ; for I cannot ascribe to fortunate

* This intemperate declaimer ought to be silenced for ever by the few *temperate* words of Colonel Leake, introduced in a note to his able Sketch of the History of the Greek Revolution.

hazard the fact that so many among the individuals they appointed and supported, were men of distinguished talent. To these agents of the Levant Company, we are indebted for our earliest knowledge of Barbary, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Constantinople ; and it will be sufficient to name of their number, Pococke, Ricaut, Smith, Maundrell, Chishull, Shaw, the two Russells, Porter, and Dallaway, (all appointed by the Company, and all intelligent travellers, and able writers on the countries they visited,) to become sensible of the value of the obligation,

CHAPTER V.

Society of Smyrna among the Franks—Curious Customs—Want of Intellectual Cultivation—The Frank Ladies—General mild Character of the Levantines—Morals and Religion—The Abbé Janson at Smyrna—Low Order of Franks—Spaniards, Provençals, Italians, &c.—The Turks, —Katib-Oglu and Suleiman Aga—The Greeks of Smyrna—State of Education among the Greeks—The Armenians of Smyrna—Their differences in Religion—The Jews.

SMYRNA boasts the title of “*Le Petit Paris du Levant* ;” and when compared with any other city in the grand signior’s dominions, she certainly may merit it, even in spite of the very serious local abominations I have faithfully described in my first chapter. These abominations she shares, though in an inferior degree, Pera excepted, with all the Frank residences in Turkey, but she has social and other advantages exclusively. The free, familiar intercourse among all classes, never fails to strike the stranger, who, if he choose, may become an immediate partaker in it. The total absence of ceremony, stiffness, and etiquette, so thoroughly disgusting when assumed by persons excluded by their relative situations in life, from a proper knowledge of using it, is really refreshing. At Smyrna you are presented at a house—you meet there a certain number of Levantines, and make their acquaintance in brief time—they talk at once with you, particularly the ladies, who are of course the most interesting, as if they had known you for years ; they tell you stories about Greeks and Turks, and the splendid balls at their *casino*, and ask questions about London and Paris, of which places their eastern imaginations have formed the most extravagant ideas. There is little instruction or wit to be met with, but *naïveté* and natural liveliness are general, and do very well for an idle hour. The next day you may repeat your visit, or drop in on any other acquaintance you have made. Coffee, always served up in the Turkish fashion, in a very small china cup placed within another, generally of silver, and prettily fillagreed—a long pipe, (for here every body

smokes, and the ladies are used to it,) and a glass of water, form the “*païs*” of your entertainment; but you have plenty of gossip and laughter, and a familiar and kind reception. If the weather is cold, you are invited to “cross your legs” under the ladies’ *tandour*,* a situation, from its genial warmth and pleasing familiarity, it is difficult to detach oneself from. The general visits, which are called *avant soupers*, are paid in the evening between seven and eight o’clock, at which hour all the sociable portion of Smyrna society is either in circulation, or receiving at their own houses.

This slight sketch will convey an idea of an easy tempered, sociable, and agreeable people, and such the Levantines of Smyrna really are; nor is what I shall add intended to detract from the good qualities they possess.

The men, considering that they are generally descended from European parents, seemed to me amazingly deficient in spirit and instruction, and the markings of national character; and the women really too unintellectual and uninformed to be any thing but the pretty plaything of an hour. An extreme quickness of perception, and a facility of acquiring, however, distinguish all classes; and their want of proper masters and other means, the absence of the necessary stimulus of emulation, and of a proper standard of imitation, the enervating effects of a hot climate, and the all-pervading influence of the Oriental listlessness that is around them, may be held amenable for their deficiencies.

The ladies do not even possess the accomplishment of music, which one would think inherent to the clime of “Ionia.” I never heard a piece of music, or even a song, that was supportable, during my long stay in Smyrna. I never saw but one lady with a book in her hand, nor did the men seem much more given to reading.

The extreme freedom of manners, and general liberty allowed to young ladies, astonished me on my arrival; the more so, as I had been long accustomed to the reserve and restraint imposed on the “unmarried” in French

* Every body at the present day ought to know what a tandour is, for every body ought to have read Anastasius. To such as have not, the following words will suffice:—The tandour is nothing more than a table with a bottom, six or nine inches from the ground, on which is placed a small *brazier*, or pan of charcoal—the table is covered with a sort of counterpane of ample latitude and longitude, which you pull over your knees, (or up to your chin if you like,) while you thrust your legs under the table by the fire. The counterpane, in addition to its own heat, retains that of the charcoal pan.

and Italian society. I do not intend exactly to class this among the defects of the fair Smyrniotes, as no general immoral effects result from the indulgence, but merely for the sake of *convenances*, I think it ought to be somewhat restricted.

I have described the beautiful heads and classical head-dresses of the Smyrna ladies, and have mentioned that they are seen to the greatest advantage in "their frames"—the windows. This is indisputably the fact. Those lovely heads and necks are generally badly set off, on a clumsy, lumpy body, relaxed by indolence, or deformed by bad dress—totally devoid of that symmetry of form which may rival the beauty of the loveliest face. Their feet are large and vulgar, and terminate legs that might be supporters to a drayman. Their hands are, in dimensions and delicacy, assorted to their feet. These defects are attributable to certain inveterate habits, too long to particularize. I will mention only one:—If you enter unawares, you are sure to find them with their shoes down at heel, and their legs pendant over the edge of a high sofa, or doubled under them like those of the Turks. The "received position," even in company, is to sit with one leg on the sofa bent under them, and the other hanging over the edge—(the sofas are far too high to allow it to touch the ground.) You will see in this strange, pernicious (not to say indecent) attitude, half a dozen ladies, sitting side by side, on a long sofa. And a Frenchman, who saw for the first time in his life, this *unipedal* exhibition, had reason to ask, "*Si les belles dames de Smyrna n'avaient qu'une jambe?*" Surely nothing can be more injurious than these habits, (and I might add, the practice of keeping their legs for hours over a charcoal fire,) to the "ritondetto ed asciutto pie," and that charming portion of the female frame, which *ought* to be—

. "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

These defects are the more striking, from the elegance and graceful carriage of their heads and necks, which I have hardly ever seen equalled except among the Greeks.

I have said, in the preceding chapter, that French is the prevailing language of Frank society, but it is merely a language *of society*, used when strangers are present, for Greek is the language they learn from their cradles, and speak most fluently; it may be called their *natural* tongue. Strange, however, as it may appear, it is a fact, that hardly one of them knows how

to write or even to read it. The French which is in use, is far from being a model of purity ; it sits on them with the constraint of a foreign language, and is superseded whenever politeness permits, (and frequently whether it permits or not,) by their every-day and familiar *Romaic*. My nationality was much hurt to find, that of the descendants of Englishmen, the male part spoke our language with a foreign accent and a polyglottish idiom ; and that the ladies, with one or two exceptions, *spoke it not at all*, French being their medium of conversation with the countrymen of their fathers !

Italian, which was for centuries the general idiom in the Levant, is now confined to brokers and shopkeepers, &c. individuals not comprised in the circle of the beau-monde of Smyrna, who speak it most barbarously.

Unsusceptible of strong feelings or passions, the Levantines are incapable of great virtues, and exempt from great vices. The sun of the east has imparted to them his languor, without his fire. I have been in few places where general leading morals were purer than at Smyrna ; and this must appear strange, when we reflect on the heterogeneous materials which compose its population.

Religious duties are scrupulously attended to by all classes. The Catholics have two good-sized churches, (one under the protection of France, the other of Austria ;) and I never entered them without seeing them crowded. The English have a resident clergyman, who officiates at the Consulate ; and a chaplain, who preaches in French, is attached to the consul of his Netherland majesty, so that the Protestants (*numerically* a very inconsiderable portion of the Franks) are sufficiently provided for, without taking into consideration the chaplains of the ships of war, who occasionally do duty. From the circumstances of intermarriages and daily intercourse, fanaticism and religious intolerance have in a great measure disappeared. These violent feelings, dangerous to their mutual tranquillity, and shamefully inconsistent with the existence of a Christian people in a country of infidels, were however excited a few years ago, by the injudicious zeal of a French missionary, the famous Abbé Janson. This man arrived at Smyrna from a visit to the Holy Land, where he seemed to have completed a gloomy, savage *theosophy*, originating in remorse for the irregularities of his early life, and strengthened by the subsequent lessons of "La Congregation." He found the different classes of Christians, Catholics, Protestants, and those of the Greek church, living tranquilly together, and all, though perhaps devoid

of great spiritual zeal, attentive to the observances prescribed by their respective churches, and exempt, in a striking degree, from those vices which demand the probing of a severe hand. He began a course of violent preaching, and soon made Smyrna a scene of violent contention. He dwelt on the doctrine of exclusive salvation held by the Roman church; he announced the impieties and perils of Protestantism and heresy in general, in terms calculated to produce great effect on the weak-minded; and asserted broadly, that those who held intercourse and fellowship with the heretics, risked the contagion of their crimes, and incurred their eternal punishment. The heads of the poor Smyrniotes, hitherto unconscious of such visitations, became all at once bewildered with polemics; and modes of faith were canvassed with an obstinacy and asperity befitting the general ignorance.

A young man of some instruction, who happened to be present, a Swiss and a Protestant, entered the lists of controversy with the Abbé, and several letters were interchanged. The Swiss and his friends flattered themselves that he had had the best of the argument, or at least had proved (what it was most essential to prove) that Catholic wives could live with Protestant husbands, and, vice versa, without being in a state of spiritual reprobation. The Abbé, however, most improperly, published the controversy; and this, with his unchanged and unmoderated tone of preaching, exasperated the minds of a certain number of the lower order of Catholics, who, on retiring from one of his unctious discourses, repaired to the lodgings of the Swiss to decide the question in such a way as would have disqualified him for a defender of the Protestant faith. Some friends, who were in the house at the approach of the unwelcome visit, had, fortunately, time to secure the door till the Swiss made his escape through the back windows to the tiles. But this scene, disgraceful as it was, was a trifle compared to the domestic dissensions that resulted from the Abbé Janson's ministry. Wives, who had lived happily and affectionately with Protestant or Greek husbands, discovered they could do so no longer; and there were instances of women, who, after having had a family of children, thought it incumbent on them to renounce all the tender ties, and flee from their homes for the faith's sake.

Fortunately this fire-brand did not remain long among them; he went to Pera,* where he found more congenial bigots, and scarcely any degree of the

* The *drogomaneria*, and other Catholic classes of Pera, never ally themselves either with heretics or schismatics. I know a Catholic family that forms an exception in this, as in every

same causes of dissension. The soft nature of the Smyrniotes, easily moved but not adapted to retain impressions, relapsed to their former tolerance :—husbands and wives lived in peace, and no young lady seemed to object to a lover merely because he was not a Catholic.

The lower orders of Franks that swell the non-rayah Christian population of Smyrna to five or six thousand, are composed of emigrants (voluntary or involuntary) from nearly all the countries on the Mediterranean—Spaniards, Provençals, Genoese, Livornese, Neapolitans, Sicilians, Maltese, and Ionians, form the motley groupe, and contrive to live among the indolent Turks, by exercising the calling of boat-men, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c. How this numerous and contentious rabble is kept in order, used to surprise me; but it is kept in very decent order by the consuls, (an important fact, which justifies the extent of power and privilege accorded to those gentlemen in the Levant;) and except by an occasional *rissa*, or theft, or such a trifle as a man's taking to himself two cotemporary wives, or forgetting to pay his debts, or to take off his hat to the "authorities," they seldom obtrude on notice. The most turbulent of the set are said to be the Slavonians, gentlemen from the Bocche di Cattaro, who are delicate on "the point of honour," and are given to cutting a quarrel short with a knife. The next *worst* are considered to be our protégés from the Ionian Islands, and our faithful subjects the Maltese.

Robberies are rarely committed; and household and other property, covered merely by "the door that opens with a latch," seems exposed in a manner that would alarm the dwellers in certain more civilized and well-governed lands. The thefts that do, however, take place, are nearly always traced to the Franks. Neither the Greeks nor Armenians are addicted to this species of appropriativeness, (perhaps they are deterred, in part, by the tremendous punishments of the law that governs them;) and that anomalous barbarian, the Turk, who will murder, ravish, plunder, and destroy without remorse, when called upon for the cause of Mahomet, holds "petty larceny" in the utmost contempt.

Having treated, in the first place, of the Frank society of Smyrna, I may be expected to say something of the society of the other inhabitants—the Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. But the truth is, these classes have no

thing else. They are excellent people, but are not the less on the high-road to perdition, according to the charitable construction of the Perotes, for having such intimate connexions with Protestants.

society whatever, or such as is closely confined to their own families and sects. The Turks are not a gregarious people, and rarely visit even relations, except during their annual religious festivals of the Bairam and Courbann-Bairam. Their women remain at home, though by no means in that strict seclusion that has been imagined in Christendom:* the men who go abroad, seem to pass the greater part of the day, smoking their long pipes on platforms outside of the coffee-houses. There they are to be seen, (principally on spots overlooking the sea,) *sitting in mute and almost motionless groupes for hours at a time*. There is no exaggeration in what I say. On my first arrival, when these things appeared more striking than after some months' residence, I have not unfrequently taken a pipe, and watched the cross-legged pythagorean assemblies; and positively, in the course of an hour, have seen no other motion than what was required to shake the ashes out of their pipe-bowls; and have heard no word but their murmured "atesh ghetir," (bring me fire, or a light.) Among the higher Turks at Smyrna, there have been occasionally individuals who affected Frank society, and who even went so far as to invite jovial parties of them to their houses. Such, however, have always been rare; and it may be well imagined, that the recent difficulties of the country have entirely checked those tendencies to sociability,—never, perhaps, indulged in without incurring a certain portion of odium from their brother Mussulmen, and of jealousy from the Porte.

Of two of these social Osmanlis, I have heard frequent mention: one was the famous Katib-Oglu, long *muzzelim* or governor of Smyrna. This unfortunate man so completely contracted European habits, that he seemed never happy but when he was with them. It is said that, in spite of the law, he would even take a hand at cards, and with still less repugnance, a glass of wine. He was a constant attendant at all their balls, and a passionate admirer of the ladies; and it is whispered in Smyrna, that *some* of those ladies were not insensible to the gallantry of this Turk—a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life. His manners in company were unexceptionable, and even gentlemanly. He conciliated the affections, not merely of the Franks, but also of the Christian rayahs, whom he befriended to the utmost; and even now, one frequently hears the poor Greeks of the country singing a melancholy air, that describes his virtues and his cruel fate—an interesting instance of good feeling which proves these people not so ungrateful as they

* They are to be seen every day in the bazaars, and frequently walking out in small parties to the country; always unaccompanied by men.

have been described, and that affection may even exist between a Greek and a Turk.*

The second of these innovating, party-hunting Mussulmans, was old Suleiman Aga, formerly governor of Athens, and already known to the English public as the intimate associate of Lord Byron, who describes him as sociable a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. When he was at Smyrna, where he held, I believe, the post of receiver of the customs, he was as fond of Frank society, and of a ball and mask, as ever. He frequented the casino, and visited familiarly in Frank houses—he laughed and played, and told stories; but carried his scruples so far, as to drink no wine but champagne, which he said, and with much plausibility, was not at all like “*crassi*,”† and could never be distinguished by the Turks to be wine at all. He held, and still holds, considerable property near Smyrna; and built pleasant kiosks, and laid out a garden on an estate close to the town. He there entertained Frank parties, and once gave a grand dinner to Admiral Moore, and the British officers. He used to tell sundry pleasant stories of freaks he had had with Lord Byron in Greece; and in the room of my friend Mr. L——, he recognized at once, a portrait of his lordship, which he said, however, was not so handsome as the original. But Suleiman, with all his sociable qualities, was far from being so interesting a character as poor Katib-Oglu; he was neither young, graceful, nor refined; and his general manners and conversation were those of an old and grovelling debauchee.

His exit from Smyrna was however more agreeable. Two or three years before my arrival, he had received the dignity of the “tails,” and had been sent to command a Pashalic in the Island of Candia.

The continued residence of thousands of Franks, and the palpable advantages derived from their extensive trade in the produce of the country, with Europeans, has considerably humanized the character of the Turks of Smyrna in general. A man in a hat and coat, is not looked upon as a strange animal, made to be hooted and hunted; and it is only in the upper part of Turk Town, (under the castle) inhabited by the “very low,” that women and children indulge in the luxury of throwing mud and stones, and “speaking

* For the treacherous manner in which poor Katib-Oglu was invited on board the captain-pasha’s ship—then sent to Mytelene and beheaded, I may refer to a good account in Mr. Turner’s *Travels in the Levant*.

† The common wine of the country; not much unlike what the soldiers at Gibraltar call “black-strap.”

disrespectfully of one's mother."* And even there it is not always indulged in with impunity. As I was descending from the castle one morning, a set of mischievous urchins began to pelt me unmercifully; and I was hesitating whether I should turn on them and box their ears, or take fairly to my heels, when an old Turk ran out of a door, and put an end to hostilities with his pipe-stick, which he applied to their backs. These unorthodox feelings and predilections are well known; and the sturdy Osmanlis of Constantinople, as well as of the interior, give this place the degrading denomination of *Ghiaour Ismir*, or Infidel Smyrna; and consider a Smyrniote Turk as little better than one of the wicked. *We*, however, who cannot partake in their fanaticism, must feel the benefit of the conversion, and applaud the civilizing effects of commerce!

Before the revolution, and the horrors that resulted from it, there were, as I have mentioned, many respectable and even wealthy Greek families settled at Smyrna; though, as rayahs, they would not be admitted to the honours of the Frank Casino, they had assembly rooms and frequent balls and parties of their own, which ceded little or nothing to their more favoured rivals. The ladies wore as rich dresses, displayed as many jewels, and, it is said, (which I can well believe, judging from the poor portion that remains,) even more personal beauty and grace than *les dames du Casin*;† and the gentlemen, though they did wear calpacs, and were obliged to waltz and dance quadrilles in broad trowsers, loose gowns, and unsoled boots, derived pride from the equipment of their partners, and were light of heart and gallant in their eastern way. The Sciote merchants were particularly distinguished as *bons-vivans*. A friend of mine, whose windows commanded the view of a khan, where several of them lived together, has often amused me with descriptions of the gay scenes he used to witness. After working hard, and living sparingly all the week, they were wont to meet on Saturday evening at a jovial supper: the wine bottle circulated freely, and the guitar, and the song, and the "ready chorus." They generally kept it up late, and the concluding farce used often to be, a mock combat with their calpacs, which were thrown about like bombs,

* A very foul way of swearing, prevalent among the Turks.

† "Casino," in Italian, is a good word, and means, as well as "country-house," "assembly-rooms;" but the Italian language, as I have mentioned, is "gone out" at Smyrna: and from Casino, they have made *Casin*; which, in spite of the *Dictionnaire de l'Academie*, they consider French.

till all the lights would be extinguished ; and the difficulty then was, how each tipsy member should find his head's proper appurtenance. On the Sunday, they frequently formed parties with ladies, to some one of the neighbouring villages. But, alas ! all these gay doings were over long before I reached Smyrna ; and it would be too sad to describe the fate of the principal actors in them.

Of the Greeks that remained in Smyrna, the mass was extremely poor, and all were anxious to avoid drawing the eyes of the Turks upon them, notwithstanding the encouraging assurance of the pasha, which went even so far as to invite them to resume their former gaieties. Still, however, their natural lightness of heart, and spirit for society and enjoyment, were not entirely to be suppressed. They still celebrated the weddings that did take place, with three days of dancing ; let off fire-works on the day of the Panagea, and played all sorts of tricks on the eve of St. John.

At the village of Boudjà, where I passed several pleasant weeks at different seasons of the year, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing their merry-makings and fêtes. The Greek, to an eminent degree, (I speak here of the Greek of Smyrna, and its neighbourhood,) shares in the feelings and gallantry of the nations of civilized Europe. Unlike the Turk, the Armenian, the Jew ; unlike, indeed, all the nations of the east, he has little idea of pleasure, unless women be present. I shall take an opportunity of describing their amusements in the course of collating my notes, and shall dismiss the Greeks for the present, with a few words on their personal appearance and general character.

The women, as I have intimated, are handsome ; indeed, you rarely meet with an ugly face among them. The form of the head, the general cast of countenance, are classical ; and in their profile I have frequently found that exquisite, gently-curving line we see in ancient Greek statues and medals, (and which we have been accustomed to consider the line of *ideal* beauty,) identified in "real flesh and blood." Their large, black eyes ; with long lashes, and their delicately-arched eye-brows, (the latter, when not denaturalized and spoiled by the too common practice of dying them,) are the finest I have ever seen. Unfortunately, however, they are incomparably more given to paint than the Frank Smyrniotes ; the coëffure, is by no means so graceful, and their general costume is a downright deformity in dress. They have the same graceful carriage of the head and neck, (all the

necks here appear to a European extremely long—another striking conformity with the works of ancient Greek art,) which I have remarked in the Frank ladies, and have all, however abject their condition, an easiness of deportment, a natural gentility, I might say, elegance of manners. “You might take one of these poor girls,” said my friend M——, “and, having changed her dress and taught her a few terms, present her at the court of the king of England, and she would be remarked, even there, for her gracefulness and dignity.”

The men are an equally fine race. Their demeanour is firm and erect; their walk, is what we should call theatrical, but to them it is natural; the expression of their countenance, when free from the restraint felt in the presence of Turks, is frank, and even bold; in short, they are the only set of Rayahs whose deportment has not been degraded by the tyranny of ages, who bear few outer signs of the despotism under which they groan, and whose approach does not at once announce the slave. If we extend our observations to the *inner* man, I am well aware that the demoralizing causes will be found to have produced their effects. They are accused, by those who have long known them, of duplicity and cunning; and I can readily conceive them amenable to the charge. The weak seek refuge in cunning from the oppression of the strong; (this is a natural instinct, which requires no exemplification;) and this turn of the mind is strengthened by continual exercise; they feel the advantages of its operation on their indolent and short-sighted masters; they become proud of their intellectual obliquity; and it is confirmed into a habit, of which, perhaps, they cannot entirely divest themselves, even in their transactions with a neutral party. From my own trifling dealings with them, (which, as a traveller, were confined to boatmen, guides, muleteers, &c.) I should not, however, feel justified in passing a very severe censure. I found the poor Turk quite as eager for money, and as fond of over-reaching, with this disagreeable difference, that his demands were enforced by bullying and contemptuous treatment; whereas the Greeks were supported with witty cajolery which made me laugh while I was cheated.

Their personal vanity, their love of dress and show, are excessive. These they have inherited from their ancestors, but may be strengthened by the example of their masters the Turks, who are equally vain and conscious of the advantages of a good personal appearance. I was one day detained with two English gentlemen, above half an hour in the streets by the *toilette* of a donkey driver, who was to conduct us to Bournabat. We were attired in a

very homely style, wearing nankeen jackets, and broad straw hats, as befitted the extreme heat of the season; but the gallant *palikari*, who was to run on foot by the side of our asses, could not think of showing his face at the village, it being a grand holiday, the festival of the Panagea, without equipping himself in his best garments and turban. My good friend D—— remarked as we entered the village and met the people in *grand tenue*, that the fellow seemed ashamed of us! For myself, I scarcely feel inclined to quarrel with this passion for display; it is akin to that spirit, which, entertained by the ancient Greek people, led to all that was elegant in life, and beautiful in art, and its present limited effects produce a pleasing illusion, throwing a gay, silken veil over the iron chains that bind them.

The Greeks of Asia Minor, in general, and those of Smyrna and all the districts of Ionia, in particular, are accused by their brethren of European Greece, and of the islands, as being deficient in energy and courage. But if they have not their courage, they are devoid of their ferocity. They are, in fact, what their ancestors were, a humane, mild, ingenious, and elegant people. Those were not qualities in the “olden times” to stem the torrent of blood and violence, and to know no alternative but liberty or death. Ancient Ionia was always the tranquil vassal of some gigantic power—now of Lydia, now of Persia, and now of Macedonia. But the cultivation of these qualities produced a sweetness of manners, and an amenity of society that were proverbial. Letters and arts were cultivated with the most brilliant success; putting even aside their doubtful claim to Homer, the father of poetry, they could boast of some of the greatest names of literature; they gave their name to an order in architecture, (one of the four grand efforts of taste and genius in that elevated department of art which can never be surpassed,) and the mutilated remains of their splendid cities; the coins they struck, which, with other beautiful antiquities, continue to be found daily, are melancholy attestations of the perfection and generalization of the fine arts throughout Ionia.*

* The Ionian league comprised, within a circle inconsiderable in extent, ten prosperous, commercial states, and ten magnificent cities, each abounding with temples and statues, libraries and stoas. It is sufficient to name Ephesus, Smyrna, Priene Miletus, Colophon, Teos, Lebedos, Erythræ, Clazomenæ, Phocæ, and besides those on the main, in Ionia proper, the contiguous islands of Samos and Chios, to fill the mind with wonder and admiration! Of all these, Smyrna alone remains as a city. The desolateness of Ephesus is well known; but within these

“After all, then,” say certain advocates for ‘things as they are,’ “these Greeks are what they have always been, subjected to the great powers of Asia Minor; and whether those great powers be called Persian or Turkish, what matters it?” Granted, in part—but be it remembered, that under their ancient sovereigns, they existed as separate communities, were governed by their own laws, were owners of lands they cultivated, and were in no way mixed up with oppressors of conflicting faiths and prejudices, nor subjected to the certain abasement produced by the constant contact of master and slave. Restore to them their ancient condition, such as it really was, with its advantages and disadvantages, and the easy nature of these people, and the superior intelligence they possess, would ensure them happiness and affluence even as tributaries to the Ottoman Porte! But it is idle to indulge in such dreams—the Turkish landholders are not likely to be dispossessed and sent to the interior. Even along the line of coast, the Greek population is far inferior in numbers to the Turkish: all that we can hope is, that the Turks may advance in civilization, and that the Porte may properly appreciate and protect this useful and pacific portion of its subjects, the Asiatic Greeks. The formation of a disciplined army would enable the sultan to do so, for hitherto he has not had the power in his hands, and the massacres and oppressions of these rayahs have proceeded from the voluntary movement of the Turkish inhabitants, who acted, generally, in direct opposition to his imperial mandates.

As to the plan of withdrawing the Greeks of Asia Minor from the Ottoman power altogether, and of strengthening, with a general emigration, the depopulated regions of the Morea—a plan I have more than once heard advocated—the only objection I see to it, is its impracticability. If the peninsula assure to herself the blessing of an equitable and regular government, there will no doubt be cases of individual emigration from these countries; and yet, even these will soon be checked by the Ottomans. But how are we to suppose for a moment that the Porte would submit to the subtraction of two millions of its rayah subjects, and suffer them peacefully to depart, to strengthen what it will always consider its enemies. And even allowing this

last few years even the scanty remains that marked its site have been removed by the Turks, and in a few more the traveller will be left in doubt as to where the city of Diana stood. The ruins of the other cities of Ionia are to be sought for in savage and insalubrious solitudes: some have not one stone left upon another, and those are perhaps less afflicting than their ancient associates, which retain masses of building, overthrown columns, and fragments of beauty and magnificence—all fast disappearing.

difficulty to be overcome by some miraculous means, the customs and local attachment of the Asiatic Greeks would still remain and bind them to the soil. They are scattered over Asia Minor—many of them far in the interior of the country; their manners and customs are essentially Asiatic—in many districts the Turkish language has almost wholly superseded the Greek; they have lost that close connecting link (as relates to their brethren in Greece) which is produced by a community of idiom; the inveteracy of habit would make them tremble at the idea of changing their mode of life, and acquiring new and foreign associations; and in spite of the oppression they suffer, they are attached to their native districts, where many of their families have been settled from very remote ages. If the project could be effected, it would indeed procure (considering the people in a moral point of view) a healthy infusion into the Morea; but as it is, we can only mourn, as we do over so many other human devices, that though brilliant, it is impossible.

The Greeks have two churches in Smyrna,—a large and well decorated one, situated in Frank-street, and another, which I never visited, in a back part of the town. Before the revolution they had a very respectable gymnasium, directed by Constantius *Æconomos*, a Roumeliot of considerable literary acquirements, and an elegant preacher. Small sums paid for instruction, and the voluntary donations of the Greek merchants, supported the establishment. This went to wreck in the fatal years of 1821—2; they have, however, recently opened another academy, attached to the church and under the direction of their despotos or bishop. Of one of the professors, with whom I was personally acquainted, I can speak in the highest terms, both as regards his talent and instruction, and his moral character; added to a critical knowledge of ancient and modern Greek, he spoke and wrote Turkish, Italian, and French, and was familiarizing himself with the English language. He was mild, patient, beneficent, and single-hearted.

Besides this academy, there are a number of little, elementary schools; so that the accomplishments of reading, writing, &c., are more common in Smyrna, even among the poorer classes of Greeks, than might be imagined. Their principal want is a supply of proper books in Romaic, and this is felt extremely. Though the Greek church may be censured for the number of festivals and fasts which break in upon the industry of the people, and serve to substitute senseless observances for moral and really religious duties; it is

in a striking manner, free from the spirit of intolerance and exclusion which animates the Church of Rome. It has done, and is doing, what the latter strenuously opposes: it lends an active and efficient hand to the diffusion of the holy scriptures in the vulgar tongue; and whilst Italian translations of the New Testament (sent out by the British Bible Society) have been burnt by the orders of Catholic priests in Italy, some of the heads of the Greek church have actively employed themselves in distributing the translations in Romaic, and have themselves made an improved version, which is now printing in London. I may appeal to the Rev. Mr. Leeves, now in England, who resided several years in Turkey, as chaplain to the embassy, and agent to the Bible Society, for the exactness of this statement. Mr. Leeves' exertions in the cause brought him into intimate relations with many of the Greek bishops. I have myself had communications with several of the hierarchy, and have found them anxious to promote the general as well as the sacred instruction of their flock. "Translations in Romaic from the Italian and French, of many good elementary works, which would be essential to the civilization of the Greek people," said Constantius, the venerable archbishop of Mount Sinai, "do exist among us, but we have no means of printing them here, and our poverty precludes our recurring to the presses of Europe. Had we editions of these, or of any other instructive works, where the principles of morals, and of the Christian faith (in which we all agree) were not attacked, we would favour to the utmost their circulation. But, Sir, we have nothing—we have scarcely a sufficient number of common school books to teach the children to read by!" I shall return to this interesting subject in the course of my remarks.

Of the Armenian society of Smyrna I shall say little here, as it differs scarcely at all from what I observed in other parts of the country, and at Constantinople. They are, *en masse*, interested, sordid and dastardly, (to a degree equal to the Jews,) and so coarse, and graceless, that the meanest Turkish *hamal* seems a gentleman in manners compared with them. I never saw their broad, vulgar faces, shining under their flame-red calpacs, without an involuntary feeling of disgust. Their mode of living is thoroughly *à la Turque*—they eat the same messes, and in the same manner, squatted on the ground at a low pewter or copper tray—with their brawny arms laid bare to the shoulders, and their filthy fingers diving into the dish, and tearing and dividing, (each helping himself,) in utter contempt of the cleanly invention of

knives and forks. The women are kept perhaps even more secluded, and subjected to more domestic degradation than among the Turks. Their dress (except the colour of the boots and slippers) is the same; and they also are debarred the pleasure of showing their faces, which, when they go abroad, are muffled up in folds of white linen, that only allow a sight of a pair of eyes—immensely large—of a peculiar long shape, jet black, but heavy. (I could always tell an Armenian woman, by the shape and character of her eyes, without reference to her *chaussure*.*) At home they are drudges: they stand behind their lord while at dinner, wipe his greasy mouth, and afterwards hold the basin for him to wash his hands—present his chibook, (lit and drawn by their own mouth,) prepare his cup of coffee, and then hold themselves ready with the *mashà*,† until the clapping of his hands warns them that he wants to light another pipe. The Armenians, like the Turks, never take their women out with them in their parties of pleasure: these are composed exclusively of the privileged sex, and *amusing* things they are! They get their heavy bodies carried to some open spot in the country, by horses or asses; there they cross their legs and sit down, and gorge in unsocial silence. When their meal is over, they take their cup of coffee, and light their eternal pipes, which they keep smoking until it is time to return home. All their amusement concentrates in this—they have no idea of pleasure beyond smoking, and the only variety they know is occasionally to substitute the *narghilé* (or Persian pipe) for the usual chibook.

I have often observed these *keff*‡ parties of Armenians at a pretty piece of water near Smyrna, (called by the Franks Diana's bath,) and watching their dull heavy countenances, never irradiated by a smile, and the clouds of smoke, which in lieu of words issued from their mouths, have wondered at so extraordinary a conception of mirth and enjoyment.

The Armenians are grossly ignorant, and affect to despise what they never knew aught of—the charms of literature and the elegancies of art; yet they

* There is another portion of the *Caput Armenii* which no less distinguishes them, i. e. their ears. These are covered in the women, but you may distinguish the men by them at a distance. They stick out from the edges of their red calpacs like the ears of asses, and are of a length, breadth, and thickness, I never saw equalled in any other race. In a *horse*, nothing shows bad breeding more than this.

† Small iron tongs.

‡ *Keff* is a Turkish word, in use by all classes of Levantines—it signifies what, in my school-boy days, we used to term a “*jollification*.” It applies admirably in this sense to the Armenian parties!

possess a degree of dexterity in the mechanical professions which, according to the Italian proverb, "*In paese di ciechi beato chi ha un occhio*," leaves them in possession of the trades of jewellers, enamellers, dyers, weavers, smiths, &c. &c. They have renounced their ancient language for the idiom of their masters the Turks, which they use in their intercourse with one another. Many of them know no other language but Turkish, and few of them can write or read the good Armenian which is used in their churches, or even understand it when it is read to them. The meanness, the obsequiousness, the utter prostration of these people before the Mussulmans, must be seen ere it can be conceived. It however answers their purpose, and reflections on the degradation of the character of man are not likely to disturb the repose its practice ensures them. The Turks, who have nothing to apprehend from a set of men that have scarcely courage enough to fire off a pistol, hold them as a sort of favourites, and to characterize their softness, patience, and obedience, call them *men-camels*! There are other qualities than those mentioned belonging to the quadruped, which could not well be esteemed flattering as objects of comparison with a human being, but they might be applied with justice to the Armenian biped.

These people have supplanted the Jews, as *serafs* or bankers to the ministers of the Porte, and to pashas and other governors. It is questionable, however, whether the Turks have gained much by the change, and whether the Armenians have not in *reality* lost a great deal; that is, considering their safety and tranquillity as matters of calculation. Eminent posts are imminent dangers in Turkey; and all the Turk's affection for the "camels" has not prevented his hanging several since their advancement.

The Armenians are unequally divided into two sects, the Eutycheans, or followers of the ancient Armenian church, and the Roman Catholics, who hate each other with all the fervour of sectarian hate, without knowing the essential points of belief in which their creeds differ.

The first of these, called by their opponents "the schismatics," have a large church in Smyrna; the second, (who numerically form but a very small portion of the Armenian stock,) frequent the Frank Catholic churches. It is from the Catholic portion that the consuls furnish themselves with dragomans, and the merchants with cashiers and warehousemen. Their intercourse with Europeans has given rather a better tone to their manners, but still the original taint is strong upon them. The Catholic Armenians in Smyrna, are

descended almost, without exception, from an unfortunate body, that about three or four generations since, was obliged by the intolerance and intrigues of their brethren of the rival church, to flee from persecution in Persia, to the dominions of the Turks, where they were amicably received. At the time of this emigration, several families repaired to Europe, and from them are descended most of the Armenians established at Venice.

The hatred, intolerance, and persecution, one of the effects of which is here stated, have always existed between the two religious sects, who have severally and repeatedly had recourse to intrigues and bribery, with an infidel—a Mahometan government, (in whose eyes they were all Christians alike—alike odious, yet all tolerated,) to work the ruin of each other. The Eutycheans, as the more numerous and powerful, have generally had the upper hand. An amusing old Italian traveller, (Carreri,) who was in Persia, towards the end of the seventeenth century, tells the following characteristic story. The patriarch of the Armenians and other heads of the Eutychian church, being incensed beyond measure, at the presence of a Catholic bishop, and the existence of a Catholic Armenian monastery, in the capital of the Persian empire, had recourse to the usual court intrigues. The mother of the Shach, and the favourite minister of the day, were won over by them; and forthwith an order emanated from the “Great King,” that the monastery should be razed to the ground, and the poor bishop burned alive! This, however, the winning party deemed was going too far; independent of mercy for their enemy, they might have felt that with a capricious government; there was a possibility of their being, some other day, the losing party, and being burned in their turns. They petitioned, and obtained that the punishment should be commuted into suppression and banishment. But they have not always been thus humane; they have shed the blood of several who had renounced their faith for the Catholic. The most distinguished of these was a certain Comydas, or Comidas, who has consequently been made a saint by the Roman church.

But as I must revert to the Armenians at Constantinople, I need only now briefly notice the last and most degraded of the Turkish rayahs, the Israelites. Loaded with the concurrent and utter contempt of Frank, Turk, and Armenian, they yet contrive to have something to do in the business of all. “They live,” as I have said, “on the affairs of other people;” and there is no base occupation—no species of coarse humiliation

and insult, to which they will not submit for money. I have seen and heard instances of this which will not bear repeating. It is singular, that they are not more averse to arms and war, than to the pursuits of agriculture. You never see a Jew with a spade in his hand, or in any other manner employed in the cultivation of the soil, although they are no more excluded from that species of industry than the other rayahs. I remember having made the same observation among the Jews of the coast of Barbary, many years ago. Like all the rayahs, they are distinguished by their costume. The points of peculiarity are their head-dress; a low, flat-crowned hat, with a scanty cotton turban round its edge, instead of rims; the sky-blue colour of their benish, or cloak, and the blue of their boots and slippers. They are very filthy in their persons. Throughout the Otthoman dominions, their pusillanimity is so excessive, that they will flee before the uplifted hand of a child. Yet in England the Jews become bold and expert pugilists, and are as ready to resent an insult as any other of his majesty's liege subjects. A striking proof of the effects of oppression in one country, and of liberty, and of the protection of equal laws, in the other.

The Jews of Smyrna, like those of Barbary, Egypt, and Constantinople, retain a corrupted Spanish idiom, a proof of their connexion with the numerous tribes, driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the 16th century.

I have heard their rabbies once or twice discoursing in Hebrew, but have never heard the people make use of any other language than this corrupted Castilian, I mean among themselves; for they are all familiar with the tongue of their masters, the Turks; and many of them with the Greek. The more respectable members of the trading community have recourse, in their dealings with Frank merchants, to a species of "*lingua franca*," of which Italian is the basis.

The Jews, however, morally depressed as they are, are generally cheerful light-hearted, and social among themselves: they keep up the festivals prescribed by their religion, and celebrate betrothals, marriages, births, &c. with feasting and music. I went twice into *Judea** on grand occasions; the

* The Franks of Smyrna call the Armenian quarter *Armenie*, and you hear continually "*Je vais en Armenie*," "*Je viens de l'Armenie*," (rather a long journey, one would think, from Smyrna.) I forget whether they call the Greek quarter *la Grèce*, and the Hebrew quarter *la Judée*, but if they do not they might just as well.

first time to a betrothal. The *fiancés* were of very tender age, the bride being nine years old, the bridegroom twelve; their real union was to take place three years after. All the relations, to remote degrees, were present, and formed a numerous party. Besides her father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, the bride's great-grandfather smiled his approbation at the precocious engagement. At the feast, the women, who are veiled like the Turks and Armenians, waited on the men. The latter, I observed, drank wine with a devotion that would have done honour to people who have correcter notions of religion. Their religion, however, forbids them to drink any wine but such as is made by themselves. Christian wine is to be touched no more than Christian pork. A poor old Jew, called Bohor, the grandfather of the bridegroom, and in the employ of my lamented friend, Mr. J. S——, boasted to his master, that the marriage "was a good marriage;" that the bride was of a good tribe, of a "*buona razza*,"—of pure blood!

Thus we find pride of descent, and family, and connexion, cherished even by the lowest of the low.

My second visit was during their observance of the feast of Tabernacles, the instructions of which they follow to the letter as far as pitching tents goes; but the spirit of the regulation is lost, as these tents are raised, not in the open country, (which would subject them, on the part of the Turks, to interruption and inconvenience,) but in the yards of their own houses; being thus reduced to mere types. There was much gaiety and feasting; but my European stomach entered a point-blank protest against their greasy cookery. Their every-day food is olives, oil and caviar. The last is so important an article of consumption, that the only observation a Jew made on hearing of the ukase, which prohibited further exportations from the Black-sea to Turkey was, "Why, what shall we do for *caviar*! the prices will be up immediately; what shall we do for *caviar*!"

CHAPTER VI.

Villages near Smyrna—Party-divisions among the Smyrniotes—Scene at Boodjà—Attack of the Samiotes—Fig Trade at Smyrna—Ball given by Lord Prudhoe—Departure for Chesmé—Curious Annoyance.

THE respectable Franks, Greeks, and Armenians—in short, all who can afford the expense—flee from Smyrna during the summer-months, and the men merely go into town in the morning to attend their business, and return to their families in the evening. Were it not for this system of encamping in the outworks, I question whether the position would be found tenable by fresh imported Europeans.

There are two villages resorted to, Bournabat and Boodjà. The first, so large, that it might with propriety be called a town, is situated in a plain that bears its name, and which, for Turkey, may be considered highly cultivated. The second, which lies in a valley surrounded by mountains, is small, open, and rural. The society of Smyrna is absolutely divided into two parties, that of Bournabat and Boodjà, as they frequent the one or the other of these villages. Nor are they content to confine the rivalry to themselves; each party tries to make a convert of the traveller, and excite him to an exclusive admiration of their chosen village. If he declare himself for one party, he is immediately cut by the other, (just as happens with parties of a more serious nature,) as a man of no judgment or taste. In the dearth of subjects to occupy their minds, the fair Smyrniotes maintain this discussion with unwearied perseverance, and with an animation that we colder souls do not always display on matters of vital importance. I have frequently laughed as they have balanced the merits of the rival villages.

“Why, you have no water at Boodjà six months in the year,” says the lady of Bournabat.

"If we have occasionally a scarcity of water, we have at the same time neither mosquitoes nor Turks to annoy us," retorts the lady of Boodjà.

"You can't walk out in the day-time: you have no shade," says the lady of Bournabat.

"But we can walk out in the evening without lanterns, which is what you can't do at Bournabat," replies the lady of Boodjà.

"We have more *bon ton*, more finery," says the lady of Bournabat.

"We have more merry parties, and more freedom," says the rival.

"But we have five consuls at Bournabat," adds the one side, with emphasis.

"But we care so little about consuls," *once* retorted a *wicked* advocate on the other side, "that we let our pigs eat them!"*

Without attempting to settle the difficult question, or declaring myself on either side, (in truth they are both pleasant places, paradises on emerging from Smyrna,) I was more at Boodjà than Bournabat, because that village was the residence of my friends. The extreme kindness and hospitality I there met with from my countrymen, the many delightful rural parties I partook in, the many romantic walks, the many happy hours I experienced in the midst of a turbulent country, have impressed innumerable pictures on my mind, which at this distance of time and space, make me turn to Boodjà with pleasing, melancholy, and grateful feelings.

My limits, and the plan I have prescribed myself, prevent me from luxuriating in scenic description; but there is one scene near Boodja that I *must* notice.

At a short distance, there is a small grove of rustling, murmuring pine-trees, covering the Turkish cemetery of the village. Towards evening, the panorama presented there is magnificent. In the front, is a fine alley of dark, lofty cypresses, and the low white houses of the village; and beyond them, over a ridge of rude hills, the lengthened indented outline of the castle of Smyrna, and the shelving sides of Mount Pagus disclose themselves. In the opposite direction, is the bold, broad, black mass of Mount Tartalee, rising stark from the plain; to the left, is a grand chain of mountains, with numerous cones—to appearance, so many extinct volcanoes. An intense blue

* This relates to an accident that befell a gentleman of consular dignity, as he was feeding a sow and litter of pigs at Boodjà. The ungrateful matron, "mad to bite so *great* a man," bit out a large piece of his leg.

rests on those mountains ; a light bluish vapour spreads over the plain, like a mysterious veil ; but receding far away, the peaks of the two brothers brighten with the hues of the rose, as the sun sets behind them in his eastern splendour. At that " holy hour " I have frequently sat down there on one of the humble tomb-stones, and have felt as if I could breathe forth my spirit to the beauty of the material world. The animate objects, too, were all so touchingly in unison ;—a string of loaded camels, with noiseless steps on the way to the village ; (their place of rest for the night ;) a flock of goats, with tinkling bells, retiring from the thymy hills and heaths ; a few cows lowing as they repaired to the stalls, would pass me by, and sometimes the Turkish camel-driver would be seen to stop, turn towards the already darkening east, bend himself reverentially to the earth, then cross his arms on his breast, and with true devotional *receuillement* repeat to himself his *Salath-Maghrib*, or evening prayer.

My first visit to Boodjá was of short continuance, and interrupted in a singular manner. I had retired one night to rest about twelve o'clock, and had just fallen asleep, when I was roused by the firing of guns and pistols, and tremendous shouts and cries. I was wondering what this could mean, when I heard arms discharged in the garden close to my room ; the next moment, the lady of the house knocked at my door, and, in a voice almost unintelligible from agitation, begged me to get up, " for the Samiotes had come." From this intelligence, and from the proximity of the firing, I concluded the depredators were already in the garden, or at least assaulting the house ; I accordingly rushed out, as I expected, to the scene of action. I confess my disappointment was not of a painful nature, when I learned that the attack had not been made on our quarters, but at a house at the very end of the village ; and that the Greek gardener had been firing in the premises, and the neighbours in theirs, to give the alarm, and scare away the robbers. When I was permitted to go into the village, I found all the inhabitants abroad, and armed, as became men on deadly purposes. I went with a troop of these, who gave notice of their approach and numbers by an astounding noise, to the house the Samiotes had entered, but which of course they had left without waiting our visit. I learned there, but not without difficulty, that as the inmates (a mother with five or six daughters and a servant-maid, the male portion of the family was at Smyrna) were going to bed, their privacy was

intruded on by a dozen of wild-looking fellows, who had climbed over the garden wall, and entered the house through a window. Fortunately, one of the youngest of the children crept out unperceived at the back of the house, and alarmed the neighbours, who immediately began firing off their arms, and so frightened away the robbers before they had perpetrated any evil more serious than ridding the damsels of their neck-laces, bracelets, ear-rings, and rings, and seizing the silver forks and spoons.

The brilliant moon, which shone beautifully over the plain by which the fellows had just retreated, would have favoured a pursuit; but the adventurous spirit of the armed village did not extend so far. As I was slowly returning, after a quarter of an hour, with some other Europeans, we met the Aga's guard, composed of four Turks, repairing, with equally slow steps, to the scene of alarm.

The Samiotes had long been feared, as they had already stolen Turkish cattle, and goats and sheep, in districts not distant from Boodjà; but this attack on the village, spread a general panic. Consequently, the next morning every Frank family in the village packed up; all their country-houses were closed, and a long and odd-looking caravan, of camels, loaded with household furniture, and asses, with men, women, and children, took the road to Smyrna. I had there ample motive and leisure to curse the Samiotes for inducing this unseasonable retreat. The excessive heat had not abated; the mosquitoes were as tormenting as ever; and I found another annoyance nearly as vexatious as the mosquitoes superadded to the miseries of Smyrna—this was the fig-trade!

This interesting branch of commerce was then in its full activity; you could not stir in the narrow streets for the long lines of camels loaded with figs; you could hardly move on the Marina for the drums of figs rolling to be shipped; you could not sleep after three o'clock in the morning for the noise of some two or three hundred women and children (close under your lath-and-plank dwelling) employed in picking and packing figs. You heard nothing around you, and about you, but talk of figs.—“How are figs?—what's the price of figs?” rung in your ears from morning till night, through the agreeable variety afforded by the different organs of every man you met. You would have thought that the whole mind of Smyrna had become one vast receptacle of sweetmeats. If you asked for news, you were told “figs were getting up.” If you complained of the heat, you were informed that “the

figs were lusciously ripe." If you drank to a person at table it was ten to one but his soul was below stairs with his drums. In short, the parody in the Rejected Addresses, "In the name of the prophet, figs!" would have been no parody at Smyrna during the long month of September.

Fortunately, however, about this time, Lord Prudhoe, in the course of his interesting travels, arrived at the fig-mart, and by giving a grand ball, produced an agreeable diversion, for which all those "unconnected with the trade," ought to have felt unbounded gratitude. This ball was given at the *casino*, or assembly-rooms, to which none but Franks, or such rayahs as have obtained the protection of some European minister or consul, are admitted; and only that portion of them who have money enough to be respectable, *de bonne société*. Indeed, the right of entrance to the casino, forms a sort of "lettre de noblesse" at Smyrna, of which those who are entitled to it, are duly proud, and those who are excluded are proportionately envious.

On this evening, I saw all the society of the Frank town united. I should think there were about a hundred ladies, and that it would be difficult, in any other place I have seen, to find in the same number the same proportion of fine faces. The defects I had remarked in particular instances, struck me, however, here in the mass, through all the disguise and arrangement of a studied *toilette*, which in general, considering the very limited fortunes of these people, was so costly, and so abundant in gold bracelets and jewels, as to convince me of what I had often heard remarked, that the fair Smyrniotes, though they brought no fortune, were very expensive wives.

But very few of them were even tolerable dancers. The dances were waltzes, quadrilles, and, I believe, an occasional *Anglaise*. Greek dances are *cut* as being *low*. The orchestra was most abominable; so loud, and screaming, and discordant, as to be at first utterly insupportable. I was detached from the sense of my own suffering, by observing its effects on an Italian who possessed the delicate sensibility to sound, and justness of ear, that distinguish the inhabitants of the Peninsula. He screwed up his mouth, made faces, twitched and shrugged, and at last fairly ran out of the ball-room for relief, muttering between his teeth, "*che cani! che stonazione!*"

The Smyrniotes were not similarly effected; they kept up the dance with great spirit to four o'clock in the morning; they could not have done more had Orpheus himself presided. The kind attentions, the easy, natural politeness of Lord Prudhoe to all present were admirable—they captivated the hearts

of all Smyrna; and the flattering queries: ‘*croyez-vous qu’il restera encore—le charmant homme!—qu’il nous donnera encore un bal!*’ proceeded from every group, and must have been heard (as they perhaps were intended to be) by the amiable, good-natured nobleman.

The morning after Lord Prudhoe’s ball, I was sailing quietly out of the bay for Chesmé, leaving behind me, to my infinite satisfaction, the mosquitoes and figs of Smyrna. I was not yet, however, so clear of the latter pest as I imagined: the ship I was in, was partly loaded with figs, and in going below to bed in the evening a new affliction awaited me. I had scarcely laid myself down, when I felt something crawling over me; presently a creeping procession was formed on every part of my body. I called lustily for a light to kill the bugs. The cabin-boy came in with an intelligent grin; and by the lamp I found I was covered, not with the dark-brown, foul reptile, “familiar to man,” (at least in these hot countries and in wooden houses,) but with innumerable long white worms or maggots, that issue, as I was then told, from the fresh-packed figs, and insinuate themselves into every part of the ship, and circulate or nestle until the uncongenial clime of the north destroys them. I was informed, moreover, that they were perfectly sweet, (and well they might be, considering whence they sprang,) and quite innocent—that “they only tickled.” But this tickling, and an idea that got into my head, of presenting (prematurely, as I thought) the appearance of a corpse in the horrid stage of decomposition, effectually hindered me from sleeping. The next morning at breakfast, these disgusting white vermin fell in my coffee from the beams of the deck—on my plate, almost into my mouth; and on taking my book, I found them running through its pages. The malediction of Anastasius against opium could hardly have been bitterer than what I ejected against figs. His curse, he flattered himself, took effect; but I have now the charity to hope mine will not, as it would destroy one of the great resources of Smyrna. The strong *inbat* the preceding day had hindered the ship from making any progress: after tacks, and tacks innumerable, we had only reached the Sanguiac castle at night-fall, and there we had anchored. When I went on deck after breakfast, we were between the castle and Vourlà, but still obliged to see-saw across the bay, gaining scarcely a mile each tack. English vessels are thus sometimes three days in manœuvring out of the long bay during the reign of the *inbat*; but the ships of all other countries (except the Americans, who like to struggle for it as we do) quietly lye up at the castle, and

wait until it shall please God to send them a favourable wind. They thus save themselves much labour, and the wear and tear of sails and rigging—time is not a matter of consideration—and they are strangers to the ambition which animates even the lowest of our trading captains to try his utmost to make a quick voyage. I may here appropriately introduce a piece of “advice to travellers” in the Mediterranean: if their object be speed, let them under no consideration embark in any vessel but an English or American; but if they have time and patience, and a desire to see the coasts and islands on the way, let them choose any other flag in preference. A Genoese or an Imperial is sure to sail close in land: they come to anchor nearly every day, and will generally even wait a few hours, if you have any particular object to visit, for a trifling present.

The scene from on board this morning was animated and pleasing. We were fifteen or sixteen sail of different nations, all under the convoy of an English brig of war; for so great was the terror inspired at the time, by the Greek pirates, that ships would not venture out of the bay of Smyrna but with convoy. All these ships were sailing to and fro in the narrow gulph: now standing over to this shore, now to that, and mixing with, and crossing each other like figures in a country-dance. In some tacks our vessel (which was one of those which made the least lee-way, and sailed the best) would shoot close by three or four merchantmen in succession; and our captain, who was a witty, pleasant fellow, had his remark and his joke with each. His shot of course was always returned, and some of these cross-fires were amusing enough: as for instance:—

CAPTAIN JACKSON—“Ho, ho! Eliza! I see we beat you hollow: we’ve gained a tack on you.”

CAPT. OF THE ELIZA—“Why, ye see, the fact of the matter is, them figs at Smyrna have brought us too much by the head; but, d’ye notice; the Mary-Anne is no such great crack after all—we’ve walked past her.”

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—“Captain Jackson, I presume your coppers are clean scraped.—We haven’t been hauled down for a long time—coppers foul—but we’ll be up with ye!”

CAPTAIN JACKSON—“Aye, aye, Sir, at Chesmé.”

We at last cleared Vourlà, and its windmills and islands, and towards evening a land breeze setting in from the bottom of the gulph, wafted us on our way. A brilliant moon light disclosed the dark lofty sides of Mount

Mimas and the precipitate cape of Karabournu to our left, and to our right the deserted shores and hills of Phoea; and far away, indistinctly, as if seen through a veil of blue and silver, the towering summits of the island of Lesbos. I sat on the deck till a late hour. Our conversation, though not classic, as would perhaps have become the scene, was characteristic and amusing. Our captain spoke of his trim ship with pride and affection, as if he were speaking of his wife; and the mate, a fine young man, sang us "England for ever," and "Home, sweet home;" two touching ditties to a traveller like myself, who had not seen his native land for many years, and who has always felt his patriotism increase in a ratio with his distance, and the time of his absence.

As I had got somewhat used to the fig-worms, I slept soundly this night, and the next morning was awakened with the glad tidings that breakfast was ready, and that we had just come to anchor at Chesné.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Chesmé—Raisin Trade of that Place—Description of the Town—Greek Church and Greeks of Chesmé—Don Giovanni, the Sciote—Combat in the Straits of Scio, between a Greek Mistico and two Turkish Saccolevas—Body of the Greek Captain—Liberation of a Sciote Slave—The beautiful Wife of Chesmé—The Muezzin and the *Ezann*, or call to Prayers from the Minarets—Turkish ablutions, &c.

DRIVEN from Smyrna by figs, I fell from Scylla on Charybdis, at Chesmé : I found all the world engaged with *raisins* ! There was scarcely room to land on the little quay, for the casks of fruit lying there for embarkation : the narrow streets were thronged with hamals, camels, mules, and asses, all carrying raisins ; vast heaps of raisins were seen piled up in every magazine, and in the lower part of the wooden house where I was accommodated by the kindness of my friend Mr. W—, were regiments of casks and barrels, mountains of raisins, and about a hundred half-naked, bawling fellows, (Turks, Greeks, and Jews,) picking and packing raisins. If at Smyrna I had found every man's mind absorbed in sweet-meat, here it was worse. Chesmé has no other trade but these exports of raisins : the Franks go down there merely to ship the fruit ; this they must do with the greatest expedition for the interest of the shippers. They are besides all impatience to return to the *coconas** and *avant soupers*, for take a Smyrniote away from his dear town, and Bournabat Boodja, he is like a fish out of water, so that their stay at Chesmé is considered as a sort of campaign to be occupied solely with raisins, to be broken in upon by no other earthly or heavenly subject, and to be got over as quickly as possible ; and even the indolent, clock-work-moving Turks seemed to be infected with the raisin fever—they were bustling about in their papooshes, bawling and swearing the most expressive oaths, and all about raisins.

I really thought I was destined never to get clear of this practical course of wholesale grocery, and almost determined, out of revenge, to expose all

* *Cocona*, the modern Greek term for *Mademoiselle* or *Signorina*.

the filth and abomination that accompany the packing of raisins. As I have, however, shown mercy to the figs, I will even extend it to the dried grapes. The revenge I meditated would turn the stomachs of half the fine ladies in England, and do infinite mischief to trade.

The town of Chesmé is pleasantly situated on a small creek or inlet (which forms an excellent port) of the channel of Scio. The channel itself is not more than nine miles broad at this point, and the island and city of Scio face the mouth of the creek. It was here that the Russians, commanded by Count Orloff, annihilated the Ottoman fleet, under the daring Hassan, capitan-pasha in 1770; and, to recall a subject of still deeper interest, it was here that hosts of barbarians from the mountains and the interior embarked for Scio, to assist the forces of the capitan-pasha of the day, not to conquer, (for the trifling resistance of the Greeks was over,) but to burn, murder, destroy, plunder, and take slaves. And here, when the dreadful night of vengeance came, and the capitan-pasha's three-decker was blown into the air by Canaris, the rocks echoed the roar, the habitations shook at the near explosion, and the sleepers started from their slumbers as if they had heard the "crack of doom."

The Turkish term Chesmé, signifies "the fountains," and from the quantity of water that gushes out from the neighbouring hills, the place has a title to the appellation. The town stands partly on the brink of the creek, but the most considerable portion straggles up a hill, which is crowned by the ruins of an old Genoese castle. The remains of a wall round the town are now only to be traced, but another Genoese castle, of small size, much dilapidated, situated on the shore of the creek, nearly at the end of the town, retains its original form, and has four or five long brass guns mounted. Chesmé, with a population of between two and three thousand Turks, as many Greeks, and a few Armenians and Jews, is one of the most considerable towns on these once thickly-peopled coasts. It owes its prosperity to the exportation of raisins exclusively, which are grown in immense abundance in its neighbourhood, as will be well understood by the fact, that fourteen English vessels, three Austrian, and one American, took fruit (many of them, though large ships, whole cargoes) during my stay; and that with the exception of a small fine species of raisins, called Sultanas, which are shipped at Smyrna, nearly all the fruit that goes in England by the name of Smyrna raisins, is sent from Chesmé.

The town, considering it is Turkish, is very tolerable. It contains several

mosques, small but neat; public baths, which are as essential as mosques to the Moslemin religion; and what is as essential as both to the habits of the people—plenty of coffee-houses or sheds for lounging and smoking. The Greeks had a fine church in the upper part of the town, where they chiefly live, separated as usual from the Turks. They had just finished it, at the breaking out of the Greek revolution, and when, some months after, the catastrophe of Scio took place, they had the mortification to see it battered to pieces by the furious Turkish *Bairaks*, who seemed bent on the destruction of every thing that was Greek. I felt melancholy, as I stood among the ruins of that building erected by Christian piety, from the hard-earned savings of a poor oppressed people. Subscriptions* had been made for years, the liberality of some of the rich Sciotes had assisted them, and they raised at length in stone and marble, and in a respectable style of architecture, this temple—which was to last but as a day! Scarcely had it echoed the name of Christ, ere the Mahometans burst open its gates, and left nothing but a skeleton of rived walls, too strong to be wholly overturned by their ignorant violence.

Among these ruins I observed some architectural ornaments in marble, executed with considerable taste and spirit. In other places, too, in the course of my excursions in Asia Minor, I have met with objects of art far from contemptible; and these, with the observations I have made on the natural talent and aptitude of the people, convince me, that under any supportable form of government, they would develop the superior qualities, possessed by the ancient Greek occupants of the soil, which rendered Ionia, the *lovely*, the *elegant*: whose temples were unrivalled upon earth—"whose wonders were hardly exceeded in Hellas!" Even as it is, whenever prosperity smiles on them, and the iron hand of the Turk does not interfere, they strive to give beauty to their places of worship, and neatness to the interior of their houses. Their oppressors owe to them, almost wherever they are settled, their houses, their kiosks, and even their *mosques*; for it is rare, where they are, that a Turkish hand is employed on either.

But the unfortunate Greeks of Chesmé had not merely to weep for the destruction of their temple; they were butchered in the streets—their wives

* I forget what sum (but it was a large one) was paid to the Porte to obtain a firman, allowing them to erect this temple. The reader may remember that the Greeks cannot repair, cannot even whitewash a church, without the permission of the government.

and daughters were the prey of lust—their children were carried away as slaves, by such Osmanlis as had made no “captive of the sword” among the fugitives of Scio. And be it remembered that these poor Greeks, mixed up with the Turkish population, (every man of which is armed, whilst *they* are all debarred the use of a gun,) far superior in numbers, and backed by the Mahometans of the vast interior of Asia Minor, had not partaken, and could not partake in the views and spirit that animated their brethren in the strong peninsula of Europe, and in the islands of the *Ægean*. Unarmed and unoffending, they were plundered and butchered for their affinity in original race and religion to those who elsewhere beat, (and be it said in impartiality,) sometimes barbarously treated, the captive Osmanlis. They fell, because they were Greeks—they died, they were carried away captives; but not a case transpired where one of them stayed the hand of slaughter by apostacy, or sought to lessen the rigours of slavery by renouncing the faith of his fathers.*

I abstain from repeating the dreadful accounts I heard, and will briefly mention some characteristic circumstances that came under my immediate observation while at Chesmé.

The first day of my visit, on sitting down to dinner, I remarked that a poor man they called Don Giovanni, who had arrived that morning from Smyrna to assist Mr. W—— in despatching his business, looked at all the silver spoons and forks one after the other, and turned ashy pale. “*Per Dio-questa è robba mia!*” said he, much agitated. He explained. He was a native of Scio; he escaped with difficulty at the time of the massacre, and left his house and all he possessed, to be pillaged and destroyed. The Turk of Chesmé, in whose house we were all living, had gone over to the island with one of the *Bairaks*, and had plundered himself, or bought from some other plunderer, poor Don Giovanni’s service of plate. The spoons and forks were of old Italian manufacture, and neatly engraved with the initials of the *Sciote’s* family. They had been produced to honour us; (for even Turks of a higher station than our host use neither;) but I could well conceive how disagreeable such a recognition must be to their rightful owner. My friend informed me that Giovanni was descended from one of the respectable

* Of the children of tender years who were carried away from different places, to the mountains and the interior, most, it may be supposed, have become what their masters chose.

Genoese families of Scio, and had been in easy circumstances ; he was now obliged to gain his bread as best he could, in the service of different Frank merchants.

Two or three days before my arrival, a combat had taken place between a Greek *mistico*, and two large Turkish *Saccolivas*. The Turks crept out of the creek of Chesmé, and surprised the *mistico*. The Greeks endeavoured to keep clear of both—to cope with one at a time ; but in the middle of the channel, the *Saccolivas*, which were far heavier, and crowded with men, contrived to get the *mistico* between them. The Greek captain crying to his men to follow him, sprung on board one of the *Saccolivas* ; he cut down four *Osmanlis*, but receiving a stab in his back he fell on the deck. His head was cut off in a moment. His men, who had hesitated to follow him, on seeing his fate, set fire to the powder, and blew themselves up. The *mistico*, however, being only partially decked, the powder exploded without the concentration which is required to make it fully effective. Ten of the men were killed by the shock, or drowned, but the others, (twenty,) were seen by the Turks, as soon as the smoke cleared away, on the surface of the water. With these, as prisoners, and the bleeding head of the captain, hung to their bowsprit as a trophy ; the Turks returned to Chesmé, where they were received in triumph by their brethren, who had witnessed the fight from the heights above the port. The condition of the Greeks was dreadful ; wounded, maimed, and blackened with gunpowder, they were cast ashore. The relatives of the Turks, who had been wounded by the daring captain, were there ready to tear them in pieces. The interference of the *aga* was however efficacious ; they were put into prison, and the next morning, carrying with them the head of their commander, they were carried over to Scio. What became of them there I never could ascertain. The body of the Greek captain was thrown into the sea, and as usual, without any care being taken to sink it.

“ There,” said Mr. W——, pointing to two large boats close under our window, “ are the two *Saccolivas* ; and there,” pointing to the end of the creek about a musket-shot off, “ lies the body of the captain, which has floated ashore.” Walking out in the evening with an English officer round the head of the little bay, I approached the ghastly spectacle. The waters had cast the headless trunk on the sands, where it lay on its back ; the ripple of the waves slightly agitated the legs and the arms, producing a motion approaching to that of life, which was inconceivably horrible. Our approach

had scared away a number of carrion birds, but did not disturb a myriad of tiny fish that were playing round the swollen and already offensive corpse, which still retained, in trunk and limbs, signs of manly beauty I have seldom seen surpassed. There, as it was, for several days after, I saw the body of the Greek captain; the Turks were no way disgusted by the revolting sight, nor the pestilential stench which, (and close to the town,) emanated from it; the Greeks durst not approach it lest they should give offence to the Turks.

One afternoon, as I was sitting alone in the house at Chesmé, two Greek women entered; the youngest knelt down by the sofa before me, and seized my hand, which she pressed to her forehead and then to her lips, shedding tears, and speaking in a hurried manner. This poor creature had been taken at Scio in 1822, by an old Turk at Chesmé, who had kept her as a slave ever since. A short time before my arrival, she had discovered that a female relative who had escaped at the time, had returned to Scio. At her intercession, this woman had come over to Chesmé, and bargained with the Turk for her liberation. He asked the sum of twelve hundred piastres; they could scarcely raise twelve;—but they applied to the Franks who had come to Chesmé, and through their subscriptions, added to those of the captain and officers of the English brig-of-war, the “Jasper,” and what I gave, they collected eight hundred piastres, which, at the intercession of my friend, Mr. W——, the Turk agreed to take. The poor Sciote had just received the liberating paper, signed and sealed by the Moollah and her old master, and had come to thank me for the part I had taken in restoring her to the blessings of freedom. It was to Mr. W—— that her gratitude was due, for he had most generously interested himself, and conducted the whole negotiation; which had been the more difficult as the hoary satyr, who had children and grand-children around him, on seeing the young Sciote about to be snatched from his roof, conceived all at once a violent desire to place her in his *harem*. I had never before seen the captive, and her sudden entrance, and oriental demonstrations of gratitude, surprised me not a little.

There was a genteel young man of the town, a Greek, who was pointed out to me, as being the husband of the handsomest young woman of Chesmé. Of the wife, whose beauty I heard enthusiastically extolled by those among whom beautiful female faces are not rare, I could never get a glance. The door of her house hardly ever turned on its hinges; and if it did, it was only for the egress or ingress of the husband, or an old female-servant; the gazebos,

or windows, towards the street, were latticed with more than Turkish care and jealousy; in short, she was kept more secluded than the favourite of an *harem*. This wide departure from the usual Greek practice, had been occasioned by the passion with which her beauty had inspired a Turk of the town. After suffering the persecution of this man for some time, during which she could never get out without meeting him and hearing his proposals, seconded by threats, she at last confided the dangerous secret to her husband, and it was agreed between them, that to avoid the repetition of such scenes, and the violence of the tyger-lover, she should constitute herself a prisoner in her own house. The passion of the Turk, however, seems to have been of an impetuous and lasting nature;—he watched the house, he walked the street, and in his frenzy, threatened the husband himself with destruction, if he did not consent to, and co-operate in the prostitution of his wife. These threats from a powerful Turk, a connexion of the aga's, were sufficient to render the unfortunate couple truly miserable; they passed some weeks in continual alarm, and at length worn out by the worst of woes, and menaced anew by the Turk, they determined to abandon their home, and save themselves with what trifling moveable property they might possess.* They stole out of the town at the dead of night, crossed the neck of land on which Chesmé is situated, to a deep bay called the gulph of Resdéré, embarked in a small Greek fishing-boat, and were carried to a Greek brig-of-war in the straits of Scio. The next day, when their flight became known, the aga confiscated their property, and I saw his mystic seal placed on the door of their dwelling. I learned afterwards, with satisfaction, that the Greek brig had found means to have the fugitives conveyed to the island of Tino. The prayer of all the poor Greeks at Chesmé accompanied the youthful couple.

At Smyrna, living in the Frank town, segregated from the Turks, I had never heard, what I had long wished to hear, the muezzinn calling the faithful to prayer. But at Chesmé, I was in a Turkish house, surrounded by Turks; and one of the principal mosques of the town stood at the distance of twenty or thirty yards from my room, with which the gallery of the minaret, where the crier takes his stand, was about on a level. The muezzinn, moreover, had one of those deep, sonorous, musical voices, whose notes so impressed Lord Byron, when he was a wanderer in these lands. I used to listen to him with

* There were several other Turks who had cast an eye of desire on the fair Greek, and had determined what should be her fate and her husband's, whenever a season of turbulence should favour them with an opportunity.

extreme delight, and I have heard his impressive *Ezann*,* many times, for each of the five canonical prayers, prescribed daily to the Moslems, by their prophet. The first of these is the morning prayer, called *Salath-Subhh*; the second, the mid-day prayer, *Salath-Zuhrr*; the third, the afternoon prayer, *Salath-Asrr*; the fourth, at twilight, or "the heavenly hour," the Ave Maria, *Salath-Maghrib*; and the fifth, at the dead of the night, *Salath-Ischa*. It will be readily conceived, that the two last summonses to prayer, the one at those musing, softening moments which succeed the setting of the sun, when a balm is spread in the air and over the harmonized face of earth and heaven; the other, at the stilly hour of night and darkness and repose, when it would seem that none but a voice from another world should break the general and awful silence—it will readily be conceived, I say, that at such a time they must be deeply impressive, and particularly to strangers, to whom they are not become familiar and every-day sounds. But it was the first, or the *Ezann* of the morning, that generally struck me most. I used to be awakened by the solemn chaunt of the muezzinn on the contiguous minaret, every morning; not at that point "when jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top," but when the rising sun's forerunners announce his majestic approach, while he is yet hidden behind the mountain's ridge; when the star of morn "pales its ineffectual fire;" when a mantle of sober grey, brightening its tints with each passing moment, is spread over the canopy of heaven, over the mountains and valleys, and the bosom of the deep; and when all nature attends, in hushed and reverential silence, the presence of

* *L'Ezann*, on annonce des heures des prières, est de l'institution du Prophète. Comme l'Apôtre céleste, lors de sa retraite à Medine, ne faisait pas toujours les cinq prières canoniques à la même heure, et aux mêmes instants, ses disciples, qui manquèrent souvent de faire le *Namaz* avec lui, s'assemblèrent un jour, pour délibérer sur les moyens d'annoncer au public, les momens du jour et de la nuit, où leur maître s'acquittoit de ce premier des devoirs religieux. Les drapeaux, les cloches, les trompettes, les feux, furent successivement proposés pour signaux. Aucuns ne furent admis. On rejeta les drapeaux, comme ne convenant point à la sainteté de l'objet; les cloches pour ne pas imiter les Chrétiens; les trompettes, comme des instrumens propres au culte des Hébreux; les feux, comme ayant trop d'analogie, avec la religion des Pyrolâtres. Dans cette contrariété d'avis, les disciples se séparèrent, sans rien conclure. Mais pendant la nuit, l'un d'eux, Abd-ullah-ibn-zeïd Abdériyé, voit en songe, un être céleste vêtu de vert: il s'ouvre à lui avec tout l'empressement qui lui inspiroit son zèle, sur l'objet dont s'occupoient les disciples du Prophète. Je vais vous montrer, lui dit cet esprit céleste, comment vous devez remplir ce devoir important de votre culte. Il monte alors sur le toit de la maison, et fait *l'Ezann* à haute voix, avec les mêmes paroles, dont on s'est servi depuis, pour annoncer les cinq heures canoniques. A son réveil Abd-ullah court exposer sa vision au prophète, qui le comble de bénédictions, et autorise à l'instant même Bilal Habeschy, un autre de ses disciples, à s'acquitter sur le toit de son hôtel, de cet office auguste, sous le titre de Muezzinn.—D'Ohsson. Tableau générale de l'Empire Ottoman.

the monarch who comes "rejoicing in the east." As the muezzinn's slowly measured and harmonious adjuration struck my ear, I frequently arose, and, going out on a corridor, whence the minaret with its gallery, where the crier was slowly pacing round, repeating his words, the little bay, the still town, Scio's straits and lofty mountains were visible, felt the full influence of the "hour, the time, the clime, the spot," and of their harmonizing and touching adjunct—the voice from the mosque! It is impossible to avoid being penetrated by devotion, and mine was of such an expansive character, that it embraced the poetical ritual of the Koran, and made me forget that it was only a beautiful feature in a false code—a picturesque practice of a barbarous and degraded race. The words of the *Ezanns* are indeed sublimely devotional. "O Great God! Great God! Great God! I attest that there is no God but God! I attest that there is no God but God! I attest that Mohammed is the prophet of God! I attest that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Come to the temple of salvation! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! Great God! there is no God but God!" These are the same for all the five canonical hours; but at the *Ezann* that calls to early morning prayers, the muezzinn adds after the words, "Come to the temple of salvation," "Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!"

The muezzinn, with an aspect of entire *reueillement*—a finger of each hand put all the time to his ears, as if to shut out every earthly sound, stands awhile with his face turned towards the east, to the Keabé of Mecca; but when he proffers the general invitation, "Come to prayer—come to the temple of salvation," he slowly turns round the gallery of the minaret, and faces the four cardinal points in turn, the invitation being addressed to "all the nations of the world, to the whole universe."*

It is to be remarked that the solemn summons to the temple of salvation is by no means generally attended to at the present day, even by the Turks who have the reputation of being religious men. I believe it is not considered essential, even to the dwellers in cities where mosques abound, to go to them five times a day. (The *Salath-Ischa*, in the middle of the night, would be an importunate call—an attendance at that hour would reduce Moslem

* The Moslems who are within hearing, are ordered to subjoin mentally to the words of the muezzinn, "There is no force, there is no power, but in God, in that supreme, almighty being." This is called the *Tehhlil*.

laymen to the privations of certain orders of Christian monks.) But what is exacted is, that at the five canonical hours they shall perform their devotions and offer up their prayers, in their houses or fields, or wherever they may be. Each time, before they can begin their mental application, they must perform an ablution. On this point the *Ayeth*, or celestial oracle, in the Koran, is very positive. "Oh ye, believers! whenever you dispose yourselves to pray, wash your faces, and your hands, and your arms, as far as the elbow; bathe your head, and your feet as high as the ancle." But even this injunction is rarely obeyed to the letter. I do not remember having once seen a Turk take off his turban to bathe his head, (it would give them, indeed, great trouble to remove and re-adjust that portion of their attire which they most pride themselves in,) they content themselves with washing their faces and rinsing their mouths; and instead of immersing their feet in cold water, their wonted practice is merely to dip the sole of their papoosh into the stream.

The purification of the outward man, being so essentially a portion of religious observance, there are always fountains attached to the mosques, and it is an odd scene, particularly on a Friday, when attendance is imperatively exacted to say their *Namaz*, or dominical prayer, in the temple, to watch a crowd of sturdy fellows, with their loose sleeves tucked over their shoulders, washing and squirting like river gods in our old garden ponds.

Two English tars, who were on shore at Chesmé from the brig of war, one Friday morning about noon, seemed puzzled with the general ablution that was performing in public. "I say, Jem," said one of them, "I suppose it is Saturday night with them here Turks!"

In spite, however, of all these periodical cleansings, and the frequent use by all classes of the vapour bath, the Turks cannot be called a cleanly people. Indeed it is hardly possible they should be so, for they huddle on dirty cloathes over a clean skin; and in their houses they eat, drink, and sleep in the same room, and frequently on the same *divan* or low sofa—thus encouraging the increase of vermin, which their wooden built, low houses, and hot climate, naturally tend to produce. Of fleas I shall say nothing; but it is not extraordinary on going out of a Turk's house, where you have been regaled with amber-mouth pipes worth a thousand piastres each, and served with coffee by a black slave on his knees, to find that a huge louse or a bug has insinuated himself into some fold of your drapery.

CHAPTER VIII.

Scio—Reception by the Turks—The Consul—Turkish industry—The ruins of the town—The Greek college—Distinguished Professors—Effects of even partial education on the Greeks—Condition of the Greeks—Anecdotes—Former state of Scio contrasted with the present—Levant Vice-Consuls—Greek Captain and ship—The Pasha—The castle—The country—Consul's casino—The School of Homer.

ONE of the objects that had brought me to Chesmé was to visit the neighbouring island of Scio, and I was mortified in no trifling degree, when three days after my arrival, as I was getting ready to cross over with a Turkish boat, two Greek brigs of war made their appearance, and cruising up and down the narrow straits that separate the island from the main, declared Scio to be in a state of blockade, and showed themselves ready to pounce upon any Osmanli who should venture out of the creek. Luckily, however, the circumstance that kept me at Chesmé, kept the English vice-consul at Scio, and his presence was required on the continent to give the fruit-ships their clearance for England. Consequently, the commander of the brig of war, Mr. Rooke, determined to go over and fetch the old dignitary, and hearing of my embarrassment, very kindly offered me a passage.

The "Jasper" sailed from the creek of Chesmé at an early hour and on a beautiful morning about the middle of October 1827. The wind was favourable, the Greek cruizers were almost out of sight at the head of the channel near the Oenussae, or Spalmadore islands; we made free with the blockade, which had never been regularly notified, and in about an hour and a half got close into Scio. I went on shore in a boat with my old friend Lieutenant F——, Lieutenant D——, and the surgeon. Captain Rooke tacked about and sailed up the channel to look after the Greek brigs. We entered the harbour of Scio, still defended by an ancient mole of admirable construction, and landed near the Turkish custom-house. Here we were instantly surrounded

by Turks, whom alarm at the apparition of the Greeks, and reports that a descent was about to be made on the island, had rendered anxious for news—an anxiety they hardly ever express, except in immediate cases of danger. Presently, however, Signor Guidice, in the full blush of his consular splendour and importance, came bustling through the crowd. He was, and I dare say still is (for I left him in good health a few months since) a curious little old man, with a shrivelled face and twinkling eye—the quintessence of politeness, of the rather obsolete Italian school of a century ago—lively, and talkative. He was dressed “for the occasion” in a blue coat with red cuffs and collar, and buttons as large as Spanish dollars, with the British impress of the crown and anchor. The cut would have done honour to a Greenwich pensioner, or a boatswain of the days of Howe and Jervis. His hat was round, but gallantly set off with a cockade of surprising diameter: in short, his appearance was altogether well adapted to the dignity of the nation he represented. He led us into the custom-house, where several of the principal Turks of the island were assembled, smoking their pipes. We received the honour of the chibook and coffee, said *buono-buono Musulmani* to their *buono-buono Ingliz!* laughed when they called the Greeks thieves, and having finished our pipes, laid our right hand on our breasts, and giving them the *Salam-aleikam*, walked away to look at the town. Our worthy consul proved a good *cicerone*, he spoke passable Italian, of which, and of his descent from a Genoese family, (*sangue franco*,) he was sufficiently proud. He conducted us across an open, filthy square, crowded with mangy dogs, and ornamented with a large and pretty fountain, which was however dirty and falling to decay, to the lower wooden built part of the town near the water-side, inhabited, then at least, principally by Turks. Here we found a crowd of strapping fellows, some lounging, some sitting cross-legged smoking, and a few in coffee-houses at the water’s edge, watching through paste-board Venetian spy-glasses the progress and manœuvres of the “Jasper” in the channel. The only signs of industry we could see were in two armourers’ shops, where about half a dozen Osmanlis were furbishing up old yataghans and other arms; and in a chibook magazine, where an old emir, a descendant of a daughter of the prophet, was sitting in all the glory of the green turban, drilling cherry-pipe sticks: both perverse applications of industry—the one being to prepare the implements for killing men, the other, those for killing time. Yet these are the mechanical operations in which the

Turks evidently take most delight, and in which you see them most frequently engaged. To us, however, they were all civil, giving us the usual "*star buono—star buono Ingliz.*"

We next advanced to the Greek quarter, whose former beauty I had so often heard vaunted. We found a scene of ruin and desolation that chilled our hearts. We walked through long streets that no longer contained anything but the ragged skeletons of houses, and heaps of fallen masonry, which rendered some of them impassable. Grass and weeds and nettles were growing in the crevices of the marble halls, in the churches, in the but lately busy streets; and to give an idea of the utter desolation of this once busy and populated town, we started a covey of partridges in the *strada de' primati*, or principal street. So solidly, however, and of such good materials were these habitations constructed, that their principal walls remain, some partially rent, but many entire. The fire, and the axe, and the crow-bar of the Turks could not reverse these firm buildings, but they have left nothing within them but heaps of fallen ruins and empty space. There those walls stand, eloquent in reproach of the barbarous destroyers: they stand erect, but roofless, smoke-blackened and bare! Only the palace of the bishops, where the assemblies of the people were held during the brief and hapless insurrection, and the college, have been entirely levelled with the ground, as places peculiarly obnoxious, and by order of government. In this college, before the Greek revolution, from four to five hundred youths, from the different islands, received the advantages of a good education. It was principally supported by contributions which the Sciote merchants generously imposed on themselves, and which was levied at the rate of two per cent. on all their merchandise. Under the impulse of the elegant Romaicist Cokinaki, and latterly under the tuition of the accomplished Neophytus Vamba, the students of Scio had made great progress in the most essential portion of education, in the knowledge of their own vulgar tongue, which, reduced to rules, and strengthened by liberal draughts on the classical Greek, was promising fair, under a nascent literature, to lay claim in some future day to the glories of the idiom of old Hellas—"of that rich and harmonious language, whose sounds could give a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy." Nor was the ancient Greek neglected; besides Vamba, who is esteemed a good Hellenist, there was always one, and some-

times there were two other professors devoted solely to the Hellenic language and literature.

The verses of Homer were again rehearsed in this fair island, (one of the claimants to the honour of his birth-place,) and the walls of the Sciote gymnasium, now levelled with the dust, echoed the periods of Demosthenes, of Thucydides, and Xenophon. There was a master for the Latin language, and French and Italian were generally attended to. It was a nucleus of civilization for the neighbouring islands and coasts of the Ægean; and I have met with several young Greeks educated here, but now scattered in different parts, whose literary attainments are far from contemptible. The colleges of Scio and Haivali, and more recently the college established by Lord Guilford at Corfu, have done more good for the Greeks than might be at first imagined. Among a people who are eminently communicative, intelligent, and curious, the instruction of even two or three will expand, in a certain degree, to the community in which they are thrown. I knew two young Greeks at a small, remote town of Asia Minor, who had pretty good notions of general geography, and of the modern history of Europe: this information had not been acquired by themselves directly, they had never had the means of so acquiring it, but it had been imparted by a companion who had studied at Haivali. It is to institutions like these we must look for the moral improvement of a long-degraded race; and can we see their subversion without a sigh? The college of Haivali, be it remembered, has shared the fate of that of Scio, and is now like it, an unrecognizable ruin.

After traversing the melancholy streets without meeting a human being, we came to a part of the town that was inhabited by the remnant of the once flourishing Greek population. These poor people had partially repaired a few houses that had suffered the least, and were beginning again to labour in their wonted vocations. They had all suffered loss of property, of children, or relations, and the greater part of them had only lately returned to the island under the protection and consoling assurance of the pasha. In the town and the villages of the island, there were at that moment about fifteen thousand Greeks, a fearful reduction from one hundred thousand in the course of five years.* But they apprehended a renewal of calamities:

* The Sciotes have been stated at one hundred and twenty thousand, but probably the *resident* population did not exceed one hundred thousand; the rest were in commercial establishments at Constantinople, Smyrna, the islands, &c.

“ If a Greek expedition lands here,” said they, “ we shall be plundered by them—they will compel us to make common cause with them against the Turks ; if the Turks receive reinforcements, and become too strong for the invaders, they will escape by sea, as they did in 1822 ; and we shall be left to assuage the vengeance of the Turks, with whom we would have lived in peace.”

At one of the doors, two poor women, a mother and daughter, offered us some tobacco-bags and purses, prettily worked in silk ; we bought the whole stock. The story of these two women was painfully interesting, but not at all rare among the islanders—there were other cases of even greater wretchedness than they had suffered. The mother had seen her husband hanged on the castle walls,* one son slaughtered in her presence, another, a child, taken away as a slave, and her daughter and herself carried captives into Asia Minor. At Chesmé they were torn from each other's embrace, and sent separately by their masters to different places far from the coast, where it was unlikely they should ever meet again, or ever have the means of obtaining liberty. It was not explained to me by what happy chance the mother however did at last obtain her's. She then went in quest of her daughter ; she knew that the Turk to whose lot she had fallen, on the division of spoil, belonged to a district somewhere inland, from the sea-port of Skalanuova. With no other information, she repaired to that part of the coast :—her wanderings, her anxious enquiries, were long fruitless ; but at last she learned from a papas, that a person, answering the description of her daughter, had been seen some months before at a certain Turkish village, two days' journey in the interior. She instantly departed with a caravan going in that direction, and after travelling on a camel two burning days in the month of August, reached the village named ; but here she learned that the Turk, the master of her daughter, had died in the expedition against Samos, and that the other members of his family had gone, it was not known where. To obtain, at least, a clue that might lead her to her daughter, she wandered several days in the district. Nothing could she learn ; the family had never been long settled there, its chief was dead, the rest might be scattered God knew whither—or all might be dead likewise. The afflicted mother was on the point of giving up the pursuit in despair, and returning to her solitary home, when a poor Yerook, touched with compassion by her tenderness and grief,

* The Sciote hostages, to the number of seventy, were stripped naked and hanged on the castle ramparts like dogs. This, *at least*, was done by order of government, and not of the mob.

informed her he had seen a Greek female slave at an encampment of a tribe of his brethren, and that he would conduct her to it in a few hours. She again set out on her search—she arrived at the black tents of the Yerooks—the slave was indeed her daughter; and after a separation of three years, she clasped her darling child to her bosom. The Yerooks, to whom she now belonged, were poor. They might, perhaps, as a single-hearted, simple race, feel the force of maternal tenderness;—the terms of the ransom were easily arranged, and the poor mother returned to Scio, exhausted in person, and in pecuniary resources, but with her child. They had since continued to exist on the labour of their hands, assisted occasionally by relations, in somewhat better circumstances. Of their son and brother, the child that had been carried off in 1822, they had never been able to learn any thing.

With all the vices of the Greeks, (vices, however, from the greatest part of which the amiable, gentle Sciotes, are exempt,) the tie of blood and of family affection is closely drawn round their hearts. I have said, the foregoing story is not singular; there are hundreds such; and I learned a counterpart of it from a Sciote lady I was well acquainted with at Smyrna: she was the heroine of her own tale, but the object of her pursuit was a son, a boy of tender age. After wandering for weeks in the dark streets and recesses of Constantinople and its suburbs, she at last discovered her child: he was liberated, like many others, by the generosity of the English residents at Pera, (a generosity warm and well directed,) and is now in England receiving a good education. I have stated, in a preceding part of these sketches, that individual charity and protection were most honourably exerted; but how little these could do in such a mountain of evils, may be imagined on reference to the fact, that according to the Turkish *teskerès* granted at the custom-house of Scio, forty thousand Greeks were carried away captives from that island.*

If we turn from the picture of desolation I have thus hastily, but faithfully, and from the impression of the moment, drawn, to the brilliant colouring spread over the same scene in the time of its prosperity but a very few years since, we must shudder as on beholding the mutilated corpse of a beautiful being, but lately replete with life and enjoyment.

* The fate of the children of *both* sexes was the most horrible; many of them have been known to have been rendered the instruments of the foulest debasement—of the most brutal passions—passions which (I speak not unreflectingly) may be said to be *general among the Turks* at the present day. “Grave virus munditias pepulit.”

“ This town, by far the most beautiful in the Levant, was an assemblage of little palaces, generally built of Sciote marble, and adorned with architectural ornaments; their island was a succession of romantic woods and gardens, where art had assisted the hand of nature; and the inhabitants were a refined and educated people, enjoying at home the improvements of polished life, in which every stranger who visited the island, was kindly and hospitably invited to partake. Such was Scio seven years ago!” I have heard the description corroborated by many, and particularly by my intelligent friend, Mr. S—— of Smyrna, who left it only a very few days before its destruction. And even from very early times, from the first establishment of the intelligent, industrious Genoese, this island was celebrated for its beauty and cultivation; it claimed from the admiring Italians, who then held almost exclusively the commerce of the Archipelago, the appellation of “ *il fior di Levante*.” That correct old traveller Tournefort, who visited Scio more than a century ago, describes its beauties with rapture; and our countryman Dr. Chandler, who was here in 1764, dwells with complacency on the subject, and sheds over it an amiable, poetical feeling. He mentions the beauty of the women, their gay dress, their frankness and cheerfulness. They were sitting at the doors of their elegant houses knitting and spinning, and saluted the traveller as he passed. “ The country,” says he, “ is diligently cultivated, and rewards the husbandman by its rich produce. The slopes of the mountains are clothed with vines. The groves of lemon, orange, and citron-trees, regularly planted, at once perfume the air with the odour of their blossoms, and delight the eye with their golden fruit. Myrtles and jasmines are interspersed with olive and palm-trees and cypresses. Amid these the tall minarees rise, and white houses glitter, dazzling the beholder.” In his time, there were twenty-one villages that derived a considerable part of their revenue from the cultivation of the lentiscus or mastic trees. These, called the mastic villages, with one or two other villages that had grown up with the increasing prosperity of the island, were flourishing in 1822, but then suffered like the city. We saw some of them from the town (to the south) beautifully nestled in the recesses and on the slopes of the mountains, among olive and lentiscus groves, but were informed they were almost entirely deserted, and that the houses as well as the pretty *casini* we saw sprinkled here and there, were like the houses in the city, nothing but skeleton walls. The “ cultivated fields” were lying fallow, except a few near the town for the growing of vegetables, of which both

Turks and Greeks make great use in all their repasts. The groves of olives, of lemons, oranges, and citron, the palms and the cypresses, the myrtles and the jasmines, (except in some places, where they had been burnt or torn up by the Turks,) were still there, but “gone were the hands that culled the flowers,” and the useful productions of nature were running wild for want of tending and cultivation. The solitude and silence that reigned throughout were deeply impressive. The deserted houses, the groves, the gardens, seemed to say to their former possessors, “what have we done to be thus abandoned? Where are ye?” How dreadful would be the response!—“In outcast poverty—in slavery—in the grave!”

When we had finished our melancholy survey, the consul conducted us to his house and regaled us with pipes and coffee. We observed about as many arms of England, as Waverley saw Bears in the mansion of the genealogical Baron of Bradwardine. Besides the lion and the unicorn over the street-door, painted on a board, there was a diminished copy over the staircase, another over the door of the consular receiving-room, and two prints, brilliantly coloured and framed, suspended in the most conspicuous parts of the room. Signor Giudice said they were good things; he could not have too many of them—they struck the eyes of the Turks! This is true enough; for many years past, a consular flag unfurled, and the sight of the arms of a European nation, have acted as a spell on the Turks, even in their greatest ebullitions. This respect began with their weakness and fears.

Signor Giudice’s residence was situated in a street composed almost entirely of the houses of the vice-consuls of the different nations of Christendom, which had all been respected during the massacres and destruction of 1822. In them many Greek families took refuge, and were saved from slaughter. I regret to add, that this protection was extended only to such as could *well pay for it*; and that accusations of a total disregard of humane feeling, and in some instances, of heinous villainy, are laid to the charge of certain of these dignified personages, the consuls, who are said to have made a harvest on the miseries of the time. There was one exception in the august body, that I have often heard mentioned with gratitude and admiration—this was the Austrian vice-consul. The worst of the charges were brought against a Milanese, a quack-doctor, who had been dubbed Neapolitan consul.

I will not dwell upon the numerous and serious accusations made against the body in general, as it would be improper, without having proofs in my

possession; but I must state, that I saw ample reasons here and elsewhere, in the Levant, to prove the impropriety of granting (as has been done) the names of vice-consuls, &c. to men destitute of principle and education, who receiving but a mite * from the consuls they represent, are ready to sell their protection and influence (and their title gives them an influence which will hardly be understood in civilized countries) to the highest bidder, and for any purposes. In most of these places there is no occasion for agents; but where there is need of them, let proper persons be selected. Having finished our pipes at Signor Giudice's, we walked down to the sea-side, and the Jasper soon after standing in to the port, we embarked in the boat to join her.

The consul did not accompany us, as the fruit-ships at Chesmé were not yet loaded; but he was to cross over in three or four days, provided that Captain Rooke could request the Greek cruisers to permit his passage, and that the pasha would consent to his leaving the island.

The sail across to the continent was delightful. The views of Scio, with the lofty and grey Mount Pelinæus, and the green declivities, and fertile plains at its feet; the town, the old castle, and the villages, present a fine picture on this side, that contrasts strongly with the gloom and sterility of its opposite or western coast.†

In the middle of the channel, one of the Greek cruisers came down to us. On a gun being fired from the Jasper, the commander immediately came on board. To enquiries put to him, he replied, that the blockade of the island had been ordered by the *regular* Greek government;—that an effective force would soon arrive in the channel, and that it would be duly notified to the different European naval forces. He promised that the English consul should not be molested on his passage to Chesmé. It was not thought expedient to put further questions, but he told Captain Rooke of himself, that a considerable land-force of Greeks, under the command of Colonel Fabvier, would be thrown on the island, where they had nothing to do but to reduce the castle. He was a fine looking young man, and the Greek costume he wore showed his robust but graceful person to advantage. There was, however, an unfixedness in his eyes, and in his general air, as if he suspected treachery in others, and would be very capable of it himself, that was disagreeable in the

* Signor Giudice received fifty Spanish dollars *per annum*, and what fees he could make. He was *venal* of course, but nothing worse was said of him.

† See description in chap. i.

extreme. He spoke a little Italian. Of the wine that was placed on the table for him, he mixed a mere drop in a glass of water, which he drank to our healths. The sailors that accompanied him were very fine young men. His brig was of a beautiful model and rig, and sailed, as Lieutenant D—— said, “like a witch;” but she was, as usual, very slightly built, uncoppered, and without bulwarks to cover her men. She bore the classical name of Themistocles.

Four days after my first excursion, the ships under Captain Rooke’s charge being all nearly ready, and Signor Giudice not making his appearance, we went over again to Scio to fetch him. On this occasion Captain Rooke landed. We were received by the old consul and the Turks at the custom-house (whom we found smoking their pipes, just as we left them, as if they had never changed place or occupation) in much the same manner as before; but an invitation, which came immediately from the castle, to pay a visit to the pasha, promised something more interesting.

We were received at the castle gate by a body of tacticoes or regulars, who formed an avenue across the first court. We then wound through a labyrinth of ruins into another open area, where a body of irregulars of motley and most unmilitary appearance, was stationed to do us honour. Hence, through another lane of ruins, we reached what seemed the only habitable part of the castle, the angle occupied by the pasha; but even to this we had to ascend by an external, *pro-tempore*, rickety wooden staircase. Near this *sanctum-sanctorum*, the pasha’s Albanians, or body-guard, was drawn out; and from the fine manly make of their persons, the beauty of their costume, and the brightness of their arms, they certainly made an excellent appearance. They looked like bold, dashing warriors; but the regulars, like vagabonds; and the tacticoes, like boys playing at soldiers.

In a vast anti-chamber, dark and dirty, we found arranged in state the whole of the pasha’s domestic attendants, black and white, (or rather black and brown, for he had not thought it necessary to honour us with a sight of his *harem*.) There were the tootoon-jis, the chibook-jis, the cafee-jis, and heaven knows how many *jis* beside—a complete mob, that cast eager glances at us, as we defiled. But the door was thrown open; and seated on a rich sofa, in a spacious, elegant saloon, exposed to the cool sea breeze, with the moollah or priest-judge by his side, was Yussuf Pasha himself.

Salutations *à la Turque*, from the inveteracy of our European habits, are

are rather difficult things. We are accustomed to bow and scrape, and swing our hats about; all which seems very silly to the Turk, and the uncovering of the head even an indecency. We however, not being utterly ignorant of that essential page of the eastern *Galateo*, acquitted ourselves tolerably. The pasha smiled as graciously as Turks are permitted to smile, shook hands with Captain Rooke, to conform to our odd customs, and kindly beckoned us to be seated on a sofa on the other side of the room opposite to himself. Signor Giudice, who, like that other *diplomate*, (his countryman by the bye,) the father of Anastasius, happening to be rather deaf, for the better convenience of hearing both parties, stood, resplendent in blue and red, brass buttons and cockade, midway between the two sofas, and a little out of the line of sight. After we had been seated three or four minutes, and not before, as that would be contrary to state and etiquette, the pasha bade the consul tell us we were welcome. A suitable reply, that went into Signor Guidice's ear in Italian, and came out of his mouth in choice Turkish, was returned, and then followed another silence. I forgot to mention, that on our entering the room, there were several officers well attired within the doors, by which they stood during all the audience. Meanwhile, the friends of every occasion, the compliment of every visit, the dear chibooks, made their appearance. These were of proper pasha length and magnificence, and each was presented by a proper *chibook-ji*, who crossed his hand on his bosom as you took it, kneeled down, and introduced the *atesh* into the bowl, with a little pair of tongs, and when he saw you were fairly under way, made another obeisance and retired. The coffee, which followed immediately, was served with still more state, by four slaves, as black as ebony, who kneeled as they presented it, and then retired to await at a respectful distance until we had finished. The coffee-cups used by the Turks, and indeed throughout the east, are very small; they have no handles, nor saucers, but are held in another cup, (as an egg within an egg-cup,) which is of plated metal, of silver or gold, according to the circumstances of the owner, or the respect wished to be paid to the visiter. The pasha's little cups were of the most transparent porcelain, and their coats, or outer ones, of pure gold, prettily pierced and fillagreed. The coffee, as usual, was excellent; a tea-spoonful of it worth a quart of that we get in England, under the same name; a name it is in comparison no more entitled to than small beer to that of ale, or the rinsings of a wine-cask to that of wine.

As soon as we were delivered of our coffee-cups, and left with our chibooks, conversation began by the pasha's asking us for news. After giving him that portion we chose of the infinitely small quantum we possessed, the pasha continued. He hoped that the differences that had arisen between the Porte and the great powers of Christendom would soon be amicably arranged; that the day was yet distant (just a fortnight from the date of this speech, we destroyed the Turkish navy at Navarino!) that should see the sultan, his master, engaged in hostilities, particularly with his friends the English, &c. To these friendly remarks, Captain Rooke gave a suitably amiable reply, through the improving medium of Signor Guidice. Then another dead silence.

"But what means the presence of these Greek thieves?" resumed the pasha, (and here his countenance, which was placidity itself, ruffled somewhat;) "what new mischief are they coming to cause here? They talk of a blockade; but will you permit such a measure?" This was said in a manner that seemed to imply that Captain Rooke ought to go and tell the Greek cruisers to be off. He merely replied that no blockade had been officially announced. "I know what war is," continued the pasha; "I can meet my enemy face to face, and fight him with arms in my hand in the open field; but I do not understand this measure of sailing ships up and down, and cutting off communication and starving people!" His hatred of blockades had made him outrun his prudence; he corrected himself. "But *we* have sufficient supplies of provisions in the fortress; we neither fear the *caravis*,* nor are incommoded by them; the only injury they inflict, is on their own brethren, the Greeks of this island, whose commerce with the main land is interrupted, and who cannot even go out to fish. *They* may starve, but not *we*." Part of the reasoning was very just; the weight, indeed, fell upon the industrious Greeks, and their apprehensions of the future were naturally excessive.

Yussuf, apparently, was anxious to impress Europeans, and Englishmen particularly, with the excellence of the present spirit of the Turkish government, and to exonerate his own character (and his humane, just conduct entitled him to do so) from the suspicion of cruelty and bloodshed. He said things were changed in the country; that the views of the government were of a gentle and liberal nature; and that the reforms of the sultan had placed

* *Caravi*, the modern Greek for ship or vessel.

him in a situation to check the excesses that had *sometimes* been committed by irregular troops on the rayahs. He said that he himself was averse to violence; that although he must repel force by force, yet so long as the Greek population of the island remained quiet, and were not detected in traitorous correspondence with the enemies of the Porte, he should continue to protect them as he had done. "Hundreds of these scattered families," added the pasha, "have thrown themselves on my protection; have returned to Scio, and to their homes, at my invitation; and what complaint have they against me?"

Our pipes were finished, (it is not etiquette to replenish on such a visit,) and the pasha's communicativeness (extraordinary in a Turkish grandee) had reached its utmost limits. We prepared to depart. At this moment a slave made his appearance, carrying a small silver tray, with glasses of water, and some delicious Turkish preserves, made from rose-leaves. The preserves were in a small glass basin; (like some of our sugar-basins;) there was only one spoon, which we, the visitors, all used in turn. Two other slaves then entered, one bearing a silver-cased phial, containing some scented waters; the other swinging, suspended to a silver chain, a silver fillagreed vessel, (almost a fac-simile of the encensoirs used in Catholic churches,) from whose apertures proceeded most agreeable vapours of some substance burning within. The slave of the bottle besprinkled us, and his comrade swung his fragrant vapours round our persons, and under our noses; at which, one of my friends, an honest sailor, who had never had an idea of being incensed like the statue of an heathen god or of a Romish saint, was near relaxing into an indecorous smile. We then took our leaves of Yussuf Pasha, who had honoured us with all the punctilios of oriental respect. But I must detain the reader yet a moment in this rather interesting scene.

Yussuf Pasha was far advanced in the vale of years, but his appearance was healthy and imposing, his manners were graceful and dignified, mild yet firm; in short, what ought to be expressed by the proper and high term, *gentlemanly*, (a term, whose weight and value have been almost lost in its vulgar abuse.) His dress was very simple; his beneesh, or outer garment, which entirely enveloped his figure as he sat cross-legged on the sofa, was of plain, faun-coloured French cloth, without gold or embroidery, but he wore a magnificent cashmere for a turban, and another shawl of equal value round his waist. He never rose, but merely bowed his head slightly, and

crossed his arms on his breast, when we entered and departed. Dignity of appearance is not rare among the Turks ; they easily acquire it ; for a fellow who steps from a huckster's shop (and such steps are not unfrequent) to a high situation under government, can at once put on outward manners corresponding to his elevation ; but this dignity is generally but skin deep, and depends on mechanical set forms, on rich turbans, and flowing robes, on a crowd of bespangled slaves, and countenancing dependents : the brute, when agitated, or obliged to speak for any length of time, is, however, almost sure to discover its innate coarseness, through the forced and artificial veil. But the dignity of Yussuf, seemed to be part of his natural character.

I cannot describe in such favourable terms the gloomy moollah, who sat by his side on the sofa, a few feet distant, starch and motionless as a minaret. I do not remember to have seen, even in the class to which he belonged, (the most offensive and intolerant of the Turks, with the exception of the vagabond santons,) so unpleasant a looking fellow as himself. His face was ghastly sallow, his whole countenance diabolical, and as for his beard, in spite of his smoothing it down with his hands every minute, it had precisely the *goat-beard shape*,* which is so vehemently reprobated by the Turks. The immense high, black caouk, with a broad green turban which he wore, added to the ugliness and sallow hue of his face. He appeared as if he disdained to look at us ; but every now and then, his large heavy eyes, without any accompanying motion of the head, would turn in their red sockets, and take a stolen and ill-ominous glance, and then quickly revert to the colombojo† he held in his hand, or to the matted floor. He had precisely, what I should imagine, the ancient orthodox air, and looked as if he could enact again the scenes of early fanaticism ; and with the sabre in one hand, and the Koran in the other, offer the alternative of death or Islamism. May Sultan Mahmud be as successful in his enterprises against this bigoted, corrupt, and all-monopolizing body, as he has been in those against the Janissaries ! They stand infinitely more in the way of civilization than ever did those barbarians, who, indeed, had strength only by co-operating with

* Beards that are not full and flowing, but jagged, and pointed at the extremity, are called by Turks, goat's-beards : a cloven foot could not be more detested.

† Colombojo, a string of beads like those used by the Catholics at prayer ; a Turkish gentleman is rarely seen without it.

the abominable hierarchy. The room in which the pasha received us was, as I have mentioned, a spacious, elegant saloon; low sofas, covered with fine woollen cloths, ran along the two sides and the upper end of it, and these formed the only furniture, unless we extend that denomination to a superior Egyptian matting which covered the whole floor. The walls of the room were painted a plain light colour, and over the door was an Arabic inscription in large black letters. All the ornaments seemed reserved for the cieling, which was formed of curiously tessellated wood work, and painted in the arabesque style, with blue and gold. It was, however, rather dingy, and seemed to bear testimony that many generations had smoked their pipes beneath it.

This description may serve for any other saloon of a Turkish grandee I may have to introduce my reader into; a little larger, or a little smaller, a little brighter or a little darker, they are all much the same.

The interior of the castle is a heap of ruins, but the outer walls are still strong and entire; a fosse, now dry and of inconsiderable depth, runs round them, except on the side where they lean on the sea. The fortress is commanded from the adjacent hills, and an advanced spur of Mount Pelinæus, forms a *mamelon* just off one of the angles of the walls, which seems made on purpose to breach them. We remarked at the time, that with the forces the pasha then had (about three hundred tacticoes, a few topjis or cannoniers, and about five hundred irregulars, counting all the Turks on the island capable of bearing arms) the castle could not offer four-and-twenty hours resistance to the attack of a thousand British soldiers with adequate artillery. Yet here Colonel Fabvier, of whose prowess we have heard so much, sat himself down for three months, let the Turkish reinforcements land, and at last ran away in a shameful *sauve qui peut* manner. But of this, more hereafter.

The castle of Scio, which with innumerable others in the islands and along the coasts of the Ægean, the Propontis and the Euxine, attests the widely-extended power of the trading Ligurian republic, was built by the Genoese during their occupation of the island. Since it fell into the hands of the Turks, it has been gradually going to ruin; and even at the time of our visit, when an attack was expected, there were only a few masons patching up the walls.

When we left the pasha's, we procured mules to ride to the principal object of most travellers' visits, a spot called (I cannot tell why) the School

of Homer, situated between three and four miles from the town, towards the northern point of the island. As it was not much out of our way, the consul insisted that we should visit his *casino* or country-house, (his habitual residence,) and partake of his hospitality. We went through a beautiful, but almost deserted district, of groves and gardens, which forcibly recalled to my mind, from its disposition along cliffs, and heights above the sea-shore, and from the nature of its *agrumi* productions, and its *oliveti*, the scenery of Massa-Carrara, and of Sorrento, two of the most enchanting hesperides of the Italian peninsula. The country-houses, closely dotting the brilliant verdure, with their pure white walls, were, alas! walls, and nothing else. We saw the consul's descriptions fully verified. But the villa of Signor Giudice was among the rare exceptions. A neat little house, furnished with a comely wife, a pretty sister-in-law, and a prettier servant, a cool *boschetto* of oranges and citrons, a garden and a fountain, composed his suburban retreat. Here we had more pipes and coffee, some almonds and other fruits from the estate, some Homeric wine, (at least, from vines near the *Scuola d'Omero*), and some more preserves. Captain Rooke, who had probably had enough of sweets for one day, (and it is rude to refuse what is offered,) asked me what he should do with them. "Put them in your glass of water," said I, remembering some agreeable mixtures of the sort that are used in Italy. He did so. At this departure from all reasonable and established custom, the hostess opened her naturally large eyes to the full width of astonishment; but the demure maiden, her sister, who was helping us, nearly let the tray fall from her hands, so much was she diverted at what, no doubt, she considered Captain Rooke's ignorance of the use of luxuries. The consul chid her in Greek. "*Scusate signor commandante*," said he, when he had stopped her giggling; "*ma noi mangiamo questa robba, sempre sola, sempre, perche*;" and he gave some excellent reasons why preserves should never be taken in any other way.

From the consular domum, in about half an hour, we reached the *Scuola d'Omero*, which is now nothing but a flattened rock, with an unshapely hump in the centre, not a trace remaining to lead one to its original state and destination. When our early traveller, Pococke, visited it, he found a figure sitting in a chair, whose sides and back were hewn into the form of something, and being misled by a vulgar name, he christened the group, "Homer and the Muses," without mentioning which of the nine. But Chandler, who

was rather better acquainted with arts and antiquity, discovered in the sedent figure, the goddess Cybele, and in the sculptures on the chair, three lions. At the time of his visit (1764) the goddess was minus a head and an arm ; but goddess and lions are all gone now, and have left but a shapeless block, a lump of the flattened rock. Doctor C. describes the whole as " hewn out of the mountain, rude, indistinct, and of the most remote antiquity." Many works of a similar nature exist in Asia Minor, whose early inhabitants seem to have had a strong, but not a peculiar, predilection to hewing the projections of rocks into human or divine forms. The sedent posture is appropriate to Cybele, or Cybebe, and the worship of the mother of the gods, was singularly affected in these regions.

I asked a poor Greek who was holding the mules, why the place was called Homer's School ; he replied, it was because Homer used here to read to his scholars the wars and the glories of the ancient Greeks. The vulgar tradition might merit encouragement, and the site accords with poetry and sublimity. The little esplanade, detached from the mountains which rise close behind in perpendicular cliffs to an astonishing height, commands a ravishing view of part of the island, of Scio's silvery straits, of the indented coast of fair Ionia, lovely in her desolation, and of the lofty, broad, and dark mass of old Samos. There was a time, when the districts seen from this fair point could have poured out from their elegant cities millions of admirers to the strains of Homer, but now desolation is in those " high places," and to the oppressed beings, who, still retaining the name of Greeks, vegetate on the soil, the divine harmony of the Ilias would be lost, and its spirit-moving theme not understood.

CHAPTER IX.

Chesmé—Departure of the Jasper—Plan of a Journey frustrated—Alarms—March of Tacticoes—The Scio Flotilla—Scenes—A Tatar—Turks' Idea of Lord Cochrane—Country about Chesmé—Habits and Professions of the Turks—Their extraordinary Honesty—Villages in the neighbourhood of Chesmé—The Panagea—Beauty of the Women—Agia-Paraskevis—Allachchitta—Its Ports—The Samiotes—Agha of Allachchitta, and a Greek Mason—Beauty and Costume of my Hostess—Vice of Drinking among the Greeks of Asia Minor—Extraordinary Goats—Jackals.

THE second morning after our last return from Scio, the “Jasper”* set sail from Chesmé with a whole fleet of figs and raisins, that she was to convoy as far as Malta; and this depriving me of a pleasant society, left me at leisure to prosecute my further excursions.

I wished to proceed by sea, coasting from Chesmé to Cape Argennum, thence to Teos, Geræ, and Segigeck, a Turkish town. From Segigeck I intended to cross the lofty and rugged promontory of the Myonnésus to Lebedus; from Lebedus to proceed along the coast to Colophon, Claros, and Ephesus; and then by a *detour* in the plains of the Cayster, to make my way back to Smyrna. This journey would not have engaged me more than ten or twelve days, and the season was most favourable.

On enquiry, I found that no boat would engage with me, on account of the swarms of Samian pirates that infested the whole coast, and of the Greek cruizers in the channel. I was therefore obliged to change the plan of my campaign, and decide on going by land to Teos, crossing the irksome Mount Corycus; but on application, I found this was almost as impracticable as the other. The Samian marauders were carrying their expeditions far inland, and particularly infested the country we must cross: less than twenty armed

* This brig of war, on board of which I spent many pleasant hours both at Chesmé and Smyrna, and to the attentions of whose commander and officers I was so much indebted, was lost off the coast of the Morea, a few weeks before I left the Levant last autumn. All the crew were fortunately saved.

Turks could not be considered a sufficient guard, a smaller number indeed would not venture themselves with me. I tried to reduce my troop to payable limits, but the agha cut the matter short by letting me know, that he could not give me a *teskerè* (passport here) for such a journey. I then gave up the project I had long been delighting in, and deferred its partial execution in another mode till after my return to Smyrna. Thanks to the battle of Navarino, and ill health, and the increasing disorders of the country, I was there again shackled, and my excursions never extended in that direction.

What the agha of Chesmé could give me was a *teskerè* and a guard, to visit the ruins of Erythræ, and return to Smyrna; this he had the kindness to promise that I should have whenever I required; assuring me, that it was only regard for my safety, for which he was answerable to the pasha of Smyrna, and the limited authority he possessed in the district, that hindered his complying with all my request; though he avowed he could not understand what I should want in a waste country, where there was nothing but jackals and thieves.

This important negociation finished, I still lingered several days at Chesmé and its interesting neighbourhood, which promised to be the scene of great events—it was of some very droll ones.

While the Jasper was here, a third cruizer had joined the Greeks, and a day after her departure two others arrived to the blockade of Scio. As long as the English man-of-war and merchant-vessels were in port, the Chesmélis thought themselves secure from any attack from the Greeks; but no sooner had they weighed anchor than great alarm prevailed. They had been conspicuous actors in the atrocities of Scio, and might well tremble at the idea of a visitation from the avenging Greeks; but from their own force and the numbers of Osmanlis that might be assembled in an hour from the districts adjoining, their fears were ridiculous. They worked wonders, however, for they even rendered the Turks active and vigilant; there was nothing but furbishing up old arms by day, and hailing and shouting from post to post by night.

The Jasper and her convoy having had no wind during the day and night, were descried by the Turks on the following morning; and to the eyes of fear, the peaceful fig and raisin ships were converted into a fleet of Greek fire ships, whose first important exploit might be to come down and burn their town. At a later hour this morning, as I was riding to a neighbouring village, I met a detachment of about two hundred of the pasha of Smyrna's tac-

ticoes on their way to Chesmé, whence they were to cross (when they could, for there was no ship of war to escort them) to reinforce the garrison of Scio. This reinforcement did not look very respectable; they were nearly all mere boys, apparently hardly able to drag themselves along under their muskets, the only things they carried; there were no knapsacks, no cloaks, no shoes, and the whole of their commissariat and other stores were borne on the backs of two camels, and three half-starved asses that marched at their head.

Yussuf Pasha had assured us that he desired no reinforcements, but it is probable that a Tatar he dispatched for Smyrna and Constantinople (a clever fellow, who some nights before had eluded the vigilance of the Greek cruisers) bore letters in a different sense. His friend Hassan had rather sent him what he could best spare, than the best part of his regulars; I think, indeed, he had picked out the very worst men of his troops. The poor fellows were sadly tired, they had worn out their papooshes on the way, and were in ill humour, which they vented in unsavoury terms on me, although I had paid the respect required from Christians to the green banner, by dismounting and standing aside while they passed. I could not recognize in them my good-natured friends of Smyrna.

The next morning, as I was returning from my ride, I heard all at once a heavy firing. A hill between me and the town concealed every thing in that direction, even the straits. Thinking that the Greeks were really arrived, I galloped to the eminence to reconnoitre. I saw that one of the cruisers had come close to the mouth of the creek, and at her the Turkish castle on the beach was blazing; but the guns seemed intended to hit the hard rocks across the harbour rather than the enemy, who were hurraing on the deck and rigging as if the Osmanlis were firing salutes to their honour. When I reached the town, I found, what did not surprise me, that the discharge and recoil of the heavy ill-mounted guns had broken the embrasures, and thrown down a mass of the crumbling walls, which had cracked a Turk's skull. This farce was several times repeated—the Greeks sometimes firing a bravado shot or two, but more generally saving their powder. But one afternoon there was appearance that we should be treated with a real fight: the blockaders were widely separated, and one of the brigs lay alone close to the port of Scio. Against her the pasha's fleet, consisting of three light schooners and a *saccoléva*, sailed out with hostile demonstrations; but they no sooner saw another of the Greek brigs altering her course, and bearing down the channel, than they

scampered back under all sail. The agha of Chesmé, in expectation of a combat, sent his crier to the bazaars, to order all good Moslems to take to their arms, and be ready; though of what assistance they, with their pistols and yataghans, could be to their brethren in the midst of the straits, it required Turkish penetration to discover. The sortie, however, procured me an amusing scene: all the Turks in the town ran to the cliffs over the sea; old and young, rich and poor—from the *effendi* in yellow boots and slippers, and flowing sky-blue *beneesh*, to the *hamal** in torn papooshes, and in no *beneesh* at all—were seen climbing up the rocky ascent. Some lay on the ground to observe the ships through old telescopes, which they rested on projections of the rocks; others, uttering *mashallahs* and *ishallahs* at every other word, pointed to the Greek ship, which they all expected would be taken; and little boys were throwing stones in her direction, as if they too could help to crush the Ghiaours. The Greeks of the town prudently kept out of the way, but there were some Armenians who called the cruizers thieves, even louder than the Turks—gratuitous demonstrations, in which their wish to conciliate their masters, had as great a part, at least, as any ill will they could bear against the Greeks.

When Yussuf's flotilla regained the port, and without a prize, the Greeks stood over to Chesmé, and fired a salvo, at which some of the Turks spat, and pulled their beards.

One evening, at rather a late hour, I saw the Tatar that had been despatched by the pasha of Scio to Stamboul, return to Chesmé, having performed his journey to the capital and back in the short space of seven days. He was much fatigued; but the commissions he bore brooked no delay—he must cross the channel immediately. The passage was perilous, and none of the Turkish boatmen were inclined to risk it; but on the production of a certain crooked cypher, a party pressed the paper to their foreheads, bowed in implicit obedience, and sulkily prepared their boat. The Tatar's good fortune still attended him: he again escaped the Greek cruizers, and carried his despatches to his master. But a night or two after, in attempting to recross to the main, he was interrupted by some boats the Greeks put out, and made prisoner, having first resigned his despatches to the secrecy of the deep.

Another morning the Osmanlis were all on the alert at the apparition

* *Hamal*, Turkish for porter.

of a fleet of ships in the direction of Samos. It had been rumoured that Lord Cochrane was coming to Scio with all the Greek navy—this must be the dreadful man. The ships passed, and proved to be an Austrian convoy of merchantmen. Never, surely, did the name of Richard Cœur-de-Lion strike the infidels with more panic than did that of Lord Cochrane, though, since his accession to the Greek cause, it had not been coupled with any great exploit. I know not how the idea had spread among them, but the Turks imagined him to be a sort of half man, half devil—a sorcerer who needed not the agency of winds and currents, but who could rush to his object in spite of them. I really believe some of them thought he could sail his ships on dry land. The fact is, they had mixed up in his personal character, with its skill and courage, the mechanism of a steam-engine.

The neighbourhood of Chesmé, though like all Asia Minor, thinly inhabited, has some pleasant, cultivated tracts, and several villages. Vines are the principal objects; and succeeding each other, stretch across the plains and sides of the hills for miles. Little corn is grown; and it may almost be said, that where there are no vineyards, the country is a desert. The lands held by Greeks are always better cultivated than those in the hands of the Turks. The fact is, that it is rare here, as in all the other districts I have visited, to see an Osmanli engaged in the fields in the labours of agriculture. They are fond, as was the race they spring from, of a pastoral life, but seem to hold the plough and the spade in detestation; they delight in wandering, and monopolize the itinerant professions of *devidjis* and *katerdjis*, (camel-drivers and muleteers,) and they are the couriers and messengers for all classes, wherever they are. In these congenial employments they will, when well paid, exercise astonishing diligence and activity; and, be it said to their credit, on every occasion, their honesty is unimpeachable. I was acquainted with an admirable specimen of this class. Mustafa was a poor peasant of the village of Boodjà, and employed by my friend, Mr. W——, as a messenger between Chesmé and Smyrna, during the fruit season. He has frequently left Smyrna in the evening with bags of gold money, travelled all night, and reached Chesmé (a distance of nearly sixty miles, and, in part, over rude mountains) the following morning, with his valuable cargo deposited in his breast and girdle. Sometimes he would ride on a mule part of the way, but always for speed, when he reached the mountains, he would walk. The only danger apprehended was from the Samiotes; but

as Mustafa never had met them, he concluded he never should meet them. To increase our wonder, he, and the nature of his commissions, were well known on the road; yet there was not a merchant in Smyrna who hesitated to send his money in this exposed manner. Of this anomalous virtue, in the midst of the vices of a half-savage people, I have myself seen innumerable instances. I have already had occasion to remark that the Turks are not a *thievish* race;—they have never been so to the breach of trust, or in a household or petty manner. The hordes that infested the country in former times, and to a fearful extent, under Sultan Selim, were the disbanded troops of pashas, who could not find at the moment new masters; they pursued their depredations on such a grand scale, and with such violence, that the thing changed its name and its nature to their eyes: it was not robbery—it was warfare. These bands were put down by the present sultan at the beginning of his reign; and highway robbery in Turkey has never since been heard of, though the convulsed, impoverished state of the country, particularly of late years, should seem favourable to its reproduction. Sheriff, or the courier that runs between Smyrna and Constantinople, rarely performs his journey without having large sums of money confided to him by European merchants, Turks, and others; yet he jogs along with all the security of an empty purse, and is often to be seen, when on the road, comfortably smoking his chibook within the coffee-house, and his bags of sequins thrown down at the door. Through a wildly desolate country, where almost every step presents scenes that seem made on purpose for the haunts of robbers, Sheriff has travelled in the way I mention, and for many years, without ever being robbed.

The Greek village of the *Panagea*, situated on the sea-shore, about three miles to the south of Chesmé, is celebrated for the beauty of its women; but throughout these regions, the sex is universally handsome and graceful. Poverty, that cruel enemy to the charms of the person, as well as of the mind, cannot destroy their attractions—the bright, intelligent, large black eye beams, the clear complexion, the exquisite Grecian nose, mouth, and chin, the classical contour, are there, in spite of its wrongs; and an innate grace of manner and motion, develops itself through the covering of rags. I do not seek the recondite causes of this peculiarity, but, be it descent from a superior race—be it the soil and clime—such are the women of Ionia.

The village of Aya-Paraskevis stands about the same distance from

Chesm , (but in the contrary direction,) on a small port or creek of the deep bay of Resder , which runs up to Erythr . It was a considerable place, inhabited almost solely by Greeks; the houses were built, like those of Scio, in stone, and in a neat style of architecture. A pleasant frame of gardens surrounded it, and the contiguous hills were clothed with vines. I have used the past tense, for *now* Aya-Paraskevis is almost deserted; the houses are ruins; the gardens and vineyards are unpruned, and trampled down; and it is, in miniature, a picture of the desolation of Scio; another sad picture of the Ottoman excesses in 1822. Of its once peaceful, prosperous inhabitants, I found only a few families of poor fishermen.

Alacchchitta, which is so considerable, as, in Turkey at least, to merit the title of town rather than village, is about seven miles from Chesm , and to the right of the general route to Smyrna. It is situated in a fine plain, and a ridge of hills, covered with windmills, that flanks it; its minarets and cypresses give it a pleasant aspect. A ride of about two miles thence across the plain, brought me to another of those fine inlets or ports, which are so frequent along these coasts, and which ought to be the commodious issues for the produce of the rich and productive lands they indent. On the shore of this creek, I found some magazines falling to ruins. They were then occupied by rather a numerous guard of Turks, (all either sleeping or smoking,) that had been placed there, and paid by the district, to protect it from the landing of the bold freebooters from Samos. This creek was a convenient corner for their boats; and frequently had they descended here, swept the whole plain, and carried off with them flocks and herds, and Turks as slaves, to the strong holds of their island; which, though separated from the continent of Asia by a strait, only two miles broad, has, from the commencement of the Greek revolution, set the Ottoman empire at defiance, and sent out depredatory expeditions along the whole line of the coast of Asia Minor, from the confines of Syria to the mouth of the Dardanelles. These incursions are precisely similar in nature to those practised in the heroic ages of old Greece; but in our days, and with our ideas of things, we cannot confer upon them the honours granted in antiquity. Colonel Leake, in his admirable "Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution," (the only sensible work that has appeared on the subject,) justly remarks, that these "Samian expeditions, although often disgraced by cruelty, have been a most useful diversion to the cause in Europe, (the Greek cause,) by keeping the Osmanlis

in Asia." But the Greeks of Asia Minor, mixed up with the Osmanlis as they are, with all their sympathy for their brethren, would have estimated the "useful diversion" much more, had the Samians always distinguished between Greek and Turk, and not carried off, indiscriminately as it fell in their way, the property of both.

I found the agha of Alacchchitta (a fat, coarse old fellow, who was an acquaintance of my conductor) beating a drunken Greek mason with his pipe-stick. The poor artist, who was building him a kiosk, had evidently lost the perpendicular line in a wall; and this had struck the mathematical eye of the Turk simultaneously with the unfortunate toper's own condition. The Greek was excessively hurt at the correction he had received, and wine had made him valiant. "Curse the old rogue," said he, as the authority went into the house to fetch us chibooks—"curse him, and curse me if I am not revenged on him!" "Silence, Palikari—prudence!" said my guide, who feared the poor devil would get into a scrape by some sudden explosion. "I'll be revenged on him," continued the mason.

"Be quiet, man! what can you do?" "Do," said he, thinking awhile, "why, I'll mix the mortar so that it shall not hold two stones together: that's what I'll do; and the wall won't stand a week." "And then you will get a good drubbing, and have to build the fallen wall again for nothing." "Yes," said the mason briskly, "but perhaps the old thief may be under it when it falls!" At this dire and indirect revenge, my guide burst into a fit of laughter. The tipsy artisan stared for a second or two, then joined the laugh, and probably in another minute he had forgotten all his rancour.

After we had smoked our pipes and taken a cup of coffee, without sugar, at the agha's, we went into the village to look for something more substantial, in the shape of a dinner. This we found at the house of a Greek, with whom my conductor was well acquainted. We had some *pilaff*, some delicious fish, and some *caviare*, and were served with great civility by the hostess, a lovely young woman of nineteen. Her dress, which is common in this district, was exceedingly graceful, and formed an agreeable contrast to the Greek costumes of Smyrna and Scio, which are downright deformities. Her hair, in broad plaits, was wreathed over a small thin turban, which was fastened in a knot on one side of the head. Her gown, disclosing a long, swan-like neck, and the turn of a faultless pair of shoulders, was closed at the breast, and confined at the waist by a little shawl; from the

waist it flowed loosely, being open in front, to below the calf of the leg. Under it appeared broad, white trowsers,* which were drawn tight above the ankle, and left to the view a couple of exquisitely formed feet, whose perfection was not veiled by stockings, nor cramped by shoes. She wore only a pair of low, light slippers, that just covered her toes and heels.

The Ionian gracefulness I have so frequently spoken of, was disclosed by this poor creature in all her motions, even in those occasioned by the most homely occupations. She was extremely modest, without being bashful; and with a fine feeling of politeness, she assumed a cheerfulness which was not in her. Her husband, who had been in good circumstances, in consequence of some misfortune and oppression, had given himself up to drinking; he was besotted and reckless; and she saw herself and her two infants exposed to misery that was every day approaching. My good natured companion employed his morality and his rhetoric on the infatuated man, but they were thrown away—the vice seemed confirmed into a habit; even while he listened and assented, he kept drinking his *crassi*, and we left him intoxicated!

This vice, which should not belong to the climate, I may say in passing, is unfortunately not rare among the Greeks of Asia Minor. The wine cup is a great seduction to an unhappy man, exposed incessantly to violence and injustice; it can drown suffering and apprehension, and make him, for an hour, a happier man than his master. Besides wine, they drink a great quantity of *rakie*, an ardent spirit, distilled from the skins of grapes, figs, &c.

I saw near Alacchchitta flocks of goats of the largest size, and the longest hair I ever beheld. On our return towards Chesmé in the dusk of the evening, we disturbed a party of prowling jackals, that ran howling across our path into a vineyard. They seemed about the size of our fox-hounds, but very lank, and sharp-headed. From our lodging at Chesmé we used to hear every night the doleful cries of troops of these jackals, from the rough mountains on the opposite side of the narrow creek; but at the village of Boodjà, near Smyrna, they were wont to approach

* The *Brákη* are mentioned in a fragment of Sappho, and as I can conceive no portion of female dress more poetical than the trowsers of my fair friend at Alacchchitta, I imagine them to be fac-similes of those worn anciently at Mitylene.

close to our garden walls, and frequently to wake us with their wild, melancholy chorus. They are excessively timid, and swift. I once rode after one on a plain, and though my horse was good, he soon distanced me. Their number in this desolate country is prodigious, but I never saw any other beasts of prey, except wolves, which are also common in Asia Minor.*

Finding there was no immediate prospect of the arrival of the Greek expedition at Scio, or of any warlike operation, and that the Turks at Chesmé were becoming rather churlish, I demanded my *teskeré* and guards for Erythræ.

* On Mount Tartalee (the ancient Mastusia) near Smyrna, bears exist, answering in description to those not unfrequently found on the "Gran Sasso d'Italia," "Monte Majello," and other snow-covered mountains in the Abruzzi. I however travelled through those provinces in 1821, without meeting with any of the unamiable quadrupeds, except two small ones, at the town of Sulmona, where they were practising dancing in the streets, under proper tuition, to the great amusement of some Austrian Yägers. Mr. Arundell (see notes to the "Visit to the Seven Churches,") mentions an enormous leopard, that committed great ravages, and was finally killed by a shepherd's dogs, at Sedikeui, in the neighbourhood of Smyrna; and says, that though lions are never heard of there, yet one "was seen a few years ago on the road to Nymphærem (*a very few miles off, by the bye,*) by J. J.—t, Esq." Unfortunately, however, for the lion part of the story, the person who is said to have seen it, is endowed with a lively imagination, and was celebrated at Smyrna for seeing sights never seen by any eyes but his own, and for meeting with accidents that never befell any one else. My good-natured friend, J. J.—, will excuse this remark, particularly as it can be no novelty to him.

CHAPTER X.

Departure from Chesmé—My Turkish guard—Mineral waters—Erythræ—View from its Acropolis—Adventures on the road—Turkish village of Seradem—Night spent in the house of a Turk—His wife, &c.—Musical voices of the Turkish women—Journey from Seradem to Vourlà—Clazomene—Cavalcade going to a Turkish marriage—Almas, or dancing girls—Vourlà—From Vourlà to Smyrna.

THE agha of Chesmé gave me my passport, and appointed three of his Turks as my escort. I deemed no escort necessary, but he would not permit me to go without one—a delicate attention for my personal safety, if I had not been obliged to pay well for it. In the morning, as I was packing up my books, and just ready to mount, my guide put me rather out of humour, by letting me know that the three Turks would not go: that they considered their number too small in case of an attack of the Samiotes. They would accompany me if I would pay for three other men, whom they would choose among their friends. It was no use disputing; a Turk is never to be moved by argument or representation. I agreed to take into my pay the additional forces, and at last set off with six Turks, mounted on mules and Tatar saddles, and armed to the teeth. As we wound, in a compact body of cavalry, round the hills at the back of the town, I thought we made rather an imposing appearance; but my valiant Osmanlis esteemed our force still too weak, and proposed that I should recruit two more men we picked up on the road.

This was too much. I foresaw, if I gave in, that before reaching Erythræ, I should have a regiment at my heels, and positively refused to engage any more Turks. The guards then agreed with the two stragglers that *they* would make it worth their while to join our march; and on, accordingly, we went with eight fellows, that looked as if they were going to take a city by storm. Besides their pistols and yataghans stuck in their girdles, some of them had a long, small-stocked rifle, slung over their shoulders.

At about four miles from Chesmé, and on the shore of the deep inlet of Resderè, that I have before alluded to, we reached some sources of warm mineral waters, with baths erected for the convenience of the sick. The buildings are of stone, and though long neglected, and in part in ruins, have an Italian appearance. There are several separate baths of different degrees of temperature. In one, the very hottest, I found an Italian ship-captain, who had profited by his vicinity at the port of Chesmé, boiling himself for the rheumatism. The waters are said to possess almost miraculous virtues, yet they are not much frequented by the people of the country. They seemed to me much the same as those near Smyrna, called the bath of Agamemnon, and mineral sources are numerous on this peninsula. These I imagine to be the Genoese baths that Dr. Chandler was told of, as existing at Chesmé, to which place he was prevented going, by the plague that was then raging there.

In that town there are no baths but the common Turkish vapour-baths.

From this point we continued our way along the shore, and in about three hours, during which we had not met a human being, we arrived at Erythræ, which, with some small islets immediately before it, anciently called the Hippi, (or the horses,) is situated at the extremity of the gulph of Resderè. We passed some masses of masonry, the foundations of walls of stupendous thickness, on the beach, and leaving the Acropolis of Erythræ on our right, and traversing a meadow and a rivulet, we came to a solitary mill. The rivulet, and the mill—the same as described by Dr. Chandler, just sixty-two years ago.* Probably not a feature in the desolate scene has changed since then. I knew of no other English traveller who had visited the out-of-the-way place since him; and I sat myself down by the mill where he reposed many long years before I came into this strange world, and gazing on the same sad objects, perhaps identified my feelings, with what had been his on the same spot.

The splendid Ionian city of Erythræ was situated in a small plain surrounded by mountains, except in front, where it is bathed by the waters of the deep and tranquil gulf. A detached mount, which rises abruptly from the shore, offered a site for the place of strength, the Acropolis; the mountains' feet were girded with a crescent of outer walls, and the beach was lined with thick walls and towers. Within this space, the city was again sur-

* "In the middle was a shallow, lively stream, clear as crystal, which turns a solitary mill."

rounded by fortifications, and the three accessible sides of the Acropolis were strengthened with a treble line of walls.

All these walls are to be traced, and of the inner line of the city wall, large pieces are found still almost perfect, particularly to the north of the Acropolis. They are built without mortar, of immense blocks of fine stone, which might almost merit the name of marble. The stones are laid longitudinally on each other, and perfectly faced. They are snow-white. Bushes and shrubs have sprung up at their feet, and grass and creeping plants, here and there, in their interstices. I discovered the fragment of inscribed architrave, copied by Chandler. It is now erect; one end being stuck in the ground like a post. I was asked by one of my Turks whether I could explain the letters on the stone, as that might furnish a clue to the discovery of the hidden treasures, which always haunt their imaginations. On one part of the plain, at the foot of the Acropolis, the soil is strewn with stone and marble fragments, but all so minutely broken, that it is impossible to make any thing out of them. I saw on the Acropolis the vestiges of a theatre, of a stoa, and of three temples. The bases of most of the columns of one of these temples at the summit of the mount, still remain in their proper places. The top of the Acropolis is encumbered with fragments—a complete field of marble; but I saw nothing more considerable than some truncated shafts of columns, and some defaced capitals. A covey of partridges whirled away from this melancholy place as we approached; and all my Turks, guide and all, went after them, leaving me to enjoyments of which they had no conception. The greatest of these was perhaps the view.

At the foot of the rugged cliff on which I stood, the waves of the gulf gently reposed, but the waters of the deep and winding inlet stretched far away before me in brilliant light. The group of islets, the Hippi, was close to me; so close, that it almost seemed I might grasp the manes of those sea-horses. Far beyond the Hippi, at the mouth of the gulf, were the long *Œnussæ* islands; and still further, beyond them, across Scio's straits, (dwindled to a silver thread,) rose the lofty Mount Pelinæus. To my right was the high, dark Mount Mimas (the reverse of Cape Carabournou) which rose perpendicularly from the water's edge, to its cloud-covered crest, without shelving—bare, and black as night. To my left were wild heaths and distant plains, with scattered vineyards; and flanking them, the acclivities of Mount Corycus, and the high land behind Chiesmé, which forms one of the heads of

the gulfs. In the wide range, I could see nothing that had life, and except the far off vineyards,—not a vestige of man! Even the birds of the air seemed awed away by the silence and solitude of the place.

I was roused from my musings by a shouting among the ruins. It was one of my Turks, who pointed to the sun, giving me to understand its progress warned us to think of moving.

When we descended the Acropolis, he told my guide that for some time he had not been able to find me; that I was hidden among the stones, and, he was quite certain, performing some incantation to discover the concealed treasures!

We spread our provisions by the mill, under a willow that dipped its foliage in the sparkling brook. I had brought some wine with me from Chesmé. To my great surprise, when the forbidden liquor was produced, the Turks asked me for some. I handed them the skin in which there might be five of our bottles; they returned it, but not a drop of wine was there in it. I well knew that half of the Moslems in this country have conquered their religious scruples in this respect. I had seen them drink wine, but always rather privately—*à l'écarté*. Here there were eight staunch Turks wetting their whiskers in the reprobated draught, without awe or any misgiving of each other! I admired the proof of their progress in civilization, but wished they had left me a little wine for my supper, as I knew I should get none in the Turkish village where I proposed passing the night. After dinner, the occupant of the little mill, a quiet, good-natured old Turk, prepared us some coffee: we lit our pipes, and enjoyed the oriental *keff* in its perfection. The group we formed was rather a curious one. My eight fiercely mustachoeed, turbaned, bare-legged Turks, sat round me cross-legged, with all their arms hanging cumbrously upon them. Our mules were tied by the legs, near the mill; at a window in which, ever and anon, a veiled face and a pair of black eyes presented themselves to reconnoitre—the daughter, or perhaps the wife of the miller. The rapid, chrystal stream* babbled by, and the tree above our head rustled to a gentle breeze.

* This delightful little stream, anciently called the *Aleos*, was celebrated for making the hair of people who drank it grow luxuriantly. A natural substitute for the “incomparable oil of Macassar!” It traversed the town of Erythræ, and at hand, and perennial, it must have been the general beverage of the inhabitants. I could not ascertain whether the valuable quality was still detected in it.

While the Turks bridled our *montures*, I walked again over the site of Erythræ. I found a Turkish cottage, with a gaping oven attached to it, in ruins. The very ancient temple of Hercules, built on the Egyptian model, for which the place was once famed, has not left a trace of its existence; and of the “vestiges of an ample theatre, by a conical hill to the north,” Chandler mentions, unless he means the theatre on the Acropolis, I could discover nothing. The rising of prosperous towns and cities in the vicinity of ancient remains, is always destructive to the latter. It is easier to remove those stones and marbles, already cut and shaped to their hands, than to labour in the quarry.*

And this has so much prevailed in these countries, that Turks and Greeks may be said to have been building for centuries exclusively with the fragments of antiquity. The vicinity of Scio, Chesmé, and other places, and the facilities of water-carriage, have been fatal to the ruins of Erythræ; yet there still remains material enough on the spot to build a little town.

On leaving the mill, we struck across the confined plain in a south-east direction, and presently entered a long deep valley among the mountains. For some distance, we kept the bright little river, the Aleos, on our left; and during the first hour's ride, we passed by ancient remains, thickly scattered on either side the valley. I saw solid basements, some square, and some circular, which appeared as if they had belonged to towers and fortifications—the protection of this narrow approach to Erythræ. In several places we rode over pieces of the ancient road, paved with large broad stones, much like the Appian Way near Rome. By the sides of this road were some remains, which might have been tombs; and in one spot, (to the right,) the flat area of a temple, with a few scattered fragments of columns, were discernible. As we proceeded, the valley contracted and ascended among the mountains. The scene was very wild, and the height and closeness of the overhanging mountains gave it the character of an Alpine pass. In the lower and broader part of the valley, near the course of the Aleos, we had seen some patches that had been sown with maize; but here there was nothing to show that the wildness of nature had ever been interfered with. The sides of the mountains, and the narrow and winding breadths of the valley, were overgrown with ilex and thick underwood, mixed with gigantic myrtles, the rhododendron, and arbutus arachne. On a sudden, at an opening of the valley, my Turks came to a halt, and pointing to a field right before us,

* A similar idea, but better expressed, may be found in Johnson's *Rasselas*.

entered into consultation with each other. By the help of my glass, I made out half a dozen human figures in the field, apparently tilling the ground, and looking by no means hostile. My valiant guides, however, who had been in a cold fever all the time we had been traversing the narrow part of the valley, (certainly well adapted for ambush and attack,) decided here, that those harmless beings must not be neglected. They might be in league with the Samiotes, who were often concealed in recesses like these; they might be scouts; they might give notice of our approach, and bring an enemy on us, where there could be no defence. They determined in their wisdom to make sure of these Greeks. Accordingly we rode up to them at a quick pace. The chief of my guards beckoned to them across the field. An old peasant approached. "What are you doing here?" said the Osmanli. The Greek pointed to his companions, who continued their agricultural labours. "You must come with us, and conduct us through this pass; we don't know our way." "Very well," said the Greek. "And your comrades must come with you, that we may be sure of you all." There was no opposing this command; the Greeks left their work; the Turks made them march at their mules' heads, and on we went up the valley, which soon again contracted, and became wilder and darker than ever. At last, all traces of a path were lost, and we forced our way as best we could, through thickets and clumps of pine, which abound in the upper parts of the passage. We went on but slowly, my Turks casting their hawk's eyes around them at every step, and reconnoitering the thickets ere we entered them. In one of the very worst parts of the hollow glen, one of my heroes asked the Greeks if the Samiotes had been seen lately. "We know nothing of them," said the old man of the party; "but," and here probably his malice tried to avenge him, for the interruption they had suffered, "a katerdji told us yesterday, that a party had been seen to cross these mountains."

The intelligence had the effect he might have desired on the Osmanlis; they became more watchful than ever, and imposed strict silence, interrupting my guide, a merry soul, at the prettiest part of a song with which he was beguiling the way. In about an hour, and about three hours from Erythræ, we emerged from the ravine upon the open mountains' sides. Our captives were here liberated, and walked back whence they came. "If we had been attacked in the hollow," said one of my Turks, with a complacent grin, "we could at least have cut the throats of those fellows." Though the valley had

wound considerably, we had kept on the whole in a south-easterly course—we now turned a little to the north, and crossed the ridges of some mountains that were stained with yellow, brown, and green veins, denoting, perhaps, the existence of copper.* The surface of these ridges was generally loose and slippery, which made it difficult for the mules to keep their feet. In two or three places I found a strong pungent smell like that emanating from volcanic regions, but I could not discover either lava or scorïæ. After much scrambling over these crumbling ridges, now up and now down—now embracing the mule's neck to prevent sliding over his tail—now holding fast by the crupper not to tumble over his ears, we came to another dead stop, when it was decided by a majority that we had lost our way.

By the help of Colonel Leake's map and a pocket compass, I ascertained that we had kept too much to the north, and ordered a movement over a high ridge to the south, which I calculated would afford us a view of the plain, and of the village of Seradem. But my Turks, who had lost their way to Seradem, where I was sure of finding comfortable lodgings for the night, and where they were equally sure of finding no such thing, knew that the direction we were following would lead them to another Turkish village, where they (the calculating rogues) had friends; and it was not without great difficulty, and a good deal of bullying on the part of the Frank that accompanied me, that we got them to abandon it. The ridge offered the view I expected. A fine large plain (a sort of table-land surrounded by mountains) was at our feet; and across it, to the south, we saw the white village of Seradem shining in the setting sun, and the smoke of its evening fires ascending in the pure mountain atmosphere. We rode along this plain, and near the village traversed some little pine woods, and waded through a shallow, rapid, mountain stream. The wide plain bore hardly any marks of cultivation, but we entered the village with some droves of lowing cattle, small but fine, and flocks of large goats, that were all retiring for the night.

When I reached the humble door of the Turk to whom I was addressed, a little girl came out, and informed us her father had gone to Chesmé. Her mother presently appeared, holding her *yasmack* with both hands close over her face, so that nothing could be seen but her eyes. My guide informed her

* Has the colour of these mountains any thing to do with the name of the ancient city—*Ερυθροσ*, red?—several of the mountains round are visibly tinged with red. Asia Minor abounds in copper, but it is from the districts on the Black Sea, about Erzerum, &c., that the Turks draw their supplies.

that I was an English traveller come to pass the night under her roof. She knew this : they had expected me several days before, but her husband was abroad, and she could not receive men in her house during his absence—"that was impossible"—"What was to be done?" The poor creature was embarrassed, and appeared really concerned for the discomfort of the strangers. At last she hit upon an expedient: "I will send into the village for my brother," said she, "and if he will come and stay with me till the return of my husband, I will receive the *Ingliz*." The child ran off, and presently returned with her uncle: he was a fine young man, and very goodnatureedly acceded to the treaty. He took my small portmanteau in his own hands, and led me and my companion into the house, bidding us welcome in the name of his brother-in-law. My Turkish guards did not cross the threshold, but took up their lodgings with the mules, in a sort of barn or shed detached from the house. The lower apartment, which we entered, seemed to be the kitchen, parlour, and sleeping place of the Turkish couple, and the little girl, their only child. A bright wood fire, at which the evening repast was cooking, burnt in a wide chimney-place. Our hostess lit a curious brass lamp, and ushered us up stairs to the apartment of honour, which, like the ground-floor, was composed of one large room. Her brother furnished our chibooks, received our instructions for supper, and brought me a small carpet and cushions to repose upon. The room was floored with deal boards; on three sides the flooring was raised about a foot, and this elevation, with rude cotton-stuffs, and some cushions, served as the divan or sofa. On three sides of the room also, there were lines of shelves, which were stuck full of plates, dishes, basins, cups, with bright, new copper coffee-pots, and other culinary vessels; the whole arranged there (completely covering the walls) for show, not use; the eyes of the poor Turks being flattered by these vitrious, shining objects, as ours are with pictures and prints, the indulgence of which is prohibited by their religion, at least as far as the representation of the human form, or of any living creature, is concerned. From the cieling hung, suspended by threads to the beams and rafters, an immense quantity of apples and pears, and large bunches of delicious grapes, which they thus preserve in the open air, without any preparation, all the winter through. If I add to this description, that the edifice was all of wood, through the chinks and crevices (pretty numerous by the bye) of which, the night breeze entered, and caused our lamp to flicker,

that the front of the room was almost all windows, with trelliced blinds, the reader will have the picture of my quarters at Seradem.

Our supper was served up by our hostess and her brother, on a round pewter tray, placed on a three-legged stool about fifteen inches high. To this we sat on the floor *à la Turque*. A good pilaff, a fowl nicely stewed with gourds, and cut up into infinitely small pieces, some fine olives, and bread of an excellent flavour, made of wheat mixed with maize, composed our repast. The young Turk waited attentively on us while at table, or rather, at the tray, and when that was removed, our hostess herself brought me a pewter basin to wash, poured the water from a spouted ewer, of the same metal, over my hands, and gave me a long towel, curiously embroidered with tinsel and coloured worsted at its two ends, to dry myself. During this very agreeable performance, the *yasmack* was entirely neglected, the visor fell down, and I saw the Turk's fair face. And fair, in truth, it was! The only thing in it that struck me as a deformity, was what she considered, and had no doubt sedulously cultivated as a beauty;—by coaxing and dyeing, her eye-brows had joined over the nose, and formed one long, black curve. I have since frequently seen this singular trait, both in Turkish and Armenian women, but custom never could reconcile me to the unity—to one eye-brow instead of two! My hostess, on raising her head, caught my eye eagerly perusing her unveiled face: a slight blush trembled on her pale cheeks, and she huddled up her *yasmack*, but some way or other, either through inadvertency or design, it was frequently discomposed in the course of the evening. She was a young woman, certainly under twenty. After supper we had coffee, and the young Turk replenishing our chibooks, we all sat down together cross-legged on the low divan. The fair Nazik went and came, and once favoured us so extremely as to sit down with us, and take a whiff of a pretty little pipe I carried with me. As she had often seen Franks and even Englishmen before, her curiosity was not so troublesome as it generally is among Turkish women. Her voice was extremely musical—a charm which I have remarked as being general among the Turkish women. The harsh gutturals of the Arabic scarcely exist at all, in the Turkish language, whose tones seem to flow without restraint or effort from the breast—mellow and touchingly soft. There is a roundness, a symmetrical measure, an *εὐρυθμία* in their locution, which is most grateful to the ear. This is so striking, that I have heard every traveller and foreign settler in Turkey, make the remark. In the superior

classes, among the ladies of the harems of the great Turks at Stamboul, the quality of course is found in greater perfection. Madame de Zuylen, the Netherland Ambassadors, in describing to me at Pera a visit of curiosity she had paid some years before to one of these harems, dwelt particularly on the sweet voices, and clear flowing delivery of the Turkish ladies she had met. “ *C’était si douce, si coulante, que cette voix des dames Turques ! En les écoutant, il paraissait, qu’elles seules, savaient parler, et que nous autres occidentales ne faisons que de bruit !*”*

The little girl of my kind hostess, after she had conquered her first bashfulness, came into the room and sat down by me, watching my face and my movements with extreme curiosity. She wore a *fess*, or red skull-cap, ornamented with a few coins, and small pieces of silver chain. Her hair hung loosely over her shoulders, and was of extraordinary length for a child.

When we felt inclined for repose, the young Turk spread on the sofas a couple of mattresses, clean coarse sheets, and thick coverlets, which he took from a large cupboard at the end of the room, and we were left to a sleep, which, strange to say, was not disturbed by bugs. It was not, however, of long duration, for we were awakened at midnight by the arrival of the husband, with my friend Mr. W. and Don Giovanni the Sciote, from Chesmé. They had started at sunset from that town by the regular route, and had had a rough journey over mountains, in a dark and windy night.

As soon as these fresh inmates had supped, and laid themselves down on their travelling mattresses by the side of myself and my guide, whom all the noise and confusion of the unexpected nocturnal arrival had scarcely disturbed, I endeavoured to compose myself again to sleep. But this was no easy matter. The autumnal gale had strengthened to a hurricane, which roared along this elevated plain, and among the mountains, with dreadful din : the little wooden house creaked and trembled under its shocks, and to complete the hurly-burly, numerous jackals close to our door, to judge from the sound, joined their long, sad howling, to the discord of the elements.

The next morning I dismissed my Turkish guard, and set off from Seraden for Vourla, at about seven o’clock, with my friends Mr. W. and Don Giovanni. I paid what the provisions we had consumed cost the hostess, and

* My friend, Madame S. of Constantinople, used frequently to speak to me with enthusiasm of a young Turkish lady she had once intimately known, and whose voice was irresistibly musical. But this lady was a prodigy, she not only read the Koran, but composed Turkish verses.

offered a twelve piastre piece, (about four shillings,) for the trouble I had occasioned—she would not take it. I then slipped it into the hand of the little girl, but her mamma perceiving it, took it from her and returned it.

On quitting that solitary and truly romantic little village, (which consists of from thirty to forty houses, all Turkish,) we almost immediately began to ascend a ridge of mountains, and inclined to the north-east. In about an hour we reached a Turkish coffee-house in a sheltered nook, at the mountain's top, where we found a small company of irregulars stationed as a guard against the Samiotes. We here took our morning cup of coffee and chibook. From the coffee-house we rode for some time across the wavy ridges of the mountain by a very rough road. On passing through a little thicket I heard a gun discharged on the mountain's side, above my head; but this Mr. W. informed me must be the Turk, our good-natured host, who had gone away to the hills an hour before we left our bed, to kill us a few partridges to take to Smyrna. We soon came to the edge of the mountains, which offered us a view of the gulf of Smyrna, and the plains of the isthmus about Vourla, and descending in a little valley about midway down, we were met by our host, who gave us three braces of partridges, and took his leave, wishing us a good journey. At the foot of the mountains we came to a delightful dell, covered with a rich green sward, and with yellow and red flowrets in full blossom. There was a pretty little white marble fountain, from which gurgled a copious supply of the clearest water, and by this we sat down to our breakfasts, leaving our mules to make theirs on the luxuriant grass that was growing around us.

On expressing my surprise at the great kindness of the Turks at Seradem, Mr. W. explained this, to a certain degree, by telling me, that the man, who was one of the most respectable of the peasantry, and cultivated an estate of his own, had for a long time been accustomed to do business with him for the sale of his produce, and that, moreover, being an excellent sportsman, and the country abounding with game, several parties of respectable Franks had resorted to his house. Thus being, in a measure, accustomed to the society of Christians, he had become humanized and obliging. When we again mounted, we rode along the edge of some low, bare hills, which we soon crossed at a narrow gap, that had been a few months before the scene of robbery and murder. A party of Samiotes had here waylaid some Armenian and Turkish traders; their fire from behind the rocks killed two of the

travellers, but the rest had the good luck to escape with the loss of their property.

On passing this short defile, we found ourselves in an open and pleasant champaign country, where cultivation again made its appearance. The white city of Vourla, and Mount Corax (or the brothers) were before us: to our right we could occasionally see the high blue summits of the island of Samos peering over the lower range of mountains which here cross the isthmus of the peninsula, joining the Corax to Mount Mimas: to our left were the silvery bay and the coast of Phoea, and in a straight line with us, on our side of the gulf, the site of the ancient Clazomene, with the cluster of six small islands, the Pisterides, spread in its vicinity.

Clazomene was also one of the fair cities of the Ionian league. I did not visit it on this journey, but some time afterwards, by sea, from Smyrna. As however it lays in my way, I may as well offer here the few remarks its present utter desolation presents.

Clazomene was situated on an island, which Alexander the Great joined to the continent by a magnificent stone causeway, somewhat more than a quarter of a mile in length. It is about three miles below Vourla, (which, until Dr. Chandler rectified the gross mistake, was supposed, in spite of the total difference of its localities, to be the site of the ancient Ionian city,) and so much nearer Mount Mimas, or the Cape of Carabournou. An utter and abandoned waste, offers nothing for description or variety. I saw, as Dr. C. had in his time, the connecting causeway still firm, but for the most part covered with the sea. I saw the same slight remains of the mole which enclosed the port, not however on the northern side of the island, as he says, but on the southern, the same excavation in the rock with water, and two other smaller excavations which he did not observe. And this, with pieces of ancient pottery, and a few coins that are occasionally discovered, is all that remains of Clazomene, if we except its fame in the now imperishable pages of history, where it is described as foremost in Ionia—inferior only to Smyrna. At the time of my visit, I found two little boys attending a flock of goats that were browsing on the wild thyme and other aromatic herbs that now grow on the site of the city. The aspect of the neighbouring islands is extremely agreeable. One of these islands is called by the English, "Partridge Island." It would be fairer to call it "Rabbit Island," the quadruped abounds on it, but the bird does not.

I continue my journey from Seradem to Vourlà. We soon struck across the plain, and pursued our way for some time along the shores of the bay of Smyrna, which afforded enchanting prospects. As we advanced, cultivation increased. Vourlà, being more than two miles inland, we left the sea-shore, and leant to the right. On approaching the hills on which that town is situated, the views still improved. On one gentle ridge, we saw a long line of wind-mills; on another, a dark cypress grove with marble tombs; and peeping over another, the domes of mosques, and light arrowy minarets. The beauty of the spot, and the salubrity of the air, (the latter unequalled in this country,) used to render it the favourite resort of convalescents from Smyrna; but the troubles that were incident on the Greek revolution, interrupted those visits, and they seem never to have been resumed. We arrived at Vourlà at one o'clock, having employed about six hours from Seradem.

On entering the principal street of the town, our ears were saluted by the shrill sounds of Turkish music, and presently we met a very numerous cavalcade, proceeding in great pomp, to the celebration of a wedding some miles off. This festive procession was composed of some of the principal Turks of the district, followed by their harems (the women riding astride like men) and their domestic slaves and retainers all on horseback, and in their finest garbs. The flowing, and various coloured robes, the rich turbans, and the horses caparisoned in the eastern style, produced a gay and agreeable effect. But the physiognomies of the Turks themselves were, (with the exception of two or three lads and some of the slaves,) as solemn as if they were going to a funeral. I remarked, that most of the horses, besides their embroidered bridles, head-pieces, and poitrails, and rich housings, had strings of large blue glass beads, hung round their necks, and that their long tails were tied with bright coloured ribands. The beads, however, were as much for use as ornament; they are a charm against the evil eye, which may fall on beast as well as man; and a horse is rarely put on a journey without a trapping of the sort. If a head or two of garlic be mixed with the beads, the charm or preservative is considered more efficacious.

The rear of the march was brought up by a band of musicians, blowing their screaming pipes, clanging their cymbals, and beating their kettle-drums, on horseback; and by a mounted company of those venal ministers to debauched tastes, the *Almés*, or public dancing girls; who, degraded and vicious as

they are, and strange as it may appear, are always considered indispensable at the celebration of a respectable and *virtuous* union.

About a year after, I had an opportunity of witnessing at another Turkish marriage, the profligate exhibition of these hired inciters to lust. It will not bear description: it possessed all the lewdness described (an odd subject for a priest!) with such unction by the Abbé Raynal, in the dance of the Indian Bayaderes, but without any of the grace he saw or fancied. It was too gross to be voluptuous, and utter disgust was the sentiment it excited in me. Yet there were present old grey-beards of Turks, who were evidently enraptured with the performance; and the more *marked* it became, the warmer were their applauses, and the more liberal their gifts. The bride, of course, was not present; but I understand that these wretches were admitted into the harem, to amuse her and her female friends!

The marriage procession at Vourlà passed us quietly enough: a black slave, however, in the rear, jostled rudely against me; and one or two of the dancing girls threw a few flowers of their choicest rhetoric at our party, as a proof, perhaps, that they could be as indecent in their language as in their posture-making.

We alighted at the house of a poor Greek, who provided us a dinner of *kibab*s, and a *caviare* salad. Here I heard fresh tales of destruction and murder; other episodes to the tragedy of 1822. Since that period the population of the town has decreased; but it is still considerable, though I can hardly believe the statement correct, that made it amount to twenty-five thousand—Turks and Greeks, and other rayahs included. I saw in the house a version of the scriptures, in modern Greek, printed and sent out by our English Bible Society; and perceiving that the book, which lay in a corner, was covered with dust, as if it had not been touched for a long time, I asked our host if he never read it. He replied that he could not read it; that it was written in such a strange *Romaic*, that neither he nor any of his neighbours could understand it. I attributed this to ignorance; having yet to learn that the fault was in the translation.

We left Vourlà for Smyrna, at three o'clock, passing, in our way out of the town, a tolerable mosque, a fountain, a coffee-house, crowded with Turks smoking, and some other cemeteries. For some distance the country was delightful, and richly cultivated; the declivities of the hills of Vourlà, on this

side, being indeed a succession of gardens and orchards, among the richest and pleasantest spots I have seen in Turkey.

We soon reached the plain, and again pursued our way by the shores of the bay of Smyrna. Between Vourlà and the Sangiac castle, we crossed at their mouths several canals or ditches, which penetrate to the right to the foot of Mount Corax, and of the declining ridge that traverses the isthmus, serving to carry off the waters, that flow from their sides, into the sea. In one of these, travellers have recognized the canal made by Alexander the Great, which was to penetrate the isthmus,* and afford a short passage from the gulf of Smyrna to Teos, &c.; but as these several ditches are precisely similar to one another, no one being distinguished by superior depth or breadth, or regularity, I could not in passing them, nor could I afterwards in spite of more mature examination, determine which of them was the work of the conqueror. We reached the romantic little Turkish village, situated behind the Sangiac castle, and composed of a mosque, a few Turkish peasants' houses, and some kiosks, about six o'clock in the evening. At the coffee-house, where we stopped to refresh ourselves with a cup and pipe, we found a Turk dead drunk, wallowing in the dirt. This I thought carrying civilization and emancipation from prejudices rather too far.

Not far from the coffee-house was a large encampment of Yerooks, with their small conical tents arranged in pretty order. The men were busied in tending their camels, their cattle, and goats; and the women, followed by a crowd of swarthy urchins, were filling large copper vases with water, at a fountain near the coffee-house. These wandering females were generally well made, and good-looking, (they hardly affected to hide their faces,) and their toilette was picturesquely barbaric. Their head dresses were almost covered with Turkish coins of small value, pierced with holes, and attached to the *fess* or to the scanty turban. One of them had a good ancient Greek medal dangling over her brown forehead, which she refused to sell. These pastoral tribes, in their frequent change of place, and in their favourite haunts, (the plains and pastures on the Hermus, the Caicus, the Cayster, &c.,) often find such interesting antiquities,

* The width of the isthmus, at its narrowest part, was reckoned about six and a half miles; the periplus, or circumnavigation of the peninsula 125 miles. The latter seems to me rather overrated; but by following the sweeps and indentures of the coast, it might be so long. Alexander's canal appears to have been stopped when it reached the mountains, where a tunnel would have been required.

and the use they make of them may account for so many of the beautiful ancient coins of Asia Minor, that reach the cabinets of civilized Europe, being defaced by a hole in the rim. The Turks also, to whom they frequently dispose of them, give them to their women, who make the same use of them in their toilettes as the Yerooks; and more scrupulous than they, if they find the forbidden representation of a human head or of any living creature on them, they will efface the work, regardless of its beauty. My amiable friend Mr. Borrell, an intelligent antiquary, who has been many years at Smyrna, has had but too frequent occasion to lament this barbarity in looking over exquisite medals thus bored and mutilated. From the coffee-house, our road lay, for about two miles, through fine olive-groves. I was struck with the appearance of a low tree or bush, that grew by the side of a solitary Turkish tomb: its stem and branches were literally covered with rags and shreds, nailed or appended by pieces of string. The grave was that of a Turk of reputed holy life and end; the rags and shreds were torn from the garments of the sick and afflicted, who hoped to rid themselves of their ailments and sorrows, by fastening a portion of their dress in the neighbourhood of his sanctity. The practice is a common one, and the superstition, varied in its application, prevails equally among the Greeks, who go to nail, with pieces of rags, their fevers and agues to the sides of an *aiasma* or holy spring, and to a tree denominated of Saint John.* What with Turkish tombs and santons,

* A Greek of Chesmé told me a story of his father, who died on the road in going to dispose of his fever in this way, at some place of peculiar sanctity and efficacy.

In Catholic countries, a superstition of kindred nature exists, but they append in chapels, and before statues and pictures of madonnas and saints, votive offerings emblematic of diseases and the diseased parts, of which they have been already cured by the interference of these saints and madonnas. These are offerings of gratitude for miraculous benefits already received, not applications for favours. They are always grotesque, and sometimes—from a too faithful imitation of a particular part of the body, or of a loathsome disease—extremely disgusting.

I have frequently seen in the lower part of the city of Naples, and in the towns and villages of Calabria and Apulia, little chapels, that form lateral recesses in the churches, stuck full of arms, legs, heads, breasts, and other parts of the human body, generally done in wax-work.

This practice may have been taken from the ancients, but the taste which moulded their votive offerings has been lost. In the spring of 1822, I passed eight days with a friend at the ruins of Pæstum and its neighbourhood. Among other interesting discoveries, we found a complete bed of ancient votive figures in terra-cotta, buried in the soil, at a short distance from the magnificent temples. They were nearly all the same, representing the Goddess Ceres in half-relief, and seemed made to hang against the walls of houses or temples. They were somewhat similar in style and

and Greek saints and virgins, you may see in the course of a journey, as many rags as, collected, would make a cart-load of paper.

On leaving the olive-groves, we continued our route by rocks over the sea-shore. It was now dark, and the road excessively bad; but the sight of the domestic lights shining from the casements of Smyrna across the bay, gave encouragement and speed to my married companions. Their impatience, which I hardly could partake, was of some inconvenience to me with my short sight. In one place I was going to ride over a precipice; in another, at the outside of the town, I fell into a ditch, from which I had some difficulty in extracting myself.

We entered Smyrna at nine o'clock. The bazaars, through which our road lay, were shut up; a trifling present, however, opened them for our passage, and we arrived in Frank-street, where, wondering at my long absence, I was kindly welcomed by two friends—two Englishmen, who have since fallen victims to the fevers of that foul place.

grace (though inferior) to the little terra-cotta heads (see plate) I met with at Pergamus in Asia Minor. Mr. Hamilton, the British minister at the Court of Naples, secured some of the prettiest of them.

CHAPTER XI.

News of the Battle of Navarino at Smyrna—Alarm produced thereby—Tranquillity of the Turks—Russian Pilgrims at Smyrna—Feelings of the Greeks—Anecdotes of the Battle of Navarino—Hadji-Bey, the chief of the Turkish Police—The English and French Ambassadors at Vourla—The Smyrna Newspaper—General Church—Colonel Fabvier—Parties and Gaieties at Smyrna, &c.—Good Provisions—Wild Swans, &c.

I HAD arranged a pleasant party with some friends at Smyrna, for a journey to Ephesus and Lebedus, and was full of this project, when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived, and detained me a prisoner for several months.

The intelligence of the unexpected conflict was brought by the *Rose*, sloop of war, which reached the Sangiac castle, on October 27th, about seven o'clock in the evening. There being no wind to enable her to go through the narrow passage of the bay, she came to anchor below the castle, and Captain Davis landed, and walked up to Smyrna. The distance by land, is about nine miles: nor could a dark and rainy night have rendered the gallant officer's walk a pleasant one. He, however, reached Smyrna in safety at about ten. Captain Crofton, of the *Dryad*, frigate, who was at the time Commodore of the station, was not on board his ship; but at an evening party, given by Lord Prudhoe, at Bournabat. Consequently, Captain Davis renewed his walk to that village; and calling Captain Crofton from a merry dance, delivered his instructions, and announced the important event that had taken place. The naval officers returned forthwith to town; but as it was not thought expedient to alarm the ladies, and interrupt so pleasant a party, the news was not made known; the dance continued until two o'clock, when Lord Prudhoe, Major Felix, and my Friend E—— came to Smyrna.

I was sitting alone, writing, having felt too unwell to go out that evening, when, at about half-past eleven, Mr. Nathaniel Werry, our Vice-Consul, knocked at the door to inform my host, Mr. S., of the news just received. At midnight, a meeting of all the English merchants was held at Mr. Werry, the consul's. It was there unanimously determined, that for fear of reprisals, or acts of violence from the irritated Turkish population, the merchants should, as soon as possible, embark their goods in ships in the bay, and hold themselves and families ready to retreat at a moment's notice.

The moment he received the news, Mr. Werry had despatched his head dragoman to the pasha's. The pasha was in bed; but he received the messenger. Hassan affected surprise; but it afterwards appeared he had received full information of the fatal events of Navarino, from the commander of a small Austrian ship of war, who had arrived at Smyrna at an early hour the preceding morning, and who had not had the delicacy to inform the European consuls, or any of the Christians at Smyrna. The pasha, after coolly hearing the details, merely said, "This is rather too much." He however assured Mr. Werry that no acts of violence should be committed.

It was not apprehended, indeed, that any such measures would be resorted to by the pasha; but it was doubted whether he would be able to restrain the mob; and people expected, with extreme anxiety, the arrival of news from Constantinople, to learn what effects had been produced in the capital, and to judge of the nature of the instructions the pasha might receive from the Porte.

Courage is not the distinguishing virtue of the Levantine merchants, as I have already hinted; and there were really grounds for serious apprehensions. In encouraging the hope that plunder and murder might be escaped, they blessed their stars, that at least the Janissaries no longer existed. I passed the greater part of the night in serious conclave with my friends, who all met at Mr. S——'s. In the course of the night, they despatched a courier to Constantinople.

When I rose the next morning, the town was in a sadly disordered state. It was rather late, and the families who were still out at Bournabat, came flocking over in caravans at a time. There were some laughable and some rather tragical scenes at this hasty decampment. They got the news at the village early in the morning, (a Sunday morning.) One gentleman, in his anxiety for his bales, and probably for his own skin, fairly ran away, and left his wife and

children behind him. A stately dame, the queen of the "Rue des Roses," broke her arm, by falling from her ass, the quadruped being incapable of sustaining so great a weight, and speed so unusual. There was such struggling and quarrelling for asses and boats as was never seen. The poor Greeks of the village, who were ignorant of the cause of alarm, on seeing it so great and so general, apprehended some dreadful catastrophe. When the Greeks learned how the Turks had been beaten at Navarino, they could scarcely conceal their joy. In the streets of Smyrna, groups of them met and felicitated each other. I could scarcely be surprised at this feeling, knowing the weight of their obligations to their masters; but I was surprised that they were not fearful of displaying their exultation in so open a manner.

On going to the quay, I found that all the English and French ships of war had changed their anchorage, and were drawn close in shore, so as to command the Turkish town, and to cover the residences of the French and English consuls. All the boats of the different ships were held ready to pull on shore in case of alarm. These were to be well manned with sailors and marines, who, with a few guns and swivels, might have easily maintained the quays on which most of the Frank houses are situated, if indeed they could not have made themselves masters of the whole of Franktown.

I did not partake in all the alarm of my friends; and, indeed, having nothing at stake, I could at any time have gone on board ship; but I was glad to see such effective measures taken for the general defence.

I hardly know which were most frightened, the Franks or the Turks; for the latter, on seeing the formidable line of the ships of war, imagined they were going to bombard the Turkish quarter.

A very strong Turkish guard was put in motion at daybreak; and under the command of Hadji-Bey, the head of the police, it continued to circulate through the town, day and night.

This extraordinary vigilance was continued unrelaxed for more than two months; and it used to puzzle me how my friend Hadji could suffice to so much fatigue. He seemed endowed with ubiquity, so rapidly was he seen in different places. I was accustomed to meet him at all hours of the day, and of the night too. I suppose he used to sleep on his legs, like the storks; or to snatch, here and there, that short, hurried repose, which we are accustomed to call dog-sleep.

In walking that evening through the long Frank street, things certainly

wore a warlike appearance. At the wooden shed, the Turkish guard-house, situated at that part of the street called by the Franks the "Three Corners," was collected a dense mass of Turks, with long topaiks, pistols, and yataghans; and the guard, composed of wild-looking, strapping mountaineers, which then followed Hadji Bey, must have been at least two hundred strong. They marched two by two, and I passed their lengthened line, in the narrowest part of the street, without being in any way insulted.

The pasha had summoned a number of men, on whom he could depend, from the neighbourhood, so that it seemed to me an attack from the *canaille* of the town (who besides had fears of their own) was scarcely to be expected.

That night there was another general meeting of our particular friends at our house. At the beginning, the party was sad, and occupied entirely by considerations of sure loss of money, and possible danger of person.

It was generally agreed, that the Turks would not now venture to attack us openly; but then they might have recourse, as they had on a former occasion, to the terrible instrument of fire:—terrible, indeed, where every house is built of wood; they might set the Frank town on fire, suddenly, and at different places; and who knew but we might be all burnt in our beds? It was probably to avert the evil and the dreadful element, that we drank so much wine, for I remember that we all took rather more than was usual; and by the time we parted were in a happy state of mind to defy Turks, fire, or any other kind of enemies.

The following morning applications were made at the Turkish custom-house for permission to ship the goods from the magazines. Some obstacles were started on the part of the Turks, and even when, by order of the pasha, the necessary papers, declaring *pro formâ*, the goods as for Constantinople, were delivered, an injunction came forth against the Turkish, or any other porters, carrying the said goods. This difficulty was however removed on the consuls' application to Hassan, and the English merchant's magazines were rapidly emptied of the most valuable portion of their contents. The goods thus embarked, remained on board ship for two, three, or four months, at a tremendous expense to the merchants, or rather, generally, to the houses in England, of which they are the agents. The wives and children of most of the English and French merchants were embarked also, but they returned to the town after fifteen days.

In due time, we received letters from Constantinople, informing us that

though the sultan at first heard the destruction of his fleet with a paroxysm of rage, and had even (it was said) at first levelled his violent and sanguinary threats at the English, French, and Russians, within his territories, yet no body had been molested, and the capital continued perfectly tranquil.

From the Turks at Smyrna it would have been difficult to imagine that any thing extraordinary had happened; they were just as listless as before, and in appearance cared as little about the battle of Navarino, as if the conflict had taken place in the moon. In the absence of real causes of alarm, we were, however, regaled with imaginary ones, of the most various, and frequently of the most contradictory character. The bug-bear that was most intensely cherished, was a nocturnal conflagration, and some mischievous fellow, to amuse himself, wrote a warning and alarming letter to the consuls. We had besides the mysterious horrors of a gun-powder plot—but this was much later in the season, and when alarm was ridiculous.

The French admiral De Rigny arrived from Navarino at Smyrna, on November 2, and had an interview with the pasha.

Our noble and generous Captain Hamilton came shortly after. One of the Russian frigates which had been in the battle, came to Smyrna and remained many days. She was a very fine ship, her rigging, &c. were in good order, but I must add, that there was much dirtiness and confusion on board. Her officers came on shore, but not so freely or so frequently as those of the English and French ships. Much has been said of the affection testified by the Greeks to their northern co-religionists: that they went off to the frigate in boats, and dipping their fingers in the water by the side, devoutly made the sign of the cross. I saw nothing of the sort. They might indeed have felt an additional sympathy for the brethren of their own church; and as a Russian man-of-war had not been seen at Smyrna for some years, mere curiosity might have attracted them to her. But they looked on each of the allied flags as their avengers, and said, that at last the Turks had been punished for their unprovoked barbarities exercised on them.

About this time, a curious troop of Russian pilgrims from the shores of the Black Sea, arrived at Smyrna, on their way to Palestine. This wild looking set of men, with bushy beards, clad in sheep skins, and wearing enormous boots, who in filth and savageness of appearance might have vied with the Turkish santons, or vagabond dervishes themselves, were in no way molested, and were permitted to continue their holy journey.

At the very height of the alarm and confusion, a number of French sailors wounded at the battle of Navarino in destroying the Turks, were landed at Smyrna, and cured in the hospital of their own nation, on Turkish territory.

Except an occasional interchange of visits, and a formal dinner occasionally between the captains, the English and French naval officers were not accustomed to associate much with each other, but there were more approaches to familiarity after the battle of Navarino*.

I heard many curious anecdotes at the time about that battle; and perhaps the following, out of the number, may yet be new to my readers.

When the octagenarian Captain Bathurst, of the Genoa, who was mortally wounded in the engagement, felt his end approach, he sent for his steward, and positively bargained for the price of a butt of rum, to preserve his own body in. "I should like," said the veteran, "to have my old bones carried to my native land; but, steward, I am but a poor man, and I leave a family behind me. You must let me have the stuff as cheap as possible."

After the battle, there was an excessive display of enthusiasm among the French and Russians. "One may see," said an old English gunner, "that these Mounseers have not been much accustomed to naval victories; and this bit of a business may do all very well for them."

A Russian ship had been gallantly cleared from the Egyptian fire-ships that were well nigh blowing her into the air, by a French frigate. The Russian captain sent an officer on board the Frenchman the following morning, and as the boat was making for her destination, he cried out to the officer from the quarter-deck, in a renewal of enthusiasm, "*Embrassez-moi le brave capitaine!*"

"What's that our friend says?" enquired an honest British tar of one of the learned. "What does he say?" replied the linguist; "why, he says as how the lieutenant is to give a kiss to the French captain—that smart fellow with the big, black whiskers, close astern."

A little fellow, a midshipman in one of our ships, was so badly wounded

* The officers of the American squadron, were most intimate and friendly with the English officers and the residents on shore. I knew many gentlemanly men among them, and was particularly indebted to the kindness and hospitality of Captain Kernie of the sloop of war, Warren, and of his Officers. There was no intimacy between the Americans and French. Community of language is, and ever will be, a powerful tie; and there is moreover, to a vast extent, a community of feeling and thought, between our Trans-Atlantic brethren and ourselves.

to necessitate the amputation of a leg. He coolly remarked to a friend, a few days after the operation, that the Turks had spoiled his riding and dancing for life.

Meanwhile, the indefatigable Hadji Bey maintained excellent order in Smyrna. This dignified personage, who was always as grave as an owl, was yet a consummate dandy in dress: sometimes he wore the Asiatic apparel affected by Turkish gentlemen of these parts, and sometimes his squat figure was adorned with the Mameluke, and at others, with the Albanian costume. It was rare to meet him two succeeding days in the same dress. His horse trappings were always as fine as glass and tinsel could make them. He generally rode, and by night, whenever I met him, I heard him humming some monotonous Turkish ditty. He habitually carried in his hand a short massy axe, with a hammer on one side of it: this gave him an executionary appearance, and the Franks were accustomed to parody his name into that of Hatchet Bey. When on foot, he showed to less advantage, as though tremendously broad-shouldered and stout, his stature rather fell short of, than exceeded five feet.

I must have seen him some hundreds of times, but I never once saw a smile disturb the solemnity of his countenance. He was said, occasionally to screw the rayas most unmercifully. From the Franks he used only now and then to *buy* a little rum, or sugar, or coffee, or such a trifle as a piece of cloth, for which, of course, he was not permitted to pay. At times, however, Hadji could be really courteous. I was riding out one morning with Madame S., her sister, and two gentlemen. We had scarcely turned our horses' heads into a narrow lane, which runs from Frank Street into the "Rue des Roses," when we saw Hadji entering the other end of the lane, with his troop behind him. We were immediately for returning to Frank Street, to let them pass, when he made a sign to us to advance. He ranged his men in one line along the walls, and we rode on. The mountaineers gazed, open mouthed, at the novel exhibition of two ladies mounted on horse-back, in the English fashion, and the interest they felt might have been augmented by the circumstance that these ladies were both fine women.*

* The Smyrniotes, men and women, are addicted to donkey-riding. The saddle, a broad, loose, thick pack, is the same for both sexes, but the ladies do not always ride astride. There is a peculiar knack required to manage these asses, and to keep one's seat on a saddle that generally rocks like a cradle.

The following circumstance, which happened a few nights after we received the news of the battle of Navarino, may convey an idea of the peaceful demeanour of the Turks at Smyrna. One night, at a late hour, as my friend C—— was retiring to rest, a number of Turks from the opposite guard-house, established themselves under his gateway, and were wiling away the hours of their watch, by strumming a sort of guitar and singing in chorus. Not admiring the serenade, C——'s servant, a young Irishman, without saying any thing to his master, went down to the door to put a stop to it. Dan, to his numerous valuable qualifications, added that of being a smart lad in the different tongues that prevail in the Babel of Smyrna. "What in the name of Satan are you doing here?" said Dan to the vocalists; "keeping the gentlemen within from sleeping? Be off to some other place." And, strange to say, off the Turks went.

In the course of a few weeks the spirit of alarm somewhat wore itself out; but when Mr. Stratford Canning, Count Guilleminot, and Monsieur De Ribeaupierre, found themselves obliged by the obstinacy of the sultan in resisting the treaty of the 6th of July, to quit their posts at Constantino-ple; and when the two first of these ambassadors came to Vourlà, in the Gulf of Smyrna, there was a fresh burst of alarm.

The exporters of figs and raisins had got it into their heads that the ambassadors were going to take them away with them. "Take you away, indeed!" said a blunt English officer, "Mr. Canning would as soon think of taking away Smyrna castle; if ever it should be necessary to remove you from this paradise, I am sure we shall be obliged to take pitch-forks to you!"

What the ambassadors did, was to order their respective consuls to strike their flags; they might remain if they chose, but as private individuals. A representation was drawn up by the merchants, and they implored that the consuls might be left to the exercise of their functions as before, and stated a wish, a hope, that Smyrna should be considered a neutral port; an arrangement to which the pasha had expressed his ready adhesion. They affected to perceive no anomaly or inconsistency in consuls remaining in a country necessarily abandoned by their ambassadors. Messieurs Stratford Canning and Guilleminot probably did, as they found it expedient to reject the proposal. The consuls were allowed yet a fortnight, at the end of which their flags were no longer to be unfurled.

The merchants were informed that the Netherland ambassador at Constantinople, and the Netherland consul at Smyrna, would pay all the attention they could, to the interests of such French and English subjects as deemed proper to remain in the country; but imparted at the same time, that the Porte had refused to recognize any foreign protection as extended to French and English subjects, but that it would take them under its own immediate protection.* The merchants were warned that circumstances might arise out of the existing disputes, to convert the interruption of amicable intercourse between their countries and the Ottoman government, into a state of hostility.

On the appointed day, (a melancholy day for Smyrna,) our consul, old Mr. Werry, who, with the exception of the short hostile interruption of 1806-7, had seen his flag fly for more than thirty years, was obliged to strike it. The veteran, however, left his high flag-mast erect, with the hope of being soon permitted again to attach his banner to it. Monsieur de Castagne, the French consul, immediately departed for France; but Mr. Werry remained.

Not one of the merchants, either English or French, thought it necessary to leave the country. A letter from Count Guilleminot to the French residents, expressing regret that he should be obliged to quit his post; but at the same time his hopes, that amicable relations would ere long be renewed with the Porte, and an assurance, moreover, that the consul should be left to protect them at Smyrna, had appeared in a seemingly official manner in the Smyrna paper, "*Le Spectateur Oriental*."

The French vehemently asserted, that the change in Count Guilleminot's arrangements had been effected by Mr. Stratford Canning, whom, in conse-

* The English merchants, after the suspension of the consul's functions, elected two of their own body to sign the ships' papers, and transact any business that might arise. The pasha readily consented to receive, and treat with them, on all matters. This being but a voluntary and temporary arrangement among themselves, the deputies (of whom my lamented friend, Mr. S—— was one) did not think themselves authorized to include our subjects of Malta and the Ionian Islands, who, in consequence, had recourse to the Dutch *Cancelleria*. Some little bickering and confusion resulted from the rejection of the Netherland protection, to which (though he distinctly stated at the time that the Turkish government would not recognize it) they had been recommended by Mr. Stratford Canning: representations were made at Downing Street; and in the summer of 1828, a note was received at Smyrna, from Lord Aberdeen, expressing surprise that the advice of the ambassador had not been followed.

sequence, they honoured with much abuse. All this was in the month of January 1828.

Early in that month, before the suspension of the Consul's functions, an event of great importance in the eyes of Smyrna, took place. This was nothing less than the seizure of their oracle, the "Spectateur Oriental," and the arrest of Monsieur Blacque, its editor.

In October 1827, the printing of this paper had been prohibited for a month by the French ambassador; a punishment that might have been provoked by some injudicious strictures on the mission of Major H. Cradock to Mehemet-Ali, pasha of Egypt, or by the insertion of a letter from a French vagabond and madman, reflecting most insultingly on the character of Count Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman who had visited Smyrna. Indeed either would have merited more than the lenient measure of temporary suppression. The penalty, however, did not moderate the tone of the Turkish partisan, who, after the battle of Navarino, continued weekly to edify the minds of Christian Smyrna, and of such Turks as had his lucubrations translated to them, by the most violent abuse of French, Russian, and English politics. For a long time England had the greatest share of his sapient animadversions, for his philosophy had found out that England, for her own private interests, had concocted the treaty of the 6th of July, to which his poor country, France, had been drawn a blinded dupe. Abuse of England, as something so usual from the tongue and the pen of a Frenchman, might have been tolerated, but it implied an humiliation on the part of France; the susceptible *amour propre* of the great nation was touched, and the Consul-general taking on himself the responsibility, applied to the captain of a French frigate in the bay for a file of marines. With these Monsieur de Castagne's agent repaired to the printing-office of the paper, seized the press and type, and thence went to the house of the editor whom they arrested *au nom du roi*, and conveyed on board the frigate.*

As soon as this dire event was known, great agitation prevailed in the Frank circle generally: *la liberté personnelle, la liberté de la presse!* (the

* The French establishments in the Levant are governed by certain royal *ordonnances*, which emanated in the time of Louis XIV. They have never been changed, and are still the written law for such factories. By them a consul is fully authorized to send home to France (in chains if the offence be grave) any refractory subject who might endanger the tranquillity of the factory, or otherwise misbehave himself.

liberty of the press in Turkey!) were invoked; and prophecies rained from every mouth of the severe penalties that awaited the consul at the "*Chambres des Deputés*," and the tribunals of France. I confess, I could not consider the offence of Monsieur de Castagne in so heinous a light; and I smiled at the idea of the liberty of the press being accorded to one man alone, in a country and on subjects where, and on which, free discussion, *pro* and *con*, could not be indulged in, where indeed there was nobody to reply, or to check the torrent of insult and dogma: where such replies, moreover, which must revert to Turkish vice and folly, could scarcely be published with safety! Individual monopoly is surely in direct opposition to what we understand by the liberty of the press; in the true enjoyment of which we may attack an opponent, who may defend himself, whilst we may defend ourselves with equal arms when attacked, and have recourse to a judge and jury when the attack passes proper bounds. These opinions gained me no credit among the political heads of Smyrna, and I was taxed with illiberality. On my part I was hurt, that the patriotism of my countrymen should give way to their partiality to the Turks, and to what they falsely considered their interests; and this, to such a degree, as to cause them to lament the restrictions laid on a man, one of whose principal objects seems to have been, to calumniate and insult their country.

The existence of a political paper, in the dominions of the grand signior, to contain exclusively the opinions of a man of a certain nation, to awaken jealousies and heart burnings among the different classes of Europeans established there, is a mischievous absurdity which ought not be permitted. If Smyrna must have a paper, let it be what it ought, a register of the arrival and departure of ships, and a chronicle of the rates of exchange, and of the prices of figs, opium, and cotton bales. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Europe can furnish them with politics enough in all conscience; and if they must have a vent for their mind politic, they may afford us occasional local news. Monsieur Blacque was liberated the day after his arrest; but his ill-used tools, the press and types, were detained, and he was said to have pledged his word to edit no more politics.

An associate of Monsieur B.'s was despatched to Paris, where he laid a petition before the "*Chambres*," which refused to take notice of it, and passed at once *à l'ordre du jour*.

Whatever may have been the pledge given, the "*Spectateur Oriental*,

(another set of old types being found at Smyrna) soon rose, phoenix-like, from its ashes, under the altered title of "Le Courrier de Smyrne," and ostensibly under another *redacteur*, but in fact conducted by Monsieur B. as before. The check received had in no degree impressed on the journalist's mind the necessity of moderation. The tone of the paper was more ultra-Turkish than ever; England continued to be occasionally aimed at, but it was on Russia that the full weight of its scorn and condemnation fell. In this mode, "Le Courrier de Smyrne" was continuing when I left the Levant, but a change of feeling with regard to it had taken place, as I had long desired it should, among the English residents, who began to be disgusted with its intemperance and animosity to England.

I have already perhaps dwelt longer on this subject than it may deserve; but before I leave it, I must, in justice to a distinguished countryman, detain the reader yet a few minutes. One of the favourite objects of abuse, in the "Courrier de Smyrne," was Sir Richard Church, Generalissimo of the Greeks. There was one letter particularly, inserted about the month of June 1828, which reflected, in an unmeasured manner, on the want of military and political talent, and on the total ineptitude of General Church, who was qualified as a *militaire des salons de Naples*—a fop, and a devotee to the luxuries of the table, who had seen nothing of war but in cruel hunts after the Neapolitan banditti. Now I happen to know something of the person thus calumniated, having lived for years in the country where he was honoured with the highest commands, where he was universally esteemed, from King Ferdinand of Naples, through all classes, even to the poorest individuals, and where many of his countrymen, and many distinguished personages of somewhat higher rank, character, and talent than this libeller, bore testimony to his merits. General Church, about twelve years ago, commanded an extensive province of the kingdom of Naples, i. e. La terra d'Otranto. This province, before his arrival, was infested by robbers; these his activity and prudence soon put down. It was moreover distracted by political parties, which were every day disturbing the general tranquillity—these he checked and conciliated; and when he left his command, he bore with him the good opinion and grateful blessings of the whole wide district. I travelled through that country at the time: there was not a robber to be heard of. But what I heard, and particularly from the provincial nobility, and all the respectable classes,

many of whom acknowledged the greatest obligations to the general, was the praise of my countryman.

At Lecce, the capital of the province, was a body of troops, composed entirely of foreigners, and called "*il reggimento estero*." This regiment was under the immediate orders of General Church, and by its admirable discipline and *tenue*, did him great honour. Nor did General Church, in the discharge of an important part of his duty, the suppression of the banditti, have recourse to cruel expedients; but I could name the saucy Frenchman, who *had* recourse to these "cruel expedients" and to a most barbarous extreme—this was General Manhes, the lieutenant of Murat, the scene of whose atrocities was Calabria, a country I have also visited, and from the mouths of whose inhabitants, the eye-witnesses of the horrors narrated, I gathered accounts, different indeed from what I had heard of General Church, in another province of the same kingdom. Did the writer in the "*Courrier de Smyrne*" ever hear of these accounts of the exploits of his countryman? Frenchmen are not much given to the registering of such things in the self-flattering pages of their histories, but I may refer him to the "*Storia d'Italia*," by Carlo Botta, an able and impartial author, for the details in Calabria, and for many others which might check the over-weening vanity of his nation, and convey many salutary lessons.*

At the breaking out of the ill-conceived and ill-fated Neapolitan revolution, General Church commanded at the Sicilian capital, and his conduct there, to the last moment, was such as became a gentleman and a soldier, faithful to those he served. As to his present command in Greece, he is particularly fitted for it beyond his competitors by a considerable knowledge, not only of the Greek but of the Albanian dialect, and by an elegance of manner, calculated to strike, and to improve the susceptible, though as yet barbarous men that form his forces. It was part of the blessings of the liberty of the press at Smyrna, that I could not, at the time, reply to the injurious attack, but I promised myself the pleasure of doing so, whenever I should have an opportunity.

* Carlo Botta, in his history of Italy, from the French revolution to 1814, has been the first writer to tell the plain truth of all parties; and as of each party there was much that was bad to narrate, he has conciliated neither, but has, in a greater or less degree, offended all. Perhaps, however, in fifty, in a hundred years hence, Italy may look to his splendid work as a register of her follies and misfortunes, and a monitor of her vices and errors.

I am well aware that this letter, like many others, was not to be attributed to Monsieur B., but his was the fault of giving publication to the foul calumnies. I had reason to suspect that the letter on General Church was written by a certain Monsieur B—— de C——, a *Litterateur*, as he called himself, who had learned his politics on the pavé, and in the cafés of Paris. I have little inclination to make public what passed in the familiarity of private society, though by so doing I could establish, that this man's character was not such as to qualify him as a moral censor of that of other men. I will merely tell his own story, as he did not blush openly to tell it himself.

According to his own account, he had been more than once in prison for libels at Paris. Finding the institutions of his own country not sufficiently liberal, he went to Egypt, where he proposed to the pasha, to establish a newspaper in French, to be called “L'Echo des Pyramides.” As such an establishment would neither promote the growth nor the sale of his cottons and corn, Mehemet Ali would hear nothing about it, and requested Monsieur le Redacteur to invoke the echo of his pyramids at some place more remote than Cairo or Alexandria.

Driven from the land of Egypt, he went to that general *refugium peccatorum*, Smyrna. He here became acquainted with Monsieur Blacque, and very conveniently lent his name to the “Courrier de Smyrne.” I was informed, that he afterwards behaved ill to Monsieur Blacque, and I found on my return from Constantinople, in the autumn of last year, that he had no longer any thing to do with the paper. The brother editors did not even speak to each other. The hemisphere of Smyrna was too confined for two such luminaries.*

A short time after my leaving Chesmè in October 1827, the Greek Scio expedition, composed of regulars and irregulars and a band of Samiotes, all under the command of Colonel Fabvier, landed on the island, and sat down before the castle, into which all the Turks retired without firing a gun. Fabvier had a tolerable supply of artillery, but instead of pressing operations, of breaching the old castle walls, and of leading the Greeks to an assault while their blood was warm, he lost day after day, and at last commanded a

* I beg leave to state, that I by no means intend to confound the private character of Monsieur Blacque with that of the adventurer, his countryman. Monsieur B. enjoyed the reputation of a respectable man at Smyrna, and I always found him a mild and gentlemanly one in society, when detached from his journal.

mine to be dug by men who little understood the delicate operation, and that, through a soil which abounded in hard rock.

In this way, precious time was consumed; the troops in the mean time oppressed the poor islanders, and devoured their provisions. The Greek government and the society of individuals, who had furnished funds for the expedition, on the brilliant assurance of Fabvier, who was to do wonders, became impatient, dissatisfied, and unwilling to make further disbursements. The commander of the Greeks belying all promises, permitted Turkish reinforcements to reach the castle, until they were numerically superior to his beleaguering forces. He left the natural mamelon, the "tourlotti," described in my visit to Scio, so ill-supported, that it was carried by a sudden *sortie* of the Turks. At length the pasha, tired perhaps by three or four months confinement, ordered a general *sortie*. The Greeks, unprepared for defence, without any proper military disposition, were at once driven from the lines. Fabvier ran with his followers on board ship; he was slightly wounded some time before in the leg, but a gallant young Philhellene a Hanoverian by birth, who disdained so hasty a flight, was killed while attempting to rally the Greeks.

The unfortunate Greeks of Scio were left to their fate, and for aught Fabvier knew, it might be as dreadful as that which befell them in 1822.

To the honour of the pasha, he, however, sacredly kept the promise he had made, and no slaughter took place. Some French men-of-war repaired to Scio, and took off several hundreds of fugitives, whom they conveyed to places of safety,—to Syra, Tino, &c.

I scarcely know how Fabvier has acquired the reputation he enjoys, particularly in France; this ill-conceived, and ill-conducted expedition on Scio, was scarcely a greater failure, than all the rest of his enterprises in the Greek service, nor can I remember at the moment, a single affair in which he has not been unsuccessful.* It is worse than idle to throw all the blame on his

* I have heard a good deal of this same Theban, Fabvier, from persons who have been actively engaged in the Greek cause, but I will only mention one story, I learned from my friend Colonel F——n, a British officer, who was present *en amateur*, or rather as a friend of General Church, at the unfortunate affair of Athens, in the spring of 1827.

When the numerous Turkish cavalry charged the Greeks across the plain, Fabvier, who was in the Acropolis with plenty of artillery and ammunition, and who might have done much injury to the Turks, let them pass under him without firing a single gun.

He afterwards surrendered the Acropolis, with *provisions for a month*, under pretext that his garrison had consumed every thing, and had starvation before them.

men, for it is the first duty of a military commander to form a just estimate of the capabilities of his troops, in reference to a certain object, ere he conduct them to that object.

By the month of January, the minds of the people of Smyrna, at least of our most intimate circle, were considerably tranquillized, and as business was completely at a stand, and we were reinforced by my friend E—— and by some other cheerful souls who had retired from Constantinople with the ambassadors, we had considerable festivity and gaiety. One *dejeunér champetre*, following another, in rapid succession, nor were the ladies at all afraid of partaking in them. There are many beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, admirably adapted to enjoyments of this sort, and the mild and balmy weather we had in the months of January and February was truly delightful. I recall with peculiar satisfaction one of these parties at Jackal-bournou, a tongue of land near the Sangiac castle, and close by a preserve of fish and oysters; another at the opposite side of the bay, on the mountains behind Cordelew, at a spot called (absurdly enough) the tomb of Tantalus, and another on a green hill, shaded by magnificent trees, in the plain of Boodjà. It used to strike me as curious, when riding into town (a numerous cavalcade, all of us generally sufficiently elevated with the good things of this world) to meet Hadji Bay and his wild-looking guards, who would make way for us, and let us pass unmolested; and I can still enjoy a smile at the recollection of the hearty laugh with which we hailed a paragraph in the Frankfort Gazette, reporting as an authentic communication from the country, that all the Franks and Christians at Smyrna, had been barbarously murdered by the Turks. This paragraph was read for the edification of the company, one evening on our return from the gayest of all our parties. I must remark, however, that our particular circle engrossed all the sociability and merriment of Smyrna; it did not extend to the rest of the Franks, ~~but~~ we were very unsuccessful in the way of balls. We could only raise one during the carnival, and that was composed exclusively of the English portion of the society; the remainder particularly protested that these were not dancing-times, and affected to discover a sort of indelicacy in rejoicing in the midst of calamities, though the pasha had expressed that nothing would give him more pleasure than to see them resume their wonted amusements; and though this same delicacy of sentiment had not prevented the same persons from frequenting balls at a season of infinitely greater calamity, when the Greeks were massacred in the streets, and at the very

gate of the Casino. But it is true, that on this occasion they might apprehend the possibility of their being compelled to feel for themselves.

I have just mentioned that we had delightful mild weather at this time; we, however, experienced some fifteen days of intense cold, and I saw ice, even in the town, more than an inch thick. So rigid a season was not recollected by the oldest settlers. On one of the very coldest days, (and cold is felt severely in those slight habitations,) I and my friend W——, by heaping piles of wood on the hearth, set our kind host's chimney and wooden house on fire. There was a tremendous wind at the time, and we might have been the involuntary incendiaries of half the wooden barracks of Smyrna; fortunately, however, the accident happened in the morning, and there were plenty of servants and people about, who subdued the flames just as they were catching our neighbour's kiosk.

This extraordinary cold brought down an immense number of wild turkeys and wild swans. These birds, besides being beautiful and majestic to the eye, were delicious eating; and so abundant were they, that we had one or the other on the table nearly every day. I am not certain as to the price, but I think I was told that four large swans were sold for a Spanish dollar. The fine snow white plumage of these beautiful birds ought to be worth that sum.

I have been in few places where the vulgar proverb of "God sending materials, and the devil sending cooks," is so much exemplified as at Smyrna; for with an abundant supply of partridges, woodcocks, snipes, wild boar, and other game, a tolerable fish-market, and pretty good beef and mutton, I hardly ever ate a dinner that was not spoiled in the dressing.

In spite, however, of our frequent gaiety, and of the hospitality I experienced, I grew very tired of Smyrna. I could procure no books, and my greatest resource consisted in long, and nearly always solitary rides, in the neighbouring country. In one of these perambulations, I was, indeed, well nigh "adorning a tale instead of telling one." I met a bairac, or levy of Turkish mountaineers, on their march towards Scio, at a narrow road, between some rocks and a stream, near the village of Hadjilar. I had frequently had similar rencounters, and never experienced any injury more serious than a few abusive terms. I this time dismounted, as usual, to show my respect to the green banner, and drew my horse out of their way, as close under the rocks as I could. The troop, which might be about three hundred strong, passed me

quietly enough, merely calling me Ghiaour, and a few other names. I stood some time looking after the naked-legged savages, and listening to the beat of their monotonous, cracked, little drums; and I had just put my foot in the stirrup to mount, when four fellows, stragglers of the body that had passed, came round the rocks, and one of them lifting his topaik, struck me a violent blow in the side with its butt-end. I fell before my horse's head, and the unprovoked barbarian was about to repeat his blow, when one of his comrades caught his arm. They went on their way laughing at my prostrate condition. It is hard for an Englishman to stomach a blow without, at least, an attempt to return it; but I was obliged to swallow this. I had no weapon but a slight whip, and the blow had almost deprived me of breath, and rendered me incapable of moving for several minutes. A Greek peasant passing, helped me to my saddle, and thinking that exercise might bear off the pain, I rode on to the village I had proposed visiting. The blow, however, was not so easily to be disposed of, it troubled me for several days, and I still feel it occasionally after extraordinary exercise, or sitting long in the same position.

CHAPTER XII.

Journey from Smyrna to Pergamus—Mode of travelling—Menimenn—The Hermus—Storks—Ramazann, or Turkish Fast—Night past in a Turkish Coffee-house at Menimenn-Guzel-Hissar—Tragical Story—Turkish Guards—Plain of the Caicus—Turkish Dandy of Constantinople—Passage of the Caicus—Pergamus—The Aghà—An Italian Quack-doctor—The celebrated Pergamene Vase—The Tumuli, &c.—Gay Nights of the Ramazann—Scene at the Aghà's—Carasman-Oglu—Greek Society of Pergamus—The Storks on the Ruins of Agios Theologos, &c.

THOROUGHLY tired of Smyrna, and of “waiting until things should be settled,” (the political atmosphere of Turkey meanwhile becoming every day more troubled,) and despairing of finding any companion who would, and could, stir ten miles from the town, I determined to set off on another tour in Asia Minor alone, which I should have done before, had I not been over-ruled by the kind advice and apprehensions of my friends.

I had some difficulty again in procuring a *teskerè*, for want of an ostensible motive for my journeys, for the pasha could hardly consider the gratification of curiosity as such. By the kindness of my friend Mr. S. and of the Dutch consul, I did, however, at last obtain a passport for myself and a young Smyrniote Frank, whom I hired to accompany me, in the double capacity of guide and dragoman.

I left Smyrna for Pergamus (now Bergma) at about twelve o'clock, on a lovely morning in the middle of March 1828. I began to breathe freely, and fairly shook off an indisposition that had been lingering on me, as soon as I turned my back on that place in which I had been compelled to remain, for so long a time.

A pleasant sail of an hour, across the bay, in a *caïk*, or common boat of the place, brought me to the scala, or wharf of Menimenn, a miserable spot, with no buildings but a mud-built stable, a dirty custom-house, and a dirtier coffee-house. Here I joined a caravan that performs the journey weekly to

and from Pergamus,* and continued my route in company with five Turks, and two timid Asiatic Greeks.

I agreed to pay for the two horses, for myself and dragoman, what the conductor of the caravan demanded. I forget what the sum was, but it was very small. Nothing, however, not even the offer to double the sum, would induce the fellow to let me put my English saddle on one of the horses. He said it was a heathenish invention, expressly calculated to give horses their death with colds; that it would wound the horse's back. In short, he would not hear it mentioned, and I was obliged to mount on the common Tatar saddle, as broad as a cradle, with two loops of ropes for stirrups.

In little more than two hours, keeping inland, a little to the right, we reached Menimenn, having passed, on our way, one solitary house, and two considerable Turkish cemeteries. Menimenn is now rather a large, scattered village than a town; many of its loosely spread houses are uninhabited; its numerous windmills, which, as is common in Turkey, form picturesque objects on the ridge of a hill, seem falling to decay, one after another, keeping pace with the decrease of the population; several of the mosques are abandoned, and the Greek church is in ruins. It was formerly described by travellers as a well populated and prosperous town; and it owes its present degradation to the system of oppression that has long been gnawing the vitals of this fair empire; and of late, more directly, (like so many other towns where Greeks and Turks were mixed,) to the inconsiderate, savage fury of the latter against the former, which resulted from the revolution and first successes of the rayahs in the Morea. In this place, many of the Greeks were murdered in 1822, and many ran away and sought refuge in the islands of the Archipelago, abandoning every thing to their destroyers. The slothful, luxurious Turks, soon exhausted their ill-acquired prizes, and then found none to labour for them, and to attract fresh supplies of wealth to the town. The grounds and fertile gardens of the more industrious and intelligent Greeks, which were wont almost exclusively to supply the extensive market of Smyrna, are suffered to remain uncultivated, or are but scantily cultivated by the remnant of the Greeks.

* Caravans stop at this scala, whence passengers and goods are conveyed to Smyrna by water. This is done to avoid the deep inlet of the bay, which runs in towards Bournabat. The journey by land would be one of several hours; by sea, it is generally performed in little more than an hour.

Two vast cemeteries, apparently altogether disproportionate to the present size of the town, contain numerous ancient marble fragments, some of great beauty, converted into Turkish tomb-stones, which gleam mournfully on the traveller's eye, from amidst the cypresses, that here, as well as in every place where the tree will flourish, mark the "last, long home" of the Moslems. One of these cemeteries was latterly much haunted by a *ghoule*, or ghost; and a Turk in our caravan swore to have seen it by moonlight, seated on a new-made grave at the extremity of the cypress-grove, making infernal grimaces. "All my flesh trembled," said the fellow, "like the curds of *caimak* ;* I sweated cold, and my tongue was tied!"

Both Greeks and Turks are fervent believers in supernatural apparitions, and abound with the most frightful tales. There was a Greek at the village of Boodjâ, who could have furnished half a dozen of our romance writers of the old, and now almost extinct school, with an inexhaustible capital in this line of business.

On leaving Menimenn, a range of fair orchards, then all in bloom, and embalming the air, contributed to relieve the melancholy occasioned by the decay I had witnessed.

I rode an hour, and then crossed the Hermus† (here, near its mouth, a broad and stately river, flowing rapidly within a regular and deep bed) in a very rudely-fashioned, triangular ferry-boat, which was awkwardly worked by Turks, who clamorously insisted on my paying twenty times the usual fare. After the passage of the Hermus, whose waters, by the bye, are in colour more like mud than the gold, the ancients compared them to, we continued along a plain with mountains to our right, and the fine scenery of Smyrna's gulf, with its capes, mountains, and islands, to our left. I saw, as we advanced, three villages, situated at the feet of the mountains to our right; one of them, which seemed to have been the most considerable, was totally deserted. The Greeks who formed its population had been murdered, or had taken to flight in 1822. The plain, and indeed all the country from the scala of Menimenn, was swampy in many places, and cultivated in

* A Turkish preparation of milk.

† The Hermus at the ferry is about as broad as the Thames at Kew, or the Volturno at Capua. The waters at that season rose to within a foot of the level of the plain, which however seemed to have been much inundated during the winter. In several places, both before and after crossing the Hermus, our horses sank in the swampy ground to their knees.

few. A lonely Turkish coffee-house, some camel-drivers and shepherds, here and there a scanty patch of tilled land, and three more burying-grounds, were almost the only signs of man I met with during the rest of the day.

The storks, those most oriental, most scriptural of birds, were numerous and familiar beyond what I could have imagined; they rarely moved at our approach, as they were picking with their long bills at the worms in the sod by the road side; and when they did, it was not by flight, but by stalking, in the most stately manner, a few yards off, where they would stand and gaze unapprehensively at us, bend their heads on their backs, or entwine their lengthy necks with each other in amorous fondness.

The tender regard entertained by the Turks for most of the animal creation, (one of the strange anomalies in their characters—a striking contrast to their brutal disregard of human blood and life,) is sufficiently known, as well as the fact, that to the stork they have a peculiar and reverential affection. Few things will displease a Turk more than to molest one of these birds. They call him friend and brother—the friend and brother of the Moslemin race; and when they could yet aspire at conquest, they sentimentally affirmed that he would accompany them wherever they should carry their victorious arms, despite of the variety of climate, of heat or of cold.

The sagacious birds are well aware of this predilection; they build their large nests on the mosques, on the minarets, on Turkish houses; and to them, in their migratory existence, they return year after year, but the “*dolce nido*” is never erected on a Christian roof! I have observed in many towns, but particularly in Pergamus, where they were incredibly numerous; that in the Turkish quarter they strut about most familiarly, mixing with the people in the streets, affecting the open squares in the Turkish khans, and other places of the greatest resort; but they pass not the boundary of that quarter; they never enter the parts of the town inhabited by the Greeks or Armenians.

The turtle-doves, which swarm in this part of Turkey, are almost equal favourites, and equally familiar; but their familiarity is of course less striking than that of the gigantic bird, the stork.

As we journeyed on, and day declined, my companions, the Turks, became very impatient; their eyes were every minute cast towards the sun, as if they would hasten his downward course, and they frequently enquired the hour of me. It was their grand fast of a whole lunar month, or their ramazann; during which they are not merely forbidden to eat, but even to drink

a drop of water, and, what is perhaps more painful than all, to inhale one breath of their favourite tobacco. At length, the welcome sound of the gun that announces sun-set to the faithful, at this season of privation, boomed along the valley we were travelling in, from some distant village; and the dear, dormant chibooks were out, mounted, and lit in a moment. The two Greeks who had refrained from smoking, for fear perhaps of exciting their envy, or giving them offence, now, with a long expressive sigh, brought forth their pipes also, and joined the rest. The Turks replenished their pipes several times before they thought of eating, though they could not have taken any nourishment since the preceding night, or at latest, that morning before sunrise. They said neither their *salath-asrr*, (afternoon prayer,) nor their *salath-maghrib*, (evening prayer;) and I have observed in general, that most Turks when travelling omit the devotionary exercises altogether. This indeed is permitted by the Koran to a certain extent, particularly when labouring under hardships, or exposed to danger, to wayfaring Moslems, and to soldiers during a campaign; but they are enjoined to keep a strict account of all the *namazz*, or prayers omitted, and to discharge the score when returned to their homes, or to peaceful situations. The really devout Turks, however, do not think themselves excused by easy journies in their own country, and will stop at the appointed times wherever they may be, in the village or town, in the plain, or on the mountain side, and perform their ablution and devotions.* At those moments, particularly when the scene of their religious halt happens to be a solitary wilderness, the stranger cannot help being impressed by their appearance. The rareness of the occurrence is a proof (one among many) that religious feeling is on the decline among the Turks.

We came to a solitary coffee-house shortly after sun-set, where I learned, for the first time, a singular species of Turkish exaction—the Greeks were made to pay a toll of ten *paras* (now about a penny) each, to the *cafidji*, or keeper of the hovel; and this I saw repeated at every coffee-house we passed. These establishments are indispensable to the Turks in a country where villages are “few and far between;” and they consider it just to make the *rayahs* pay for supporting them. They themselves, and the Franks as well, never pay but when they take a cup of coffee, for which from four to six *paras* are charged.

* Where water is not to be procured, they may rub their faces and hands with sand, which in such cases is allowed by the Koran to be equivalent to an ablution. The piety of their ancestors has, however, furnished the country with innumerable fountains.

After four hours' ride from Menimenn, in a level country, we struck into the mountains (to the N.E.) and lost sight of the sea. The roads became very rough, but a fair moon light permitted me to pick my way. The mountains, which are those seen from Smyrna, stretching towards Phoea, at the extremity of the gulf, are of inconsiderable elevation; yet the scenery was wild and striking, our road lying occasionally along ravines with falling waters, while over our head the thick underwood that grew on the mountains' sides, moaned as it was agitated by the night breeze. As we proceeded in silence, (all my party smoking,) I heard, in two places, the barking of dogs and the bleating of sheep, but the uncertain light of the moon did not permit me to discern any houses or villages, or to distinguish them from the white, chalky tracts which were frequent, as the mountains are extremely calcareous. I was indeed often deceived, and took these white patches for the village we were journeying to.

It was nine o'clock when we reached our place of repose, a wretched, isolated little coffee-house, near a village called Menimenn-Guzel-Hissar, which is reckoned a journey of eight hours from the scala of Menimenn. The Turks count by the regular pace of a camel, three miles an hour, which we had hardly surpassed on the whole. I dined with my companion on some provisions we had brought with us, (the *café*, as is usual, afforded nothing but coffee and tobacco,) and shared with him the bed of honour—an elevated and boarded corner, covered with a dirty straw mat. The whole room was probably twenty feet square; on its earthen floor slept the *cafidji* and five other Turks, one of them a madman or a saint, (the words are synonymous to Turkish idea,) whose wild looks and gestures rendered me rather uncomfortable at first. The room was dimly lighted by oil burning in an iron cresset stuck in the wall; and in the middle of the room was a *brazier* or pan of charcoal, at which, I know not how many times during the night the Turks were boiling their tiny cups of coffee. This was my first thorough Turkish night; the fleas, the stench, and the burning charcoal, were not conciliatory to sleep. I had past, however, nights as bad in Christian Europe, in the *ventas* of Spain, and the *taverne* of Calabria; but I confess I heard with pleasure the sound of the *temsick* or morning gun.* The Turks, who were already cross legged at their pipes and coffee, soon after put aside both for the day, and went and saddled the horses that had been tethered in the

* This gun is also regularly fired about half an hour before sun-rise during the Lent, or Ramazann.

open air. The wild looking fellows with whom I passed this night, treated me rather civilly than otherwise. I was here told a tragical story. A young Turk of the village, many months before, had carried off by force or seduction, the daughter of another Turk of superior condition. The fugitives were long sought after in vain, they were supposed to have gone to the mountains, and to have joined the wandering pastoral tribes of the Yerooks or the Turcomans, and the affair was almost forgotten, when on the market-day (the day before I passed there) the Turk who had suffered the wrong was seen to rush through a crowd, on a man, whom none of the villagers had recognized as the adventurous lover, and to stab him to the heart with his yataghan. The assassin was instantly arrested, tied with ropes, and sent off, under an escort, to the town of Pergamus, where I afterwards made ineffectual enquiries as to what would be his punishment, and how the law weighed the aggravation he had received. But in Turkey generally, punishment is awarded rather according to a man's relative wealth or poverty, than in proportion to his crime: with this curious variation, however, from certain other demoralized countries, where justice is made a traffic of, and the greater the wealth the greater the impunity—that here, extent of riches are adverse to their possessor, by becoming objects of consideration to the Sultan himself, the head of the law, who is too apt to see naught but guilt, when sentence of condemnation lays at his feet,—a head, and whatever wealth the peccant subject may possess. There is no dribbling with muftis, and cadis, and moolahs—the lion must have his share, which means the whole.

On leaving the coffee-house at Menimenn-Guzel-Hissar, our road lay for about an hour across a fine valley,* which *fumari* or mountain torrents, are permitted to devastate, though the ancient works (some of them of the period of the Roman empire) by which their streams were confined, and the ruins of their bridges, remain to reproach the present indolent occupants of the soil, or rather, their blind government, which extending the work of oppression and depopulation, which it has done for ages, makes it not worth the cultivator's while to improve land, or to defend it from the invasion of the elements, when he has but to remove his hut or his tent, and he may pick and choose in vast extents of unoccupied country, not subject to the same casualties. The continuance

* In this valley the ancient city of Cumæ is supposed to have been situated. The supposition is somewhat supported by the quantity of broken stones and marbles I saw scattered in it. The larger of the streams, though it hardly merits the name of a river, may have been the Xanthus.

of this system, which I have seen exemplified wherever I have been, will reduce the beautiful valleys and fertile plains of Asia Minor into a pestiferous wilderness, with a few scanty oases.* At the extremity of this little valley the waters stagnate into a lake, which in the fitting season must furnish the malaria miasma in profusion. Two hours after leaving the coffee-house where we had slept, we came again to the sea: to a little inlet of the long, devious bay of Sanderli. We saw at a distance the pretty town of Sanderli, the ancient Attalia, with its small white fortress close on the water's edge. It is said to contain four hundred houses, but its population has been affected by the violence of the Turks against the Greeks, who carried on some trade there up to the fatal period of 1822. The scenery by this little sea inlet was very pleasing. There were some vineyards, and a few scattered cottages on the mountain sides to our right; to the left were two fishermen's huts on the beach, and a solitary little skiff was sailing into the creek. We soon lost sight of the sea: a little beyond which I observed a few yards of ancient road, and we continued our journey through a most romantic country; through a broad valley bounded to the left with rugged mountains, over which the dark blue mass of Mitylene's loftiest peak was frequently visible, and to the right with gently swelling bosomy hills, clothed with grass, or verdant and odori-ferous shrubs to their very tops; and we cantered for the greater part of the way over a level sward—a carpet of green velvet, enamelled with innumerable flowers, among which the beautiful wild tulip was conspicuous. There was the finest land for the support of a dense population, scenes sufficient for a hundred parks, myrtle and laurel groves for a hundred temples—and, yet merciful God! what did we find?—solitude and desolation!—as if the fertile soil were accursed, and the lovely heavens above charged with pestilence.

We met two very long strings of camels; we passed cemeteries and cemeteries, but no villages. Each cemetery contained numerous fragments of Grecian columns, capitals, friezes, &c. The size of these cemeteries give evidence of the existence of a Turkish population at no very remote period, of which hardly a trace is now to be seen, and the mutilated monuments of

* In confirmation of my opinion, and to enable the reader to form an idea of the rapid decay of these vast provinces, (a decay that within the last half century seems to have been going on with accelerated speed,) I may refer him to Macdonald Kinneir's interesting *Travels in the interior and upper part of Asia Minor*; and to Captain Beaufort's admirable survey of *Karamania*, or the lower or southern coasts of Asia Minor. These gentlemen frequently mention places, retaining the appearance of no remote prosperity, which are now deserted ruins.

art referred, with a penetrating voice, to the far gone days, when these regions shone foremost in civilization, when their plains and valleys were cultivated and populous, the cities frequent, and adorned with temples, statues, and other works, that the genius of after ages has perhaps not been able to approach. Except three miserable coffee-houses, situated each by the side of a fountain, and a small Turkish hamlet, called Kizkeiu, on the mountain side to the right, we scarcely saw a hut during a ride of five hours, after which time we merged into the open part of the plain of the river Caicus, on which the city of Pergamus stands. At one of the coffee-houses, where there was a Turkish guard, they demanded the ten *paras* from us. I would willingly have given them the trifle to avoid words, but my guide and drogoman, an active and spirited young man for a Levantine Christian, proud of his caste and privileges, was highly incensed at their presumption. "What do you take us for?" cried he; "do you think we are rayahs to pay your taxes?" The Turks waived the question with him, and levied double toll on our companions the poor Greeks. It will be well to observe here, that these coffee-houses or sheds, besides the uses expressed by their name, serve as stations for the military guards along the roads, and they are seldom found unprovided with at least two or three idle fellows, who pass the day in an alternation of smoking and sleeping, and rarely extend their observation beyond the length of their pipe-sticks, leaving the care of the security of the roads to such Turks as may be obliged to travel them. This system did very well for the Osmanlis, in the total absence of highway robbers, but since the bold Samians have extended their excursions far into the heart of the country, threading the valleys, and crossing the mountains of the Cayster, the Hermus, and the Caicus, parties have frequently been surprised, robbed, and murdered within a gun-shot of these stations. Besides affording no protection to the rayahs, they are heavy grievances; as, withdrawn from the eye of authority, they erect themselves into the despots of the lonely districts. Near one of the coffee-houses we passed, a poor Greek, who probably to avoid exaction or insult, had endeavoured to pass unperceived behind the guard, had been shot at and severely wounded a few days before.

A short time after our departure from Guzel-Hissar, we had been joined on the road by a solitary traveller, who was also bound for Pergamus. He was a dashing young Turk—a Ştambooli dandy, who, with the pride of the capital, affected to despise the rude dress and ruder manners and idiom of his

Asiatic brethren. He had left Stamboul for Smyrna in pursuit of a recreant creditor, who, he there learned had gone to Pergamus. He had performed the long journey from the capital, or rather from the Asiatic suburb of Scutari, on a beautiful, delicate, little grey horse, which he still rode. The neck of this palfrey was girt with a sort of wreath of different coloured ribbands, (the blue glass beads and heads of garlic could not be forgotten on such a favourite,) and one of the first applications of his recovered debt, would be, to purchase a span-new saddle, and inlaid bit and bridle. Praise the charms of a child, and you reach at once the heart of its mother; and if you praise his horse, you are almost equally sure of reaching that of a Turk. His kindness went so far, that he gave his steed to me to try it, and mounted the humble Rozinante of the katerji that I bestrode. His favourite certainly merited praise. It was so perfectly "in the hand," that one might have ridden him at a canter round a dining table; and at its fleetest gallop I could bring him to a dead stop at a moment. To attain these much-desired qualities, however, the Turks ruin their horse's mouths with tremendous and cruel bits; and by being thrown back on their haunches, the hind legs are generally weakened. All the falls I met with in Turkey, and I had several, were occasioned by the horse's hind legs failing him. When I returned his steed, the Stambooli remounted, and showed me several clever feats. They ended, rather unfortunately, for he galloped into a morass, where the horse sank to his saddle girth, and in extricating himself, sprained his shoulder. The poor dandy's concern was very great; he rubbed him down, walked him gently over the fields to cool him, and seeing him limp he determined to lag behind and give him rest. He tethered his favourite by his side, and laid himself down to sleep under a tree, where we left him.

The next day my friend found me out at Pergamus, and paid me a visit, bringing with him a few ancient copper coins he had picked up, as a present. He was *soigneusement paré*: he had put on another turban, from which, in conformity to the practice of Moslemin *petits-maitres*, (see the admirable portrait of Aly, in Anastasius,) dangled, caressing his cheek, and flattering his nostrils, a flower: it was a bright carnation, a flower the Turks are much attached to. Among other pleasant things, he told me I was wrong to lose my time in those barbarous regions; but if I were to go on to Stamboul—to the most rich, the most beautiful, the—in-every-thing-superlative Stamboul, there I should find things to repay my labour!

This contempt for Asia and its inhabitants I afterwards found to be general among the proud Constantinopolitan Turks ; but of the two classes of Osmanlis I have reason to prefer those of Asia Minor : they are generally a more simple, mild, and religious people, and the religion which inculcates some divine precepts, and in a marked manner those of charity and hospitality, is not to be despised. An excess of its feeling may lead occasionally to dangerous fanaticism, but an emancipation from its restraints leaves the barbarian to the habitual enjoyment of the passions of brute nature.*

I return to my journey. As we continued our route across the open plain of the Caicus, and approached that river, I saw a few scattered farm-houses, some horses, some small cattle, and some sheep grazing, and here and there a shepherd's cabin. About the seventh hour from Guzel-Hissar we crossed the Caicus, a river scarcely less celebrated in ancient writing than the Hermus, by a wooden bridge, supported on rude but strong stone piles, and destitute of balustrades or any thing to prevent your falling into the water, as Turkish bridges mostly are. The Turks call the Caicus the copper river, from the colour of its waters : it was here about half the breadth of the Hermus, where I crossed it below Menimenn, and ran in a deep bed, the level of the water being then from ten to twelve feet beneath the superficies of the plain. Numerous willow-trees to the right overhung the stream, which bounded and eddied near the bridge as if some ruins were in its way ;—probably these might be the piles of an ancient bridge, which the thickness of the water concealed. From the ridge of mountains that faced the bridge we crossed, a bold perpendicular cliff detached itself, a little to the left ; and the ruins of a fortress, which must at one time have been impregnable, were discernible on its flattened summit.

I now discovered the city of Pergamus, with its minarets and cypresses, situated on the lower slopes and at the feet of the lofty ridge of its Acropolis, which is crowned by the rugged and fast-falling walls of a deserted, barbarous

* Colonel Leake, whose opinions I always consider as of great weight, differs from me in considering the European Turks milder and more tractable than the Asiatics. He imagines that a traveller will be subjected to much less ill treatment among the former than among the latter ; and this, because the Turks of Europe are “ tempered by their proximity to civilized nations, and the excess of the Christian population.” Yet, from these very causes, I should derive a directly contrary consequence. The collision of opposite sects and races increases the hatred of each ; and it is on the outworks or frontier lines that rival nations most heartily detest each other. I might instance our own borders, in old times, and at the present day, the borders of Portugal and Spain, of the Roman and the Neapolitan States, &c.

castle, the loathsome usurper of the site of a Greek temple, which, to judge from a few mutilated remains, must have been magnificent. Getting, with some difficulty, before an interminable, double line of camels that obstructed the way, and leaving to my right three sepulchral barrows or tumuli, (which are even more common in the plains of the Caicus and of the Hermus than in the Troad itself, where their existence has been hallowed by Homer,) I entered Pergamus, the once splendid capital of a flourishing kingdom, by a street with hovels on each side, and a black pool of mud in the centre, and dismounted at a vast, ruinous khann.

My arrival excited some interest. A crowd of Turks gathered round me, and one or two expressed surprise that an Englishman (for my guide had in vain attempted to make them believe I was an Austrian—the class of Christians they have of late years considered their best friends) should be thus travelling over their country, and going among them, when his nation had burnt the Sultan's ships, and was or would be at war with them. I was treated with some choice abuse of the battle of Navarino, but no personal ill-will was testified to me ; and when they saw me go forthwith to the Agha or Governor's *konack*, their minds were satisfied as to my appearance.

On entering the square before the *konack*, I saw a Tatar or Courier arrive on a smoking horse. Three fine steeds, ready saddled, stood by the gate. We ascended to the Governor's residence by a flight of wooden steps, not much better than a ladder. In the corridor, or lobby, we found a troop of gaudily dressed servants and attendants, most of them with silver-mounted pistols and yataghans stuck in their girdle : they were all sitting cross-legged, cleaning chibooks or narghilés, and seemed scarcely to honour us with their notice. At last one of them, without rising, asked, in a sulky tone, what we wanted there. We replied, to see the Governor ; and holding up my letter, I walked on, and entered a sort of hall. We were crossing this hall to an open door opposite, where we saw some other servants, when an insolent black slave (those black Turks are always so insolent !) stayed our progress by grasping our coat-tails. He pointed to our boots, and ordered us to pull them off, ere we entered the abode of his master. This, for me, with a pair of tight English boots, and my legs swollen by dangling eight hours over the sides of a Tatar saddle, was no easy business. My drogoman's boots, however, sitting loosely upon him, he pulled them off, and advancing to the door, announced me to a slave, who went into an inner room, and presently came forth and beckoned me and my companion to enter a kiosk, where the Agha

was seated on a sofa with some half dozen Turks with him. I carried the dust of my boots into his gracious presence, made my eastern reverence, and was told to take a seat on the sofa. The Aghà glanced his eye over the letter, then over me—then bade me welcome. He asked me a few rather silly questions; but he, as well as his company, were civil and polite in their way, or, according to the quaint description of Chishull on a similar visit, “they behaved themselves gently, that is, according to the genius of this haughty people, with an agreeable mixture of haughtiness and reservedness.”

After a short interview we took our leave, the Aghà assuring me of his protection, and referring me to his Seraff, or Banker, on whom I had an order for a small sum. We found this worthy Armenian a true representative of his caste—a fat, sleeky, submissive clown, seated in a dirty, pantry-like room, situated between a kitchen and a water-closet, at a low money-table, or desk, and surrounded with scrolls of paper, and heaps of *paras*. Not liking the idea of passing several days in the miserable khann I alighted at, I availed myself of a clause in my letter, and asked the Seraff if he could not find me a more comfortable lodging. He replied that certainly he could; that *he* would lodge me. We thought he was going to admit us into his own house—into the impenetrable recesses of an Armenian dwelling—but we were mistaken. He went, and spoke to the Aghà, and then returning with a slave, who was to be our conductor, he hospitably sent us off to the house of one of the Greek Primates. Though guests forced upon him, the Greek received us very well. His house was one of the best of the town, and he gave up its best room for my use; a room with an elevated flooring, railed in, and carpetted; divans, covered with blue cloth, round thrée of its sides, and windows of a curious half-gothic shape, prettily ornamented at the top with pieces of coloured glass inserted in the casement.

I had scarcely performed my ablutions, and taken comfortable possession of my apartment, when a man in the Frank dress entered, and announced himself as “Signor Angelo della Casa, Italiano, Professore di Medicina, Antiquario, &c. &c. per servirmi.” The strange, wild appearance of this quack, his loquacity, his gross ignorance; his swaggering, and even his roguery, amused me for awhile, but he staid too long. I grew tired of him, I was dying of hunger, having fasted like a Turk the whole day, and was devising some polite mode of sending the fellow about his business, when the young man who accompanied me, entered, preceding a regiment of do-

mestics, each bearing a dish in his hand. The Aghà, who could not offer me the usual hospitality, at the time I called on him, as the sun, (the slowly moving sun of Ramazann,) was still high above the horizon, had sent me a supper from his own kitchen. This was a great honour, but, as great honours will, it cost me rather dear. One man might have conveniently carried the whole on a small tray, but the rogues of servants had divided the repast ad infinitum, and I was bound in etiquette to give each of them a present. If Signor Angelo had felt little inclination to move before, he felt still less now that the savoury odours of the Aghà's *pilaff*, and *kibaubs*, and *dolmas*, saluted his nose. He sat still while the low tray at my knees was laying. I was obliged to ask him to partake. He commenced operations with vigour, tucking up his sleeves, and helping himself with his fingers; and in this cleanly fashion before I had eaten my rice, he had performed the round of all the dishes, praising their quality with his mouth full, and protesting that the governor had treated me like a "*personaggio distinto*," as I was. I hardly knew whether to laugh, or to be angry at his filthy familiarity. My guide took the latter course, and seeing him thrust a second time his dirty hand into some creams, taxed him with an intent to turn my stomach. "*O! scusate mio caro amico, milordo mi scuserà, sua eccellenza conosce le usanze del paese!*" said the fellow without blushing; and he bade us observe, which was correct enough, that there was only one spoon and a fork in the company.

Our good-natured host furnished us with two mattresses, with clean sheets, and warm cotton-stuffed coverlets. We spread these on the carpets, and soon enjoyed a delicious sleep.

The next morning I was awakened, not by the lark, but by the incessant cooing of innumerable turtle-doves, and the curious clacking noise made by the storks with their long bills. My levée was an odd scene:—I was hardly dressed when a host of Greeks and Turks, men, women, and children, rushed in, to offer me old coins and other antiquities for sale. Pergamus and its vicinity is a rich mine for these objects. I was beset every morning by the venders. I purchased a few beautiful medals, and the heads of some little statues in terra-cotta, of peculiar grace; in one of which I found precisely the same style of *coiffure* or head-dress, as now prevails among my fair friends, the Frank ladies of Smyrna.*.

The ancient remains of Pergamus have been ably detailed by Doctor

* See Plate.

Dallaway, and as part of his description, with additional remarks, has been lately brought before the public by Mr. Arundell, in his visit to the seven churches, I may pass slightly over them. Stupendous walls rear their heads like giants, above the pigmy wooden houses of its present inhabitants, and strike the traveller's eye from far, but these, though colossal and solidly built, are neglected and falling to ruins—a circumstance not so deeply to be regretted, as they are certainly all of the lower empire, and of a period when the art of the architect had sunk to the mere craft of the bricklayer. Not only the ruins of immense walls called the church of Agios Theologos, but all the other ruins within the modern town, seem to me to have been Greek churches, or dependencies of churches, and of a much more recent date than is generally imagined. The marble cornices let into the flat and otherwise unornamented walls, the shape of the windows and their number, are not of the period they are referred to, but they are to be found *tale-quale* in some parts of Italy, in ecclesiastic edifices of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. We may mourn over the desecration of the edifices of the Christian faith, in a place once “so rich in gospel light,” and so crowded with vast Christian temples. Mr. Arundell saw one of the churches “a workshop for coarse pottery:” such it still is. Another I saw converted into a cow-stall; and the poor Greeks with these stately structures of their ancestors before their eyes, some of which could be easily repaired and returned to their original and holy uses, are confined to a little church under the Acropolis, low, narrow, dark, and itself ruinous.

On ascending the lofty Acropolis, I found the easy “circuitous road, and a great part of the ancient broad pavement,” and the embattled walls with frequent towers; but the perforated shafts of the columns which served as cannon, and were fixed in a row; the four magnificent Corinthian columns with capitals and angles of the cornice and pediment, “all in the highest ornament,” thrown in a heap, no longer exist, as they are described by Dallaway. Of the perforated shafts I saw not one; but I saw other shafts imbedded horizontally in the walls of the barbarous fortress, as they have been for centuries. Under the latest of the castles which is on the very summit of the Acropolis, I saw one inverted Corinthian capital of magnificent dimensions, but the work of the chissel was almost thoroughly obliterated by the sledge and pick-axe: another Corinthian capital I found in a still worse situ-

ation—it was thrown into a pit close by, and was at that moment being converted into lime! * I copied a *morcel* of a frieze (the ornaments, a *caput bovis*, and an eagle with an intermediate festoon of laurels, beautifully sculptured) which is bedded in the inner front of the castle, on the right of the gateway. These were the only objects of ancient art, retaining something of their original forms, that my diligent examination of the Acropolis could discover; and perhaps in a very few years, the traveller who may pass this way will find no trace even of these. Parts of the ancient fortifications, and heaps of stone and broken marbles remain, but these disappear as the Turks want materials for their buildings.

I was filled with melancholy reflections as I looked down from the walls of the upper castle. Before me was a suite of ruins—the city of Lysimachus had disappeared, it had been in part destroyed by Roman conquest, but the perhaps equally magnificent Roman city, had disappeared too—the rich provincial city of the Greek empire, had fallen after it; the walls erected by the Christians to defend them against the Sarassins and Turks, were all prostrate, and even the walls of the barbarous Donjon, which reigned the lord of all those stately edifices, the survivor of so many superiors, were themselves crumbling fast to the common ruin!

The scenery from the Acropolis is grand but sad. The fine plain before Pergamus, which (to use an expression of Professor Carlyle, when describing this part of Asia) “seems ready to start into fertility at a touch,” is sparingly cultivated, except on the edges of the town; and we may well add, as he did with a sigh, “but alas! that touch is wanting!” On looking from the castle, I could trace the ravages made by the unrestrained flood-courses of the Caicus and its tributary streams, which have cut the plain into broad, bare, sandy veins.

I spent two days in visiting the Acropolis, the Naumachia, aqueducts and other ruins spread round its bases, and abounding in a narrow valley on the north-east, which is traversed by a romantic mountain torrent, the Selinus, and leads to a romantic and solitary Turkish cemetery with rustling pine trees, instead of cypresses.

* The structure to which these large capitals belonged, stood on the apex of the Acropolis, and “once rose a temple, unrivalled in sublimity of situation, being visible from the vast plain, and from the *Ægean* sea.”—DALLAWAY.

I suppose baths are rather scarce at Pergamus, for I called at the one which contains the celebrated marble vase, three times before I could gain admittance; it was always full of Turkish women. When I did see the sealed treasure, I found it scarcely entitled to its celebrity. The size is extraordinary for a marble sculptured vase, but its form, never elegant, (and elegance of *contour* is one of the first things looked to in an ancient vase,) is reduced to deformity by the fractures it has sustained: its *orla*, or brim, is broken away in an unsightly manner—its pedestal is gone. But what is of more importance still, is, that the figures in *relievo* are sadly defaced, and were never sculptured at a good period of the art; or, by a good master of that period. The subject of the composition is a bacchanalian procession, or race on horseback, in which fifteen figures are engaged; some carrying flaming torches, and one seems to hold a mask in his right hand.

In the form of the horses there is no beauty; in their action, and in the *pose* of the riders, there is little grace and little variety, except in the case of one man, who is falling from his seat. The heads of both horses and men have been carefully effaced by the orthodox Moslems, who hold such imitations of God's works in abhorrence, and who (dreadful to think!) would have treated the divine forms of the Apollo di Belvedere, the Venus di Medici, and the Antinous, just in the same manner, had they fallen into their hands.

What has contributed to enhance the value of this mutilated vase, contributed perhaps, even more than the too flattering judgment of a traveller (Monsieur Choiseul de Gouffier) who had certainly good pretension to taste, in the fine arts, may be the singular circumstance that the Turkish proprietors who have inherited it from their ancestors after the long course of three centuries, have pertinaciously refused to sell it to any one, resisting (if we are to believe them) the tempting offer of immense sums. Any regard for the vase, as an object of art and antiquity, was scarcely to be supposed in a Turk, but even he might be susceptible of affection and reverence, for an object that had been so long a time in his family; and this would be a fine and amiable feeling. On enquiry, however, from the man himself, I found he had as little sentimentality as taste, and it was thus in sense, though not in words, (for his account, and my drogoman's version occupied me an hour,) that he explained the matter, and the worldly motives which induced him to prefer a lump of stone to the more brilliant, and far more useful *mahmoodiers* he had been offered for it. The story is at least curious and characteristic.

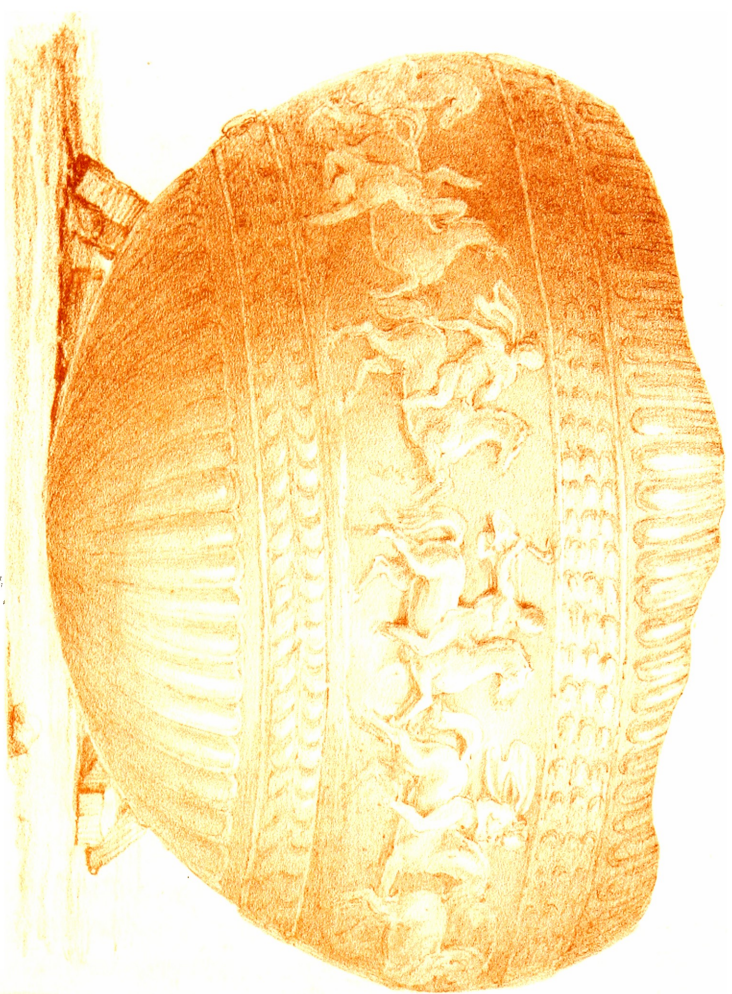
“ The tradition in my family states, that our ancestor, to whom we are indebted for this vase, found five others with it ; each contained a quantity of coins in gold and silver, amounting together to an immense sum. According to our laws, all hidden treasures thus found in the earth, belong of right to the sultan, and consequently my ancestor, like an honest man and a good Osmanli, remitted into the hands of government an exact account of all that he had so discovered. Instructions came from Stamboul, that he was to deliver up five of the vases, and keep the sixth for himself. On this he gave up the five vases with their rich contents ; and as in the donation of the sixth vase, no mention had been made of the coins, he took also those of the sixth and added them to the rest. The sultan who intended he should keep the treasure with the vase, was so pleased at this, that he gave my ancestor a small estate, and the office, to be transmitted moreover to his successors, of collecting the government tithe on the grain grown in a neighbouring district. Now if I were to make away with this vase, it would be destroying a bond by which I hold my little estate and privileges.”

To this curious story and reasoning, I intimated, merely to see what effect it would produce on him, that if some European government, or some great Frank, were anxious to have the vase, and willing to pay a large sum for it, they, or he, might obtain the sultan’s consent to its alienation, and that its removal should in no way affect him or his successors. The old Turk shook his head doubtingly—“ He did not care for the vase ; a common one of stone or clay would suit his bath just as well, nay better, but——” In short, he seemed to consider the vase as a talisman, as a magic ring or lamp, on whose possession, his existence as a landholder and tax-gatherer depended, and representation and argument would fail against Turkish obstinacy.

Though so much has been said of this vase in Europe, the attempt I hinted to procure it, is not likely to be made, or I should say, and that I do with confidence, that the vase is neither worth the sum that would now be expected, nor the trouble it would require to obtain a *firman* from the Porte. Some few years back, however, an attempt was made to get it to England, an English traveller having authorized my friend Mr. Borrell, the antiquary of Smyrna, to offer as high as twenty thousand Turkish piastres for it, (about six hundred pounds, at the value of the piastre at the time.) The traveller had only heard and read of it, and Mr. Borrell himself had never seen it, or he would have smiled at the idea. The vase now stands propped up



TERRA COTTA HEADS, FOUND AT PERGAMUS.



THE PERGAMUS VASE.
Diameter 54 cm Height 47 1/2 cm



by stones, in the djeamé-khann, or outer room of the Turkish bath, which is dark and dirty. A few sponges and soiled towels were thrown into its capacious bosom, but it has formerly been used to hold water or some other liquid, and a large perforation, like the hole in a beer barrel, has been made in the lower part of it. The sides are very thick. The marble is coarse grey, and streaked, where you can see it, under its coat of dirt.

An excuse may be necessary for dwelling so long on this subject, but the Pergamene vase has for many years engaged the attention of conoscianti and amateurs, and I have nowhere seen a fair account of it. Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix passed through Pergamus a few days after I left, and, as I heard, formed the same opinion of its value that I entertain.

The keeper (not the proprietor, who lives in the town,) exacted twelve piastres from me to admit me into the bath, to a sight of the vase; and I was obliged to give six piastres more to the attendants. They permitted me to make a hasty sketch of it.* Over the door of the bath is a small *relievo* in stone—a sheep curiously done; and there are two or three other ancient fragments of little value in the court.

As I was leaving the place, a posse of noisy turbulent Turkish women arrived, to indulge in the luxury of the bath. They beset me in such a manner, all talking together, and asking God knows what questions, that I was obliged to rush through them in a most ungallant manner. They were all muffled up like ghosts; there was no telling whether they were young or old, handsome or ugly; but their boisterous manners, their ragged yellow boots, and dirty *yasmacks*, showed that they were of the town *canaille* of Pergamus. Gentry to be avoided by all means, as they are malicious and delight in mischief. The poor Turkish women in the country I have found, on the contrary, extremely civil in general.

I was going into the yard of a khann in the town, where I saw several fragments of ancient capitals and friezes, when three Turks put themselves before me and the objects I wished to examine. They would not let me see them unless I gave them some backshish, (a present.) This was extreme insolence—the khanns are open to every body, and these fellows did not even belong to the place. My drogoman charged them with this, and threatened to go and complain to the Agha. The ruffians desisted and walked away, muttering something not worth repeating, about Ghiaours. I saw the frag-

* See Plate.

ments that did not merit the trouble; but on issuing from the khann, a large stone, thrown by some invisible hand, grazed the rim of my cap, and another struck my companion on the back.

In my excursions in the neighbouring country, the Turks generally watched my proceedings with a curious eye, imagining, as they always do, in their utter inability to conceive the real motives which induce us to incur so much trouble and expense, for the sake of visiting a few old bricks and marbles, that we are in search of hidden treasures, which we can discover by magical art. The poor Greeks, who are perhaps almost as ignorant, and quite as superstitious as their masters, are also of opinion, that every barrow in their plain, and every mass of ruins, covers incalculable wealth, which they are prevented from seizing, not more by the jealousy and rapacity of the Turks, than by the presence of myriads of dark and malignant spirits, who vigilantly guard the subterranean treasures, by night and by day. One of these fellows I engaged as my guide to some massy ruins of an inexplicable building, (but I think it a church and monastery,*) situated round the edge, and down the sides of a dark gulley, through which a brawling stream discharges itself from a long passage under ground, and to a warm source of mineral waters, converted into baths, both to the west of the town; the former half a mile, and the latter two miles distant, in the pleasant plain, near the feet of the mountains, on the right of the Caicus. On our way back to Pergamus, as we passed in the dusk of the evening, the dark gulley, and the massy ruins just mentioned, he told me an event which happened, not indeed in his time, but in that of his father; and there were many Greeks living in Pergamus who could attest the fact.

A party of *palikari*, bold and enterprising, determined to open the largest tumulus in the plain, which has always been called, by the Turks, *Malteppé*, or hill of treasures. After mature consultation, they fixed on which side of the base of the cone they should begin operations, and went one night, (chosen for its peculiar darkness, that the Turks might not see them,) with proper implements and covered lights, to make their fortunes. They removed the bushes and the grass that covered the masonry; they began with impious hands to break away the stones and bricks, when of a sud-

* This building, situated in a dull hollow, has been absurdly called the Palace of Attalus, which was on an elevated spot, and compared, in point of prospect, with the imperial palace of Byzantium.

den, the roar of a tremendous voice was heard—the mount shook as with an earthquake; a huge serpent issued from the hole they had made, and pursued them across the plain. One of the adventurers was so terrified at the horrors he saw and heard, that he never more recovered his senses.

Superstitions like these may guard the repose of those who have laid so many centuries under the accumulated barrows. But were these barrows—all these barrows, tombs? From their frequency, not only in the Troad, but throughout the Thracian Chersonesus, throughout the valleys of Asia Minor, and elsewhere, Dr. Clarke and other travellers have been induced to doubt, and I may add my doubts to theirs.

The traditions of the people, both Turks and Greeks, (if that is of any weight,) refer most of them to a warlike origin of comparatively moderate date, and very few to sepulchres. We have, however, the testimony of history for this mode of disposing of the remains of the illustrious dead in Lydia; and that country might have derived her modes from, or given them to, her neighbours—Phrygia, Mysia, Caria, Ionia, Æolis, and Doris, in each of which these mounds are frequent. Near Pergamus there are three tumuli of considerable elevation, besides many conical hillocks, evidently raised by the hand of man. The largest of the tumuli is at the S.W. of Pergamus, about three quarters of a mile from the town, and not more than a musket-shot to the left of the road to Smyrna. Its base has been girt by walls, which are still to be traced nearly all round. The mount, at the time I was there, was covered with the richest grass, and its summit offered me a fine view of the town of Pergamus, which backed by its grand and abrupt Acropolis, and mixed up with cypresses and numerous poplar-trees, is an agreeable picture at a distance. The next tumulus, a few hundred yards to the left, or to the south, is irregular and bare, with no appearance of building about it. The third, nearer to the town, is a beautiful green hill like the first, but also without any ruins.

During my stay at Pergamus, I observed that the Turkish quarter of the town was very dull in the day-time; half the shops were shut up; few but the poorer Turks were abroad, or if you met an effendi he seemed gloomy and unsociable. No sooner, however, had the evening gun fired, than the scene became gay and animated. The bazaars were lighted up, the cook-shops thrown open, the coffee-houses crowded, pipes lit, and something like good-humour revived. Strapping fellows were seen stalking from the

kibabjis with their smoking dinner; from better houses issued savoury odours of roasted, and fry: every where you saw signs that the Moslems were indemnifying themselves for the fast of the day with the feast of the night. At a later hour, after their repast, the coffee-houses and the bazaars were well filled: some groups gathered round an itinerant tale-teller, on benches in the open air, all smoking their *chibooks*, or indulging in the rarer delight of a *Narghilé*.* The restraint of the day gave a charm to the liberty of the night, and on such occasions even the Turks can be cheerful.

I went one night to the agha's. Here reigned the same spirit. Two horses richly caparisoned stood at the outer gate; by the sides of the gate branches of pine-trees were burning as an illumination, in iron gratings that were fastened on poles about six feet high. In the lobby, the slaves and attendants were smoking; the interior of the konack was lighted by numerous lamps; visitors came and went, and the governor was never left a moment without some half dozen of notables, smoking by his side. The visitors were all in their best robes and turbans. The contrasting and bright colours affected in the oriental costume, the variety of rapidly changing faces, the gay light shed by the lamps, the stir and bustle, were well calculated to strike a stranger.

I was treated with coffee, a *chibook* and sweetmeats; and as I sat smoking, in the midst of these Osmanlis, each as brilliant as a tulip, I could not help thinking that my European dress, and its colours of sober grey and black, must look rather beggarly. What, however, interested me as much as any thing at the agha's, was the sight of a young man, a descendant and a branch of the great Carasman Oglu family; of that illustrious race, that held so long the whole of these wide regions of Asia Minor as their property, or their government, and who had maintained, to an astonishing degree, (for Turkey) peace, justice, and happiness, who had improved the country and the condition of the people, and to whose comparative refinement of manners, and noble hospitality, all travellers at the time bore witness.† This lopped branch seemed about five or six-and-twenty years old, rather delicate in person, and

* *Narghilé*, a water-pipe.

† The reader will remember the admirable picture of the Asiatic Lord, in *Anastasius*. Mr. Hope, in the course of his travels, was personally acquainted with the Carasman-Oglus, I believe, through the introduction of the late Mr. Robert Wilkinson, (a great friend of the family,) a merchant of Smyrna, and the father of my friends Messrs. W——, to whose kindness I have several times referred.

superior in manner, if his name did not prejudice me in his favour. I learned afterwards, that Pergamus was his habitual residence; that he was wealthy, (for that country,) mild, and affable; but indolent like the rest of the Turkish proprietors, and devoted to nothing but his *chibook* and his *harem*, which was said to be well furnished. It could hardly be otherwise; deprived of all political influence, of power, or occupation of any sort, where his race had almost reigned; with nothing to engage activity, or awaken his intellectual faculties, he had taken refuge from the tedium of life, in sensuality. This is the general course followed by Turks, whose fortunes permit, and we see its general effect (I speak of the rich) in the decay of the brilliant qualities that distinguished their ancestors—in a prostration of spirit, in a grovelling and beastly devotion to the mere pleasures of the senses.

When the present sultan Mahmood's jealousy, seconded by the views of the astucious favourite of the time, Halet-effendi, (a Turk, who at Paris had contracted many of the levelling ideas of the French revolution—ideas false and pernicious in themselves, and not likely to be improved in their passage through his mind,) when Mahmood began the destruction of the *Ayans*, or hereditary lords of the Empire, he was obliged to respect the high and powerful blood of the Carasman-Oglus. He waited for years before he would even venture to curtail their authority; but when the head of the race expired, and the young and inexperienced members were left, he succeeded in reducing the noble house to that general level above which *his* Imperial head alone is to rise. He drew some of them to the capital,* and burdened and chained them with honours, that their wise and spirited fathers had always disdained and refused. Others were left in the provinces at Magnesia, at Pergamus; but the influence they had been taught to consider as a birthright, was transferred to a pasha, to mootsellims, and aghas, the direct servants of the Porte.

Mahmood has had the pleasure of seeing the political power of the Carasman Oglus annihilated; but it might be a drawback on his satisfaction to

* I saw another member of the family at Constantinople. He had been ruining himself in building ships of war for the grand signior. None of the family however (any more, I believe, than their neighbours and rivals the Tchappan Oglus) had suffered death. This was something; for in the progress of the Sultan's abrogation of the feudal authority, the heads of Ayans were an object of great traffic on the roads.

know, that since that event, the condition of the country and inhabitants has deteriorated, as well as the revenue they afforded to his government.

After my visit to the agha of Pergamus I went to a coffee-house near the bazaars, where I staid till rather a late hour, amused with the scene. When I went home, I still left a crowd there. And here it will be well to remark, that the penitence and fasting of the Ramazann, except to the poorest, and perhaps to some men in office at the capital, is no very serious mortification to the Turks. They contrive to sleep through the greatest part of the day; the evening gun releases them from all restraint, and they sit up all night feasting and enjoying themselves.

At my quarters at the primate's, I had an opportunity of seeing something of the Greeks of the place. Every evening, my landlord, in his quality of primate, held a little court, composed of some of the most respectable Greeks of the town. I occupied his best room, and could hardly pretend to exclude his visitors from their usual divans; on the contrary, their society afforded me great pleasure, and I opposed my host's proposals of removing them to the lower apartment, which he, in delicacy, made every time they came. The costume, the habits, and manners of these people are essentially oriental, and I might perhaps say, Turkish; but yet the lively Greek character was in them, and its frequent bursts contrasted most singularly with their outward semblance of apathy and indifference. They sat cross-legged on the low sofa which went round three sides of the room—every man in his spleless morocco leather *mestler*, having left his *papooshes* at the threshold of the apartment; and every man furnished with a long *chibook* and a *tutum-kesses*i, or tobacco bag. But instead of the wordless silence I have remarked in Turkish congregations of the sort, we had histories and anecdotes, questions about Europe, whimsical discussions, and if not any vast deal of wit, plenty of laughter occasionally. It is matter of astonishment to see how these people bear up against the tremendous and rapidly-succeeding blows of misfortune, and how they “dwell in the midst of alarms,” with easy minds and unbroken spirits. The effect of the *kismeth*, or doctrine of fatalism and predestination on the Turks, does not (at least, at present) seem to be able to sustain a comparison, as a supporter in the miseries and reverses of mortal life, with this happy elasticity of mind of the Greeks. Without this temperament, without this elasticity, their existence would have been utterly unbearable these last six years. In rather a numerous society, there was not

an individual but had sustained some dreadful calamity since the period of the revolution. More than one had seen their children murdered before their eyes ; their wives, their daughters, carried away to worse than death ; some had seen their houses burned to the ground, and the last *para* of their property destroyed or seized ; some had been beaten and imprisoned, and two exiled for years far in the interior of Asia—yet they spoke with calmness and equanimity of these recent wrongs and sorrows, and passed the evening with a lightness and joviality that could hardly be surpassed in happier countries, where property and life are secure and sacred. A few black olives, and some *coloracki*, or small biscuits, were the refreshments served up on a low tray, and occasional sips of *raki*, aided the gaiety of the party. I never saw a papas, or Greek priest in the company : a striking difference from the society of small towns in Catholic countries, where you are almost certain to find one or more of the hierarchy.

But the Greeks, with all their superstition, do not entertain that blind reverence for the “ cloth ” which I have observed to prevail among the ignorant classes of the rival church. They separate the man from the faith he professes and teaches. This may be in part attributable to the different institutions of the two churches ; the Catholic priest, bound by a vow of celibacy, stands apart from the community—he does not form one of it—but the Greek papa* marries, and has children born unto him like the rest, and his wife and his family identify him with his lay brethren. In general, the parochial priests are ignorant, and sincere in the devotion they profess ; they are inoffensive, not so intolerant as they have been represented, simple in their lives, and unambitious. The simplicity of the lives of the priests of the Greek communion, as contrasted with those of the Latin clergy, has always been remarked. Gibbon, who had no affection for either class, says, in speaking of them as they were in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—“ The lives of the Latin clergy were more corrupt, and the Eastern bishops might pass for the successors of the apostles, if they were compared with the prelates who wielded by turns the crozier, the sceptre, and the sword.”

* The poor Greek priests marry, but those who aspire to rank in the church never do, as no ecclesiastical dignity is conferred on a married priest. The number of the aspirants is however small, and used to be confined in a great measure to the Greeks of the Fanar. The *Economos* of the patriarch at Constantinople (and his was rather the charge of a steward and administrator) was the only man of rank in the Greek church that I have known, who was married.

Among the dignitaries, there are a few men who might do honour, by their learning, to any church, but of them I shall speak hereafter. The fact, the important fact I have already stated, of their extreme willingness to promote the dissemination of the Scriptures in the vulgar idiom, and of any other book not inconsistent with the general Christian creed, will go far to ensure this body the affection of Protestants.

Pergamus had its full share of the horrors committed by the Turks in 1821—2. Considerably in the interior of the country, and with no communication with their brethren who occasionally visited the coasts, the Greeks here had hoped to escape. But the Osmanlis, who flocked by hordes to the destruction of Haivali, not contented with the deeds they had committed in that devoted town, on their return to their homes piteously massacred the in-offensive Greeks of Pergamus. A thousand are said to have fallen in this city alone. A more recent calamity had befallen the Greeks: a few months before my visit, a fire, breaking out in a Turkish bake-house, where the two quarters of the town join, had consumed about fifty of their best houses. But it must not be supposed that wretchedness is confined to the Greeks: the ruinous system of the government has oppressed and continues to oppress the whole country; in Pergamus, as elsewhere, I saw evidences of distress among the Turkish population. One morning, in crossing the square before the agha's konack, I saw a number of Turkish peasants in the extremity of affliction—the *meridji*, or tax-gatherer, had seized their horses and asses, and implements of agriculture, to pay the arrears of their imposts. The Greeks and other rayahs, though harder taxed than the Moslems, having more industry and resources than they, suffer less when left to themselves; and, with the exception of the Jews, they seem better dressed, better lodged and nourished than the generality of their proud oppressors.

Pergamus is situated somewhat more than sixty miles to the north of Smyrna. Its population, decreased as it has been, still amounts to between fourteen and fifteen thousand, of which there are above three thousand Greeks. There are not more than three hundred Armenians, and not so many Jews. A dirty little Italian quack (my friend Signor Angelo) was head practitioner of medicine in the city which gave birth to Galen, and of which Æsculapius was the tutelar divinity. I was pleased to see, that as well as at Smyrna, there were several little schools open for the instruction of children in reading and writing; but I could scarcely avoid a melancholy smile on ob-

serving that in one of them, a collection of about fifty volumes in modern Greek, printed at Venice, was honoured with the title of "The Library;"—a shrunken representative indeed of the ancient collection of two hundred thousand volumes, which, inferior only to the Alexandrian library, was formed here by the munificent monarchs of Pergamus.

Led away by the connexions that exist in my own mind, and by the numerous recollections (many of them agreeable and romantic) of my residence at Pergamus, where I staid the best part of a week, living entirely with the people of the country, and in their way, I have probably detained the reader longer than he could have wished. Yet before I take him on my journey, I must offer an attempt at the description of a scene that still fills my mind with delight.

Towards sun-set I walked in an open gallery which ran along the back of the primate's house; thence, looking over the roofs and upper apartments of curious dwellings, I saw before me, at a very few yards distance, the lofty, massy, castle-like walls of the old Greek church of Agios Theologos, whose rough ridges, covered with their nests, (larger than our bushel measure,) and whose angles, buttresses, and every "coin of vantage," used to be incessantly frequented by troops of stately storks. They were always divided into pairs, sometimes only the long elastic neck of one of them would be seen towering from the "procreant cradle," while the consort would stand by on one of his long slim legs, and watch with the assiduity of affection. Sometimes one of them caressing his mate, ere he left her, would spread his broad snow-white wings, fly away to the town or the fields, and thence return with a large twig or other materials for the nest, or a supply of provisions for his occupied partner. Other couples would be grouped on the edges of the stupendous ruin, entwining their pliant necks and mixing their long bills; or in pretty coquetry, one would bend her neck over her back, and bury her bill in the luxuriant plumage, like a pretty girl, shunning her lover's kiss but to invite it; and her consort would make his long bill clack, with a peculiar sharp and monotonous sound, and then in gentle force raise the recreant head, and embrace it with quivering delight. I have thus often counted as many as fifty couple of storks at a time upon the ruins. Mixed with these large white birds, or issuing from their nests, in the cranies of the walls below those of the storks, or flitting athwart the twilight sky, were thousands of little blue turtle-doves, forming an amorous choir,

which never ceased its cooing by day or by night. These sounds, and I must add, the vernal voices of cuckoos, almost equally numerous, used to compose me to sleep, and to them I awoke in the morning. Looking beyond the walls, to the left of the ruins, I could discover the vast, melancholy plain, traversed by the river Caicus, and bounded by majestic mountains ; and near at hand, rushing along between tall poplar trees, and traversed by a rude Turkish bridge, was the mountain stream of the Cetius, at that season a rich rivulet.

These poetical birds, the stork and the dove, certainly characterize “the land of the east, and the clime of the sun ;” but from my experience, I should exclude the nightingale, which Lord Byron included in his magnificent imitation of Göethe’s sonnet on Italy.* I never heard the nightingale in any part of Turkey I visited, except at Kiathané, near Constantinople, and at some of the villages on the Bosphorus. In the neighbourhood of Smyrna it is so rare, that I remember being told by a young Frank lady, that she had never heard mention of such a bird.

* Every body will remember this—the beautiful opening of the *Bride of Abydos*, “Know ye the land,” &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Pergamus—Soma—Turkish School—Turkish Jews—Scenery—Fair at Kirkagatch—Greek College—Ayakeui—Female Captive—Magnesia—Turkish Khans—Camels—Turkish Tale-Tellers—Mosques—Turkish College—Medical Pretenders—Grotesque Exhibitions—Coursing in Turkey—Turkish Mansion—Population of Magnesia—Religious Enthusiasm—Mosques of Magnesia.

I LEFT the ancient city of Pergamus on the 29th of March, at four in the morning, for the town of Kirkagatch, the centre of a rich cotton district, for Magnesia and Sardes. On issuing from the town by a Turkish cemetery, we struck across the plain of the Caicus towards some conical mountains, part of the Sardene chain that separates this plain from that of the Hermus, in a direction nearly due east. We were soon perplexed in a long succession of dangerous bogs and swamps, caused by the inundations of the river and streams, which, as I have before mentioned, are permitted to devastate this fertile and beautiful country. Two hours after our departure from Pergamus, we again crossed the Caicus by a half ruined wooden bridge. A few paces above this bridge a stream running from the north, and at its junction looking as considerable as the Caicus itself, falls into that river. I am inclined to believe this stream to be the Celius, which, according to Col. Leake's map of Asia Minor, rises under Mount Pindasus, at no great distance. After passing the Caicus, my guide pointed out a large village to the right, on the lower declivity of the mountain, where, he told me, pieces of old building, marbles, and coins were frequently dug up by the peasants. This was probably the site of the ancient Apollonia, which was situated on an eminence to the east of Pergamus.

As we left the river behind us, the country gradually improved. At first we found rich pastures; then pastures mixed with corn-land, and fields dedicated to the cultivation of the cotton-plant. Some villages were seen at

a distance ; showing themselves through groves of elegant poplars ; and when we arrived at Soma, we found the immediate neighbourhood of that town really magnificent. (I was five hours riding from Pergamus to Soma ; the distance may be about eighteen miles.) This little town is beautifully situated on the acclivity of a hill : the mountains which rise close behind, are rendered very picturesque by their rugged outline, bold precipices, and dark woods of pine ; and the plain which spreads before, traversed in a graceful, winding line by the river Caicus, was then gay with the verdure of spring, and cultivated to a degree, very rare in this country. Soma contains about six thousand inhabitants, of which nearly one half are Greeks.

During my stay at Pergamus, I heard a strange account of a village in the neighbourhood of Soma, called Trachalla, and for this I directed my steps while the horses were refreshing. I happened to pass through one of the streets just at the moment of the eruption of a Turkish school, the riotous little members of which followed me far up the hill, shouting and laughing with all their might. I entered a deep winding defile (at the bottom of which a brawling stream coursed along, turning some mills) that ascends from the back of the town up the mountains. In a quarter of an hour I came in sight of Trachalla, pitched like an eagle's nest on the rocky peak of a steep mountain : so steep and lofty, indeed, that though it seemed close to me, it took me half an hour's laborious climb to reach the village. The occupants of this airy tenement, though Mussulmans, have all a strongly marked Jewish countenance, totally different from the Turks, and which cannot be mistaken. They have been established there a great length of time—they keep apart from both Turks and Greeks with great care—they have no fellowship with any of their neighbours—they intermarry among themselves, and never give a bride from their village, or receive one from elsewhere—they attend the mosque on Friday, and fulfil all the religious duties prescribed to them by the Mahometan law ; but the Saturday they hold as a holiday on which they will “ do no manner of work.” This strange, unsocial, exclusive race, is undoubtedly descended from some of the scattered children of Israel, many thousands of whom were forcibly converted to Mahometanism during the early conquests of the Turks, when the Koran held a close alliance with the scimitar, (the blade of the one inculcating the doctrine of the other,) when the conquered and captive had to choose between Islamism and death, and long ere the present intolerance or indifference prevalent through the Ottoman empire was

known: and it is singular to remark, to what a degree and through what an extent of time these extraordinary beings have preserved their original character and attachment to their ancient usages. At first, perhaps, the keeping holy the Saturday, was a sort of compromise between their old religious faith and their new, but *now* they are observed to be as thorough Mussulmans as any of their neighbours; and their varying from the Turks in that respect, and their custom of intermarrying only among themselves, is scarcely to be attributed to any lingering affection to the Mosaic institutions. They seemed to be a fine set of people—a striking family likeness prevailed in all those I saw. (I remarked one young girl of extraordinary beauty and grace, with the real Hebrew eye—that eye different from all others of the east or the west, the north or the south; and which, he who has once well studied it, can never mistake afterwards.) They have the reputation of being a harsh race, bold, but cruel, and not over scrupulous in honesty. My conductor advised me to stay as short a time as possible, and seemed very glad when we regained the khan at Soma. Here a Turkish guard demanded my *teskerè* or passport, and this was the first and only time it was asked for, from my leaving Smyrna to my return. By mistake, I produced an old *teskerè* I had in my pocket-book, given me the autumn of last year by the Agha of Chesmé, for a journey to the ruins of Erythrae; but it was all one—the sight of the Turkish character and signet was enough, not a man among them could read.

I left Soma at noon. The country for some distance continued to be beautiful, but as the plain widened it became less interesting: the hills to the left were low and naked: the plain seemed waste and destitute of verdure; but it is this plain that produces the great quantity of fine cotton (the valuable staple commodity of the district) which is bought up at Kirkagatch for the market of Smyrna. The mountains on our right, however, were not destitute of grandeur. We kept close to their base, following their curve, and passing at intervals some picturesque clumps of pine-trees, until we reached Kirkagatch, which is situated in a corner, at the very foot of the mountain; a lofty, bare, grey precipice of which serves it as an epaulement. Kirkagatch is between twelve and thirteen miles to the east of Soma, but owing to the badness of our horses, and the inconvenience of our Turkish saddles, which we had unfortunately preferred this day to the broad *palanca* or Tatar's saddle, we were more than four hours in riding that distance.

I should not omit to mention that the *suridji* (the man that goes with hired

or post-horses, and acts at the same time as guide) who conducted us this day from Pergamus, of which place he was a native, had just a few days before arrived from Egypt, where he had been carried after the battle of Navarino. We had hardly mounted our horses in the morning, when he told us he had been in that tremendous fight—a circumstance which I did not think calculated to increase his good will to Franks—to an Englishman. I was however much mistaken; for he went on to tell us, that after the ship of the line on board of which he served had been blown to pieces, he was picked up when on the point of drowning, (and several of his comrades with him,) by an English boat—that the English were kind to him—that they fed him well, gave him cloathes, (part of which he still wore, and the articles of honest Jack's wardrobe, contrasted oddly enough with the rest of his oriental attire,) that he saw them and the French as well, treat the wounded Turks and Egyptians, abandoned by their own countrymen, with merciful attention. He concluded by expressing an ardent gratitude, by saying, that the Franks were good people, and that he should always love them. He certainly seemed to lose no opportunity of describing the terrific conflict, and praising the magnanimity of the enemy, and I reflected with pleasure that this poor creature, in the course of his journeys and his ordinary communications with his countrymen, may operate an extensive and important good. He may show them that the Christian people are not really the implacable enemies to Mussulmans that they have been described to be; (for the vulgar notion of Christians is scarcely more favourable than our nursery portrait of the turbaned and malignant Turk;) that they profess and practice the virtues most recommended by their holy prophet, and thus he may awaken a responsive feeling in some bosoms, and convince even the harsh and fanatic, that men capable of such deeds do not quite merit to be considered and treated as dogs, when adverse fate subjects them to the Mussulmans. There are many Turks who have similar tales to tell—may they all be animated with as good feelings as this poor fellow, and serve as missionaries of mercy wherever they go!

On entering the town of Kirkagatch I found it crowded and busy, a grand fair being held that day. Long strings of camels, relieved of their loads, were recumbent in the streets we passed; and in the yard of the khan we alighted at, large bales of beautifully white cotton were displayed, and parties of Armenian brokers were engaged bargaining and chaffering with the

Turkish and Greek cultivators. The stately storks, and the pretty turtle doves at the same time, were strutting and flitting about the court, fearless and familiar even in a crowd. I was followed through the streets to the khan, by a man in the Frank costume, who addressing me in a broad Neapolitan dialect, bade me welcome to Kirkagatch, told me he was a “*Professore di Medicina*,” and offered me his services. He had very much the air of some of my old acquaintances the mountebanks that frequent the molo at Naples; and my recent intercourse with the Italian quack at Pergamus, had disinclined me to any further communication with their caste. His civility however was not to be repulsed—he followed me when I went out to look at the town, acted as my *cicerone*, returned and supped with me at the khan; and (what perhaps may appear incredible) in the course of four or five hours he was with me, never made an attempt to cheat me, with coins or any thing else.

Kirkagatch is a considerable place, but inferior in population to Pergamus. The Greeks formed one half of the population, and among them were many wealthy, respectable families engaged in the cotton trade. Since the Revolution, they have suffered like their brethren in other parts of Asia Minor, and many of them are fled. The primate whom I visited had a good house and a very interesting family. Two young men, his eldest sons, had been at the Greek college at Haivali—they spoke French tolerably, Italian very well, and seemed to have some notions of literature. I was surprised and amused on turning over their books, to find a translation in modern Greek, of terse John Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*! I have since, however, had opportunity of seeing among the Greeks, many other copies of the same work and the same edition, which proceeds from an English Missionary press at Malta, conducted by a Mr. Wilson. Among the mean, ruinous looking houses of the Turks at Kirkagatch, there was one belonging to the Karasman-Oglu family that deserved the name of a palace—(at Soma they have another mansion,) the khan we were lodged at, also belonged to them, besides which, a mosque, a hospital, and several public fountains, attested their wealth and their munificence. I shall again have occasion to speak of this great but fallen family, splendid traces, and honourable testimonials of which, I met with wherever I went. I saw no ancient remains about the town of Kirkagatch, except some fractured columns in the Turkish cemeteries; but I was told there were several ruins in the plain, and that medals were

frequently found. This indeed is very probable—the rich neighbourhood anciently teemed with population (a narrow circle having enclosed four splendid cities) and I regretted that my time did not permit me to run over the whole plain of the Caicus, which, like the plain of the Hermus, has never been properly examined. I visited the Greek church in the town:—it is rich, and ornamented in much better taste than is usually found; it contains some paintings similar in style, and not much inferior to the works of Pietro Perugino. There was a holy family in particular, which I could almost have taken for a *morceau* of the divine Raphael's master, of whose merits, by the bye, I do not entertain quite so elevated an opinion as George Primrose's cousin. The credulous Greeks have recourse to a miraculous interference, to account for the escape of this church from spoliation and destruction during the last troubles.

I left Kirkagatch the next morning at five o'clock, for Magnesia, with rather a numerous company of Turkish travellers. The katerdji, or carrier, that had been accustomed to go to and from Magnesia, on fixed days, had disappeared the week before, and as no other robbers had infested the roads for years, it was concluded those bold depredators the Greek Samiotes, had extended their excursions so far, which was deemed to render it necessary that travellers should proceed in large bodies, and well armed. We passed through a small village almost immediately after leaving the town. After a ride of little more than hour, along the base of these mountains, our caravan struck across them, by a rude and precipitous path, in a direction about S. E., and in an hour and a half more, reached a pretty little town called Ayakeui. There also I met a quack doctor, the son of an Italian barber at Smyrna, who served me as *cicerone*. This town, pleasantly situated on a spur of Mount Sardene, and on the edge of the great Magnesia plain, contains some tolerably good houses, and has altogether an air of comfort and neatness rarely met with in Turkey. A vast palace of the Karasman-Oglus, deserted and hastening to decay, stands at one end of the town, and a large and tasteful kiosk, with gardens, belonging to the same family, crowns a neighbouring eminence. The country about Ayakeui, for some distance, is well cultivated and productive in corn. After an hour's rest, we journeyed on, and soon reached the level of the extensive plain of the Hermus, which I had crossed in my journey from Smyrna to Pergamus, below Menimenn. Beyond the district of Ayakeui, cultivation ceases; it is succeeded by tracts

of pasture, wide and luxuriant, but most scantily supplied with flocks and herds. The description of the plain of the Caicus, in my preceding chapter, may be applied almost without varying, to this, its neighbour;—strips of cultivation, extensive pastures, Turkish cemeteries, where there are now no signs of a living being, unhealthy swamps, and wide gravelly veins, traced by the river and its tributary streams, are the marking features of both. We rode across the melancholy flat, until eleven o'clock, when we halted by a marble fountain; near which is a large open kiosk, destined for the shelter, the repose, and devotions of travellers; both erected by the Karasman-Oglus. The suridjis taking the bits from the horses' mouths, and slipping shackles over their fore-feet, left them to graze on the rich grass, while we discussed our frugal meal and smoked our pipes, reposing in the hospitable shade of the building.

At noon, we were again on the road, or rather on our journey, for we rode across a fair carpet of verdure, on which a path was seldom visible. In two hours we reached another fountain and sheltering kiosk, also erected by the munificent Karasman-Oglus, and here we found a party of Turks—the first travellers—the first human beings we had seen since leaving Ayakeui. Being also directed for Magnesia they went on with us. As we proceeded I perceived that one of the party was a female, and apparently not a Turkish female—her dress and *chaussure* were in the fashion peculiar to the Greek girls; but a Turkish *mechrem* tied by a fillet round her head, concealed her face, her neck, her shoulders, as effectively as if a sack had been drawn over her. This circumstance naturally interested me, and I attempted to get a closer view of her person, but whenever I approached, a morose Turk who rode by her side drove on her horse, whose rough paces evidently gave her pain. I tried again and again, but all that I could see was a small delicate pair of hands holding the rude reins. At last however, at the foot of a stream, while the Turks, her companions were busied in passing their loaded mules through the water, she turned her head towards me, withdrew the vile *mechrem*, and displayed parts of a young and handsome face, and a pair of large black eyes full of tears, whose sad supplicating glances thrilled me to the soul. I saw her but for a moment—she was instantly obliged to wrap herself up; but I could not for a long while get that lovely melancholy face out of my mind, and feeling as I did at the moment, (as every man capable of generous sentiment must have felt,) I shall scarcely be accused of Quixotism, if I

say, that I would readily have exchanged a bullet or a sabre-thrust with the bearded ruffian, whose property she seemed to be, for the liberation of the helpless captive. Nothing could I do, yet I could not detach my eyes from the interesting object. My companion more prudent, warned me several times that the Turks would be offended. They were so, and loading me with abuse, they quickened their pace and left our caravan.

The city of Magnesia, on the lower slopes and at the foot of the sublime mount Sipylus, had already been visible across the flat, uninterrupted plain, for hours. Even on descending the ridge of hills by Ayakeui, it flattered us with its vicinity—yet hour after hour we journeyed on, and at last I began to suspect it was positively retreating before us. All travellers have felt this in crossing the vast plain.

At length however, at about four o'clock, there was appearance that we should catch the fugitive. We crossed the broad Hermus on a wooden bridge, and then the mosques and minarets, the castles, the *serais*, and painted houses, separated themselves in distinct forms, from the broad hazy mass of town we had so long seen. We then rode for above a mile across some fine meadow ground, enriched by the annual overflowing of the Hermus; and then came to a still wider branch* of that river, which we passed by another wooden bridge, that was at least one hundred and fifty paces in length. After the Hermus we crossed a small tributary stream. A long flat well paved causeway, elevated in most places about six feet above the level of the plain, was the road we traversed from the banks of the Hermus to the immediate entrance of the town. The length of this causeway may be half a mile—it is necessarily well preserved, for in the season of floods, the whole extent of plain it crosses is buried under water, and there is no other direct communication between Smyrna, Magnesia, and Constantinople. In certain seasons even the causeway is submerged, and lives have frequently been lost by missing it or sliding from its rather narrow pavement.

I passed near the ruins of the Serai-alteu, or palace of the Turkish Sultans

* The two were only branches of one river. The Hermus before Magnesia, runs in two arms as the Rhone does before Avignon. The arms of the Hermus being only more widely separated. Travellers in calling them two rivers have been deceived by the Turks, who not only give different names to diverging branches, but even to the different parts of the same continuous stream. In the plain of the Caicus, I heard the river called in several ways, and the same of the Hermus.

when this town was the capital of their rapidly growing empire, and in the train of a long caravan of camels, and numerous flocks of sheep and lambs, (the latter showing that Ramazann, was soon to give way to the festivities of the Bairamm,) I entered Magnesia, and dismounted at the vast Carasman-Oglu-Khan, near the bazaars. Here again my stirrup was held by a professor of the healing art, a Catholic Greek, the son of an apothecary of Smyrna, and a school-fellow of my drogoman.

Turkish khans, or caravanserais, have been often described; they are generally miserable structures, half brick and mud, and half wood, but this at Magnesia is a remarkable and magnificent one, marked with that superiority which distinguishes every thing belonging to the noble family whose name it bears. It is a quadrangular edifice, solidly built in white stone, round a square and regular area, which contains in its centre a copious fountain, a marble basin of pure water, and a kiosk. Its architecture is much like that observed in Italian monasteries, with the exception of small domes, coated with lead, that cover each of the upper apartments, and form in succession a pleasing eastern roof to the whole. The travellers' rooms, just like the cells of monks, open on spacious corridors that run parallel with the area, and being supported by columns wide apart, afford a view of the whole of that space. Issuing from the upper angles of the square were stables of immense extent. Many of the rooms on the ground floor were appropriated as magazines for merchandize; one was occupied by an Armenian watch-mender, an artist highly respected; two by *cafidjis*, who furnished the establishment with coffee and pipes; and one by a *berber*, where I was more than once amused at seeing the dexterity and quickness with which the wielder of the razor would shave the heads of some half dozen of rough *devidjis*.* My apartment was on the upper corridor. Its interior hardly corresponded with the superiority of the edifice, but it was the best in the khann. Imagine a bare room about thirty feet square, one half of it with an elevated flooring in wood, a low window with broken panes of glass, a fire-place, long unconscious of a fire, in one corner, and a large vase of water in the other, and you have my lodging, room, and furniture. On my taking possession, a black slave swept the elevated floor, and spread a large straw mat—my sofa, chair, and bed. I had not encumbered myself with a mattress, (an indispensable article for a traveller in these countries,) and on this mat I slept two nights, as I had slept one on a similar hard bed at

* *Berber*, the Turkish for Barber. *Dividji*, a camel driver.

Kirkagatch. Hard beds are said to be healthy ; but like many other salutary things, they are not very pleasant, particularly after fatigue. My drogoman contrived to borrow two low wicker stools from a neighbour : these were a great luxury. The khans furnish no meals, except for quadrupeds ; but as soon as the Ramazann sun had set, my oracle repaired to the bazaars, and soon returned with some smoking *kibabs* and other edibles. A Greek procured us a jar of superior *crassi*.

After dinner I went to walk in the corridor, and saw in the square of the khan, a large caravan of camels that had just arrived, and were bending their obedient, patient knees to resign their burdens, some of them uttering a curious, plaintive sound, as they were relieved. In the middle of the square, the open kiosk by the fountain's side, was occupied by Turks, from whose crowded group a loud laugh burst at intervals. My drogoman, with more local knowledge and better eyes, saw there one of the professional Turkish story-tellers, whose talents are in great request during the long, gay nights of the Ramazann. We lit our chibooks and repaired to the circle, which admitted us, civilly enough, to partake in their amusement ; a gigantic *devidji*, who was sitting before me, removing himself that I might see better, and an old Turk, with a venerable beard, making room for me on the low broad bench which ran round the kiosk.

This was altogether one of the most striking eastern scenes my travels presented. The tale-teller, an odd-looking little fellow, with a sugar-loaf hat, bound with a dirty yellow handkerchief, a dirty yellow beneesh, that in his sedentary, crouching attitude, covered him entirely, and gave him the appearance of an extraordinarily large toad-stool, sat cross-legged in the midst. Around this centre of attraction, thickly wedged, and in the same posture, were camel-drivers, mountaineers, denizens of Magnesia, Asiatic Turks of all descriptions, with varied costumes, and each with the inseparable girdle containing yataghans and mounted pistols. The expression of the Turk's countenance, even in moments of relaxation and enjoyment, is fixed and sedate, which gave the greater effect to the general "broad grin" that the narrative would occasionally elicit. The kiosk we all sat in, was eastern in its architecture, and in the painted ornaments of its pending trelliced roof ; by its side, the marble fountain, whose waters gently splashed, and the broad sheet of water in its marble basin, shone in the moonlight ; beyond, were the white cloisters of the caravanserai, and over their grey domes, a pure blue sky, studded with stars. Near at hand, a tall arrowy minaret rose in

light, and a gilt crescent at its diminished point, glistened in the rays of the moon, of which it is the type so cherished by Osmanlis. Though still in the month of March, the night was mild and balmy. My mind recurred involuntarily to the unrestrained imaginings of my early life, when the land of the east, seen through the medium of the Arabian Nights, was the region of enchantment and effulgent brightness; rich, beauteous, gorgeous, and immeasurably distant,—far too remote ever to be trodden by my northern feet.

Why should I have to destroy, in part, so romantic a picture!

The tales of the man in yellow, were sensual, filthy, and grossly profligate, all turning on one subject, and expressed with consummate depravity; and the grosser the details, the more complacent the chuckle, the louder the laugh of the audience. When he had finished for the night, his exertions were rewarded by a general contribution of those infinitely small Turkish coins, the value of each of which is about the fifth part of a farthing. The rogue had one thing in his practice in common with the fair Scheherazade, the recounter of the “thousand and one nights,” he always left his story suspended at a most interesting part, or artfully interwove it with another, in order to secure for the next night, the return of his hearers. The stakes were different: *he* did this to continue a receipt of *paras*, *she* to lengthen her life.

My orientalism was further interrupted at the breaking up of the company, by seeing two mountaineers, recruits for the army, ill-use, without any provocation, some lads of Greeks, who had been quietly seated on the steps of the kiosk. One of them, they pushed into the fountain, I had been admiring so much. When I returned to my room, I found another “Professore di Medicina,” (these quacks beset me every where, as the figs had done at Smyrna!) waiting to pay his compliments. This, however, was a man of some note; no less a personage than the Milanese doctor, formerly Neapolitan consul of Scio, where I had heard facts of him, a tithe of which in his own country would have sent him to the gallows. Finding his character at Smyrna too well known, and that competitors in his line of business were numerous, and creditors troublesome, he had retired to reap laurels, in the shape of sequins, to this inland town—to poison the Turks of Magnesia, instead of those of Ismir. To me he was profuse of his services and his flattery. I wanted not the one, and I despised the other; but as he was living in the same khan, in the room but one next to mine, I could not get rid of him.

I staid at Magnesia five days, examining the town and its neighbourhood,

and I may presume, perhaps, to beg the reader's attention a quarter of an hour, to a short sketch of the most interesting objects and scenes I observed there.

Besides eighteen *messjids**, some with one minaret, and some with no minaret at all, Magnesia contains two stately imperial mosques, which might bear comparison with many of the privileged foundations of Stamboul. The mosques of Smyrna are, like every thing in that town, rather paltry. I had not before seen a respectable building of the sort, and was much struck with these at Magnesia. Nor is the style of building, though remote from the models we cherish, and our ideas of art, by any means destitute of charms. Bold walls, pierced with many small windows, and terminating generally in a semi-circle; a portico, with ancient columns, and a group of cupolas, that detach, or mass curiously, as you change your position, may afford pleasure, particularly when flanked, as here, by magnificent trees—the plane and the cypress. And then there is the light, towering minaret, (which I would rank among the most beautiful, the most poetic of art's creations,) so slender it seems, it should vibrate in the breeze; so lofty, it carries our eye along its tapering point, heavenward. Our pretty, slender steeples in England, are heavy and vulgar compared with the Turkish minarets.† In the square before each of the imperial mosques at Magnesia, I observed a beautiful marble fountain, composed of the materials of some ancient, and probably more beautiful work of art. On two sides of the square were cloisters and cells, for the abode of the religious and the poor, but they seemed deserted. I visited a Medressè, or Turkish college, attached to the larger of the two. It is built much like a monastery, or my khan, just described; but, of course, infinitely less than the latter. I saw one large hall, in an angle of the building, furnished with elegant embroidered sofas, (much the worse for wear,) a marble kiblè, and a sort of pulpit, made of wood. There was some prettily stained glass in the windows; and a fine Egyptian matting covered the floor. This apartment was used for examinations, and other important ceremonies. The rooms occupied by the professors, were dark and dirty.

I was ushered into these hallowed recesses of the church and law, by two young Turks; but before I finished my examination, I was surrounded by

* The common mosques are thus called.

† Imperial mosques have never less than two of these minarets; some have four; and one or two at Constantinople, six.

the whole college; by about fifty scions of the Osmanli family, in all the pride of turbans and yellow boots. They were noisy and frolicsome, but extremely civil, and, what pleased me as much, very inquisitive. They asked me about England—whether all the people there lived in *beliks**—about Franguestan in general. My translated replies, and my patience (their civility merited it) in showing them every thing I wore, and every thing I had in my pockets, gained their affections; and one of them, a handsome youth, with a budding mustache, said it was really a pity I was not a moslemin.

I saw the books over which these youths, (who vivacious, and possessed of natural talent,) were wasting years of their lives. They were chiefly the Korann and its interminable commentaries, the Haddies and the Muezzman; the only work on profane science, that I observed, was a small Turkish geography.† Most of these manuscripts were prettily written, and some few of them ingeniously illuminated. On enquiring what were the hours generally devoted to study, I learned that my young friends ran little risk of falling martyrs to over-application.

When they had showed me every thing about the Medressè, they would have taken me into the mosque; but it was one of the canonical hours, and many Turks were there. They took me instead into the room of an old Chodgea, or preceptor, who had the hospitality to regret that the Ramazann prevented his offering me a chibook and coffee. After a long visit, I took my leave, full of gratitude and astonishment at the kindness I had received.

One morning, as I was wandering through the streets of the town, my steps were arrested by a loud droning noise that issued from a low dark house. This was a school. The door was open, and I entered. At the head of the room sat an old Emir, with a long wand or stick in his hand, and round its sides, all squatted on their heels, were some twenty or thirty little urchins, with ragged books, or pieces of paper in their hands. They were all reading aloud—all at once, producing with their twanging voices a most singular *broulamini*—a chorus, monotonous, loud, and indistinct, not much unlike a pond of bull-frogs in the neighbouring marshes. It must have been utterly impossible for the Chodgea to distinguish in the confusion of voices, who read well, or who read amiss; all he could do, was to keep up th

* Belik. Turkish for a great ship.

† The Haddies are a collection of Mahomet's proverbs, and the Muezzman the united works of sundry Turkish saints.

quantum of noise, which he did by solemnly tapping each relaxing chorister by a blow on the head with his long stick; and it was laughable beyond measure, to hear the little rogues reply to this application, by pitching in, far above the general key, and conning their lessons with one eye on the book, and the other on the Dominø's green turban.

All my observations were not of this pleasing, ludicrous nature. On crossing a square, I saw a green flag displayed, and got rudely hustled from one side to the other, called every opprobrious name in the Turkish vocabulary, and threatened with the flourishing of arms by a bairak of savages, who were just arrived, on their way from the interior to the Dardanelles and the coast of Troy. A short time after, I saw one of these fellows in the bazaar, quarrelling with a vender of chibooks, a Turk. The mountaineer waxed furious in an instant; he nearly cut off the head of the poor *chibookji*, who, sitting on his heels on the board in the front of his shop, seemed to have no idea that the discussion was to come to such an end. On my part, I could have no idea that a blow from a yataghan, that seemed dealt without any extraordinary exertion, could have produced such a ghastly wound: it had literally half severed the fellow's head from his body, and seemed to have cut through the clavícula. The ruffian was seized and bound instantly by the Turks in the bazaar; but during my stay, I did not hear of the execution he merited.

The same evening I witnessed another rather tragical scene, but in this a *zebeck* was the sufferer.* As one of these barbarians was squatting down to smoke his pipe, a crazy pistol in his girdle went off, and lodged its ball in his hip. He was brought limping, by some of his comrades, to the shop of the Smyrniote doctor, where I happened to be at the time. The "professore" of medicine and surgery coolly made him pull off his short cotton drawers, the only clothing to the nether man I ever saw these fellows wear, and began groping and probing in such a manner as made the Turk howl with pain. Finding that he could not extract the ball, he told the man to have patience, to go and lie quiet all night; he would make him up a salve to anoint the wound, and in the morning he would take out the ball. The salve was made up from some gallipots in the window, containing God knows what, but—(and here the patience and forbearance of the violent Turks astonished me)

* *Zebeck*, signifies mountaineer, but the word was applied generally to the Asiatic levies.

he would not deliver it unless he was first paid three piastres (about a shilling.) The wounded man had no money, and his companions had only a few *paras*. They promised they would pay to-morrow, when they were to receive money from their *Bimbashi*.^{*} The doctor would not give them credit for an hour. The suffering wretch saw the medicine, that he at least thought would ease his pains, in the grasp of the mercenary, unsympathizing Ghiaour—if he and his companions, barbarians as they were, had cut the doctor's throat and taken it, I should hardly have been surprised. They did no such thing—they confined themselves to humble entreaty, and when the wounded man saw the Christian inflexible, he absolutely took his yataghan, and gave it into his hands as security for payment. I could not help asking the Signor Professor, whether he did not apprehend the violence of the Turks for such hard dealing. "O no," said he, "I am the *Hekimbashi* (chief doctor) of the town; I serve the governor; and besides, the Turks can't do without us—they are always respectful to doctors—a doctor may do what he likes! If I were not to act in this manner, I should have my shop emptied in a day, and not get a *para* for my medicines." Later in the evening, as I was smoking my *chibook* at the khann, with the old Milanese doctor by my side, the Smyrniote made his appearance on a sudden. The wounded Turk, suffering extremely, had sent his comrades to tell him, that if he would go and extract the ball, he should have twenty piastres in the morning. Diffident, for once, of his own ability, he consulted the more consummate talent of the Milanese, and at last proposed that the latter should perform the simple operation, and that they should divide spoils. "*Venti piastre*," said the Milanese, "*è troppo poco*."—"But if they offer twenty, they may give thirty, forty, on hard squeezing," said the Smyrniote. "*E un operazioncino di ottanta piastre, per lo meno*," said the Milanese, reflecting. The Smyrniote rejoined, that perhaps they might extract as much as fifty piastres, and that, by speaking to the Mutzellim, he could ensure payment from the *bimbashi*. The two learned brothers went away together. I soon saw the Milanese return to the khann. Even he had not withdrawn the ball—he had made incisions; I think he said he had introduced a seton; on the morrow he was to extract the lead, and they were to receive, on delivery of the same, the sum of fifty piastres. "*Venticinque piastre ciascheduno—venti cinque piastre—non è tanto male*," said he, rubbing his hands. I was amused, delighted, to

^{*} Bimbashi, literally the head of a thousand; but the title is given to the commander or colonel of any regiment, however far it may be from "a thousand strong."

hear next morning that the impatient Turk, by rolling and tumbling about in the night, had thrown the ball near the orifice of the wound, that one of his companions had drawn it out with a pair of *mashà*,* and that they refused to pay an *asper* to the Ghiaours, sticking to the letter of the bond, that they were only to pay on receipt of the ball from their hands. Had they extracted it?—No. The Milanese consolo-medico was highly incensed: he called the Turks faithless dogs, and blamed his own obliging temper and good-nature for letting him be led away by a green-horn, (the Smyrniote,) “ *chi conosceva la chirurgia, come il suo bastone—e chi non sapeva dove la lingua latina, stava di casa !*”

I should mention, as an important occurrence, that this evening, in addition to the tale-teller in the kiosk, we had in a room in the khan a phantasmagoric representation—(something between the French “ ombres chinoises” and our Punch and Judy,)—the only approach to the drama I ever saw in Turkey. This was, if possible, more disgusting than the stories—it was suddenly interrupted. A number of *chiaoushes* made their appearance, and ordered the ingenious artist, in the name of the governor, to pack up his apparatus, and decamp. At such an imperative intimation, the *dramatis personæ* were at once flung into the bag, and the admiring spectators separated.

Either out of a delicate regard for the morals of the faithful, or, what was more probable, from an apprehension of riots, should these *attroupements* be permitted at a time of excitement like the present, and when so many of the wild mountaineers were in the town, the following morning the Mutzelli despatched the public crier (the office exists in all Turkish towns) to the bazaars and the corners of the streets, to give solemn notice that thenceforth both public tale-telling and puppet-shows were prohibited.

I saw a good deal of the *bairaks*, or irregular levies,—more than was agreeable: they were the wildest and most insolent Turks I had yet come in contact with. Some of them were finely limbed and athletic; but these qualities were by no means general; on the contrary, many of them were ugly, ill-made scarecrows. Their dress was strikingly savage: a huge conical hat without rims, worn a little on one side, with a thick turban, (red stripes on a yellow ground,) equipped their heads. They wore a loose short jacket without any collar, (for a Turk must expose his neck,) and scanty drawers of a most indecorous cut; their legs, from considerably above their knees to the pa-

* Small iron tongs the Turks use to light their pipes.

pooshes, were bare. They had all thick girdles, made of the same common shawl material, and mostly of the same pattern, as their turbans. In these girdles were stuck, just in front, producing an unsightly protuberance, sheathed yataghans, and one, two, three, or four pistols, as their opulence might be. I saw two *bairaks* march, one half of the men or more were without muskets. The whole were wretchedly equipped, with arms of their own producing; and as each man consults his own taste and the strength of his finances, or produces some heir-loom that has been in his family for ages, the variety in this important department will be readily conceived. Some have tremendously long guns, some short guns, and many, as I have said, no guns at all. Bayonets are unknown to them; the fire-arms, bad in quality, are rarely kept in good repair, which, added to the badness of the powder, throws the chances against gun or pistol ever going off at the first attempt. As the *bairaks* were leaving Magnesia, I saw a fellow pull the trigger of his pistol three times, and it did not go off at last; and I have seen elsewhere many such instances.

The military spirit of Asia Minor, at the time I am speaking of, was evidently at a low ebb. These fellows, such as they were, had not been raised without difficulty; they were no longer men to rush at the raising of a green standard, and to follow it where the representative of the prophet list, without misgiving or calculations for their own subsistence, or that of their wives and children they were to leave behind.* The notorious Hatti-sheriff, which the sultan, perhaps for his own safety, never intended to have the effect that Russia foresaw in it, had, in fact, been a dead letter, inasmuch as it did nothing in telling the Moslems (who are always and habitually armed) to arm, and it could not make them enroll and march. To do the latter, another and more worldly method was resorted to; the empire was divided into *kasars* or districts,† and each district was to furnish a certain number of men, enlisting them with an advance of hard cash, and assurance for the support of their

* The Koran recommends early marriage. All the Turks marry young; it is difficult (unless you descend to children, as was chiefly done for the *tacticoes*) to find a recruit for the army, who is not hampered with a wife and family. This may make them the better soldiers for the defence of their own homes, and their immediate neighbourhood; but it must unfit them for long and distant campaigns.

† The calculation made at Constantinople, *on paper*, stood thus:—2,400 *Kasars* in the whole Empire, (European and Asiatic Turkey,) each to furnish 300 men, and 600 in case of extremities.

families. The bounty-money had varied ; but I heard that in many cases it had been as high as two hundred piastres per man, the half of which, as a ratio, must have been severely felt by the impoverished country. With the exception of the Hazzaps, the Seymens, the Musselandins,* in the service of different pashas, and the retainers of the Ayans or feudatory chiefs, who enjoy, like our ancient knights, certain territories on condition of military service when called on, the mass of the irregular infantry who have taken the field since the beginning of the present war with Russia, have been raised in this manner.

The land-holders and wealthier classes of Turks in the districts I visited, seemed generally discontented, I might almost say disaffected ; and I was astonished at the freedom with which they expressed their opinions on the measures of the sultan. I had a long conversation with an effendi at Pergamus, and another with a Turkish gentleman at Magnesia, who agreed in stating that the country was already oppressed beyond bearing. "And what is all this for?" said one of them, "for what are we obliged to keep increasing the burdens of the people, while they are becoming every day less and less able to bear even what they have hitherto borne? for what, but for the new expensive whims of the sultan, and for his obstinacy." Anadoli has been drained of money, and thinned of men, (a vast number of whom have died of want without ever seeing an enemy,) to reconquer Greece, which is nothing to us in Asia, as we never *did*, and never *shall*, derive any benefit from it ; and now we are about to have a war with you Franks to finish our ruin !" All this boded ill of the success of the approaching conflict ; but the attack aroused the indignant lion in the Turks, and the inconceivable mismanagement of the Russian campaign allowed them time to recover their spirits. The voice of despondency was, however, that of truth ; for I everywhere found evidence that the distress of the country was not exaggerated.

During my stay in the Carasman-Oglu-khan at Magnesia, I witnessed the sale of a Greek female captive. It was the first time I ever saw a human being made an object of traffic, like a beast of burden ; and I should in vain attempt to describe the effect the revolting exhibition had on me, attended as it was with circumstances of peculiar interest. The auction had begun in a room of the khan, near the one I occupied, when the young man who ac-

* These three classes were formerly united under the name of Serratkulis, or frontier troops ; but they have not existed for years, except as occasional enrolments of pashas.

accompanied me, informed me of the business that was transacting. I thought of the young woman who had so much interested me on my journey from Kir-kagatch, and ran to the sale-room, fully expecting it was she. It was not. It was a little girl much younger, who had been taken six years before, when a child, at the sacking of Scio. She might now be about thirteen or fourteen, the age of womanhood in these countries; and her possessor had chosen the moment favourable to an advantageous disposal. It was disgusting, it was horrible to see this helpless innocent, in the midst of a crowd of Turks, who were handling her and twisting her about as horse-jockeys are wont to do with a young colt. They were almost without an exception, old men, yet——. But I dare not describe the particulars of the scene, and haste to its conclusion. Her face was pretty, her form graceful, faultless; her owner declared her temper to be good, and that nothing but his poverty prevented him from keeping her for his own use; and after long haggling, she was knocked down to one of the party for three thousand piastres. The grey-beard went away gloating at his weeping purchase; and the vender congratulated himself on having made a good sale. The old Milanese doctor, who had been conspicuous in all the transaction, and had carried his investigation even closer than the Turks, (whom he assured of the soundness and value of the object,) whispered in my ear, as the sale closed, an observation which made me shudder. A short time after, I saw the Turk leaving town, with the Greek girl mounted on a horse before him. He was the agha of some town or village in the neighbourhood.

In wandering through Magnesia, I met another man in the Frank dress, another doctor, an Italian, I was told, exiled from his own country in consequence of political party. The reader may suppose I had had enough of doctors; nor had my experience *always* tended to prove that those who lay claim to our sympathies as martyrs in the cause of liberty, must necessarily be honourable and deserving men. But the person who now addressed me with anxious pleasure, (a fine tall man, with an open, handsome countenance, and apparently about forty years of age,) had certainly the manners and language of a gentleman, and, perhaps, I was more susceptible than usual, to qualities of which I had seen no specimens for some days. He told me he was a Neapolitan, a native of Foggia, a considerable town in Apulia, which I had frequently visited with an Italian friend, the Prince D'I——. In the course of conversation, other causes of sympathy were elicited; the poor exile

was delighted, and to prolong the interview, which took place literally in the "market-place," he kindly invited me to his *umile tugurio*. On our way, he enquired where I was lodged. "At the *khan*! what, without a bed or a blanket! my dear sir, why did you not come direct to my home?" said this warm-hearted Italian, forgetting that at my arrival at Magnesia I had not the honour to know there was such a person in existence. Now, however, he insisted I should instantly take up my quarters with him. His manners pleased me: the prospect of changing a straw mat for a bed, and of ridding myself of the Milanese, was not to be despised. I sent my young man to the khan for my portmanteau and cloak, and walked home with my new friend. The Neapolitan doctor occupied a little wooden tenement at the edge of the town. He was not alone. He introduced me to a countryman, an old comrade, the partner in his misfortunes and exile, formerly an officer in the "Regina," a Neapolitan regiment of cavalry, who was equally delighted to see me, and to hear that I had made several long residences at Naples.

We spent a delightful evening, talking of the beautiful portion of Italy, the distant land of their birth, and where I also had passed many happy days, and had several dear friends. In the society of Naples, it turned out, that I had been intimately acquainted with the colonel of the cavalry officer, and had often met an uncle of the doctor's, a respectable old provincial gentleman. I had left Naples only eleven months before the date of our interview; they had received no letter, had seen no person thence for more than three years. All my news was to them of fresh date: my conversation was a treasure, and I certainly never remember to have talked so much at a sitting as this night, with these poor Italians, in a hut on the banks of the Hermus.

Signor Raffaele Basilice, a surgeon in the army, and Signor — Pierar, the cavalry officer, had fled from their country after the overthrow of the short-lived Neapolitan constitution, by the defeat of General Guglielmo Pepe at Rieti. They repaired to Spain, where their services were readily accepted by the Constitutionals, and where they rarely received pay, and were subjected to many miseries. The constitution of Spain, though it survived its offspring of Naples, was not endowed with longevity; at its death the Neapolitans became again fugitives, and this time they fled to the coast of Barbary. They passed some months at Tunis, living on the fruits of what practise the doctor could obtain among the Moors. Disgusted with that vile nest, of which the doctor gave an amusing account, they had come on to Smyrna, and finding the

practice of that place engrossed by a swarm of *soi-disant* doctors, they had lately removed to the less frequented city of Magnesia: to bury themselves in a truly Asiatic solitude, where the sight of any European must be a great rarity. Basilice, as a surgeon and doctor, could at least live, in any part of the east; and he supported, and had supported ever since they left Spain, his more destitute companion. They lived together like brothers, or rather, as brothers *should* live, having every thing in common. Their affection, their devotion to each other, was touching in the extreme. With very limited means, they had contrived to keep up the exteriors of gentility, for they were both well dressed, and cleanly in their linen and persons; a remark that may appear trifling to the reader in England, but which was calculated to strike me in the midst of tarnished finery and dirty gauze shirts.

Misfortune, besides "acquainting man with strange bedfellows," sometimes acquaints him with strange arts: it had taught Basilice and Pierar to cook a good dinner. We had some dishes dressed in a Christian-like fashion, some tolerable wine, and then our chibooks. The poor fellows made me up a good clean bed, which was a luxury indeed, after sleeping three nights on a dirty mat. The next morning, after an excellent breakfast of coffee and cream, and fresh caimac they had the kindness to prepare for me, I proposed to depart on my journey; but they pressed me so earnestly to stay with them two, three, or four days, that I agreed to pass that day and night at Magnesia.

The whole morning I spent with the doctor in visiting his patients. I had thus an opportunity of seeing in succession the interior of the houses of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; some strange domiciles, and some stranger people. I observed some very pretty Jewesses (they made no scruple to unmuffle their faces within doors) dressed in a quaint and truly eastern costume, which has probably suffered little change since the days of good king Solomon. As we were passing by the door of a Turkish hovel, a poor woman rushed out with a sick child, and wildly thrust it into the doctor's hands. He examined the poor creature, who seemed in a very bad condition, gave some advice, and told the woman to send to his house for some medicines. The mother had kept her searching eye fixed on the doctor; and when he returned the infant, she said in a tone of intense anxiety—of a mother's affection for her offspring, "Hekim, will he die? O! tell me, Hekim, will he die?" Poor Basilice was obliged to refer her to Allah, for a decision

beyond his science, but flattered her with hope ; on which she blest him, and blest the mother who bore him.

My friend's practice in this way may be supposed not very profitable, but his heart was of tenderer stuff than that of the Smyrniote or Milanese ; he could hardly refuse a little advice, and even some trifling drugs to a suffering fellow-creature. " And then," said he, " these poor creatures generally find some way of showing their gratitude, either by little presents of game, or fowls, or some other eatable ; or by rendering occasionally personal services, which is much the same to us as money." He spoke rather favourably of the general character of the poor Turks, when not worked upon by fanaticism, and their insane hatred of the Greeks. Of the wealthier and luxurious classes, and of the Turks in power, he spoke by no means so favourably. He ended his account by an observation I had often made myself. " The worst of a Turk is, you never can be sure of him one moment after the other : his changes from the most perfect tranquillity to excess of fury are so sudden. *E sempre un liono che dorme*, (he is always a sleeping lion,) and you know not when he may rouse himself."

I had already taken some long walks over parts of the steep Mount Sipylus, at whose feet Magnesia is situated, and which offers to the landscape painter, the lover of Alpine scenery, the geologist and botanist, a vast and almost untouched mine of treasures. But this afternoon the Neapolitan exiles conducted me to a spot of matchless beauty. This is a narrow, ascending valley, to the west of Magnesia, which penetrates far into the bowels of the mysterious mountain, winding round cliffs of granite and basalt of sublime altitude. A clear, brawling stream, whose sides are richly fringed with poplars and willows, runs through it from the mountains, whose lower ledges are covered with magnificent planes, oaks, and other trees : whilst higher up rises the dark pine, mixed with numerous and varied shrubs, among which the arbutus-andrachne was most conspicuous. There are two picturesque villages nestled in this valley ; there are several little mills, and high up, an airy Swiss-like bridge, close to which is a Turkish coffee-house, on a green platform, surrounded with rich plane trees—a spot to smoke a quiet chibook, and to think oneself in paradise.

The view from the castle hill, which is a lofty, rugged mass, thrown out by the Sipylus, is vast but not interesting. The plain traversed by the Hermus, with swamps and pastures and wilds, is much like that of Pergamus

and the Caicus, but broader. The castle resembles that of Smyrna, being an extensive ruin, with masses of walls standing tolerably perfect here and there. The Turks have for centuries abandoned the place, which might easily be made a very strong hold, as artillery could hardly be dragged up the precipices, or over the cliffs of the Sipylus that commands it, nor would that stark mountain allow guns to be placed in battery. A good portion of the materials of the castle have been, as usual, carried away by modern builders. Some Turks who were at work in a pit, converting marble into lime, were rather abusive: whether from the general belief that I was looking for treasures, or from a suspicion that I was going to take the castle, I know not.

My pocket-compass proved the accuracy of Chishull's statement of the magnetic qualities of these mountains. In several places in my ascent, I found the needle affected, seeing it tremble and vary from the pole; but on the summit of the castle hill to the west, on producing it, it pointed due east in the direction of a dark mass of rock, which on examination, offered nothing to distinguish it from the general appearance of the Sipylus; and rather lower down, behind the castle, in the deep hollow which separates the castle hill from the Sipylus, on placing it on a flat stone, the needle wavered, and stood in succession at nearly every point of the compass, and this suddenly, and as if by jerks, being any thing now rather than an emblem of constancy.* He tried the experiment with a ship's compass at the top of the castle hill, "and there," he continues, "we had the satisfaction to see it point to different quarters, as we placed it upon different stones, and quickly after entirely to lose its whole virtue; two effects which are natural to the magnetic needle, when injured by the nearness of other bodies impregnated with the same quality."

Mr. Arundell, I see, mentions in his "Visit to the Seven Churches," that on ascending the castle hill of Magnesia, with a compass, he in most places remarked no sensible difference in the pointing of the needle; "but in one place, when placed on a large rock, about half way up the hill, it was visibly and considerably affected, though not in the degree mentioned by Chishull."

* "The mountains about Magnesia were anciently famous for the production of the load-stone; though indeed it is disparaged by Pliny, and accounted less attractive than that of other places. However, this (Magnesia) was probably the city from whence, as Lucretius says, that stone took the name of *magnet*; as from the whole country of Lydia, (in which *Magnesia* is situated,) the touch-stone likewise was called *Lapis Lydius*."—*Chishull's Travels in Turkey*.

As, however, Mr. Arundell was deterred by a day "unfavourable for a distant view," from reaching the top of the hill, and seems to have returned mid-way, this statement does not impugn the correctness of the older traveller. Even at the summit I found, at different places, that the needle was scarcely affected at all, the curious influence depending naturally on the position of rocks more or less impregnated by the mysterious fluid, and whether there be neutral substances between them and the compass. I detected, the day before my visit to the castle-hill, the varying of my pocket-compass, in a chasm of Mount Sipylus to the east of Magnesia, not far from a colossal statue which I shall presently describe, as it lays on my road to Sardes. There, however, the needle was not affected to such a degree as on the hill of the Acropolis. It was returning from this excursion to the statue that I was well nigh suffering the death of Saint Stephen, at the hands of the Turks, without the provocation either of *saintship*, or offence on my part. I was riding quietly in at the east end of the town with my companion, about an hour after sunset, when on a sudden a number of boys that had posted themselves on a bank by the road side, set up an hurrah, and pelted us with stones. I hoped to escape the stones, some of which seemed large, by bending over my horse's neck; but one struck the horse on the head, and made him rear in such a manner, that he was near falling over upon me. The next moment a heavy stone struck me on the hand, and produced a numbness which caused me to drop the bridle. The poor horse already frightened, and trembling under me, bolted along the road. It was the best thing he could do, for he brought me within the town in a moment, and then stopped quietly at his stable door before I could recover my reins. My guide scampered after me. He had been more fortunate than I, for no stone had struck him.

The perpetrators of this unprovoked assault were boys, as I have mentioned. I never saw an instance of the sort but once in a man; yet a strippling's stone may kill a giant, and it would be poor consolation to know you were sent out of the world in a capricious freak of a young Osmanli's fun.

Of the fine red-stained glass described by Chishull, as existing in his time in two of the imperial mosques, I saw a great quantity in different houses of Greeks as well as Turks, and at Pergamus, as well as at Magnesia; but like Mr. Arundell, I could not ascertain the existence of any manufactory of the sort. In several windows I saw pieces of stained glass of bright and varied hues, worked up to capricious yet tasteful patterns; but I never saw any

flower work or religious inscriptions thus done, as Chishull found at this place.

At Magnesia I met another member of the great Carasman-Oglu family, leading the life of a private individual, but occupying a fine house, at the eastern side of the town, erected by the magnificent old Ayan, the host of Anastasius, which from its extraordinary elevation and vastness, merits the name of a palace. This is by far the best house I ever saw in Asia Minor: the best *private* house, perhaps, I ever saw in Turkey, even including the capital. Though chiefly built of wood, it is not destitute of grandeur: the walls are painted green and white, and some of the trelliced windows are gilt, or otherwise gaily ornamented. The whole in the Italian *palazzo* style, stands on the sides of a quadrangular *cortile* or open court, of spacious dimensions. In this court I found three beautiful horses ready saddled, and four fine strong greyhounds in leash, and carefully protected from the cool air of the morning, by body wrappers, as is practised by us. The lord of the mansion was going to enjoy the pleasure of coursing—a pastime by the bye, much resorted to by the Turks in the plains of Asia Minor. The flat valleys of the Hermus and Caicus, except where occasionally interrupted by swamps, are well adapted to the sport. The dogs I have seen in these districts are rather larger, and not so delicately formed as our beautiful English breed of greyhounds; they are rather rough-haired, have thicker ears and tails, and do not show by any means the high blood ours do. To judge from having seen them run two or three times, I should say they were not so fleet as our dogs, but stronger and capable of more work. They are generally dark coloured and frequently quite black, but I saw two at Casabar of a delicate cream colour. I offered the Turk they belonged to a high price for one of them, but he would not sell it. The best breeds of the Turkish greyhounds come from Angora, a place which seems always to have been celebrated for dogs, cats, and goats.

A well dressed Turk, a sort of major-domo, or upper servant, very civilly conducted me through the mansion, omitting of course, the only apartment I should have been curious to see—the harem.

A Turkish house, even of superior order, offers, as I have already explained, but little for description. There were many vast and stately rooms, much like that of the pasha of Scio, and with the same lack of furniture, containing nothing but ranges of low sofas, a mat, or a carpet, and some

of them were even devoid of these. One hall however, with an open gallery, was rather striking; the sofas were covered with fine blue cloth, prettily fringed; the carpet was magnificent in size, colour, and design, and apparently from the Prussian looms, which far excel those of Turkey. The roof, in tessellated wood, was richly painted and gilded *en Arabesque*, and the walls or wainscoats were adorned with fragments of landscapes, the works of a modern Greek pencil, in fresco; which, poor as they were, were more agreeable than the eternal black, puzzling scrawls of devout Arabic, generally the only pictorial decoration of Turkish apartments. Besides this hall, I was pleased with a long, wide, and open corridor or gallery, which could be wholly or partially closed by broad wooden blinds, all painted in a lively green colour. This delightful lounge (for it commanded a fine view) was also furnished here and there with low broad sofas; as a Turkish gentleman, if he be not on horseback, must be seated cross-legged, and at his ease. Indeed, a stranger, from never seeing these dignified persons on their legs, might be induced to doubt whether they were not cripples in those valuable members. A silence like that of the grave reigned throughout the mansion.

The stable is the proper portion of the premises whereby to judge of the magnificence of a great Turk. That of Carasman Oglu, was immense: it was long and lofty and well paved, and contained stalls, I should think, for a hundred horses; but these, save five, were all empty. The horses were, as customary, tethered by the leg, having their head and neck at perfect liberty; and this appears to me a better mode than our own. They were handsome horses, about fourteen hands high, which the horses of Asia Minor* rarely exceed; but I remarked the usual bad taste of the Turks in the favourite steed, which was pampered and fattened to a degree that besides being unsightly, must have rendered him unfit for any exercise, save a short *caracole*. But this is

* I have sometimes, but rarely, seen horses in Asia Minor, in which the Arabian cross was apparent. I never saw a thorough blood horse; but such, according to the able traveller, Macdonald Kinneir, are to be met with in a remote province "near Ooscat in the plains of Cappadocia, and they may be descended from the breed which was so much admired by the Romans."

The common horse of Anatolia, is however a fine creature, and though spirited, and always entire, is remarkably good tempered and free from vice. He is not to be called a *strong* horse. I never met with one that would go through such a day's work, as I have often performed with an English or Calabrian poney.

I have mentioned in a preceding chapter, how they are injured by the biting and *tours-de-force* of the Turks.

the Turk's taste in horses as well as women; he admires a large rotundity in both.

I was comfortable with my hosts, the poor Italian exiles, and my situation and connexion with the doctor gave me such good opportunities for observing the people and the country, that I could willingly have staid a week longer. Other considerations of some weight interfered. On the third day after meeting those kind men I hired three horses, and a Turkish *suridji*, and left Magnesia about three o'clock in the afternoon for Casabar, on my way to the ruins of Sardes. The doctor and his companion insisted on seeing me safely out of the town, and on my road; they accompanied me about two miles: and when we parted, with warm and mutual expressions of good will, they begged again, if ever I should return to Naples, that I would call on some relatives (among whom was a sister) and some particular friends, and tell them I had seen them, and how they were living among the Turks. Tears stood in the poor fellows' eyes as I shook hands with them for the last time, and rode on my solitary journey.*

I have said nothing of the population of Magnesia. All travellers have acknowledged the difficulty, the impossibility, of ascertaining this important point correctly in Turkey, where no registers are kept; no census taken. An approximation I made from the calculation of the number of houses by the Smyrniote or Hekim-bashi, and by my more intelligent friend the Neapolitan, would make the whole population of the town amount to above thirty-three thousand, composed of twenty thousand Turks, nine thousand Greeks, three thousand Armenians, and more than one thousand Jews. I cannot answer for the correctness of this, but from the extent of the town, the size of the crowded bazaars, the number of mosques and churches,† I should scarcely think it exaggerated, though it may differ from the account of a tra-

* The cavalry officer, who with a good deal of real feeling, mixed a little of that pedantry and fondness for classical allusion, which distinguishes his countrymen, said, as I was packing my portmanteau, "*Voi partite Don Carlo, e mi lasciate in mezzo, ai barbari! Qui, come Ovidio, nel suo esiglio al Ponto!*" The parallel was an ambitious one. I did not ask whether he was a poet; but what Italian of any education is there, but, at some period or other of his life, has sacrificed to the muses?

† There are twenty, or perhaps more mosques, two Armenian churches, one Greek, (a large and decent building,) and two Synagogues. On visiting the Greek church early on Sunday morning, I observed, as I had done at Smyrna and elsewhere, that the women are separate from the men, in galleries, and even concealed from their view by lattices, like those used in the conventual churches of the Catholics, to screen the nuns from the profane eye.

veller who preceded me but by one year, and who leaving a blank for the number of Turkish houses, evidently underrates the rest, when he states that there are only eight hundred Greek, one hundred and fifty Armenian, and about one hundred Jewish houses. Whatever may be the precise number, Magnesia in extent and population, is allowed to be one of the most considerable cities (after Smyrna) in this portion of Asia Minor. The Greek population suffered severely in 1821 and 1822.

It was the "pleasant residence of Magnesia" that, at the age of forty, one of the greatest of the Turkish sovereigns, Morad or Amurath the Second, the father of Mahomet conqueror of Constantinople, when tired or disgusted with the fatigues and vanities of earthly power and ambition, chose for his retreat after his abdication in favour of his son. A philosophic abdication, and a philosophic retreat; though, according to Gibbon, debased by an alloy of superstition, as he retired to the society of dervishes, and "submitted to fast and pray, and turn round in endless rotation, with the fanatics who mistook the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the spirit."

The antithesis is good; the lord of nations become a dancing dervish!—but, with deference to Gibbon, it may be doubted whether the sultan ever partook in their giddy exercises otherwise than as a spectator, as many of his successors have done. Whatever was the life he led, it seems in no way to have affected his martial spirit and talents, for when the youth of his son Mahomet was threatened by the Christian league, headed by the enthusiastic Ladislaus, the heroic Huniades, and the astucious Cardinal Julian, Amurath rushed from the Asiatic solitude of Magnesia to the field of Varna, and annihilated the invading hosts.* Nor had the monotony of retirement and the

* This was the second expedition of Ladislaus, king of Poland and Hungary, against the Turks, whose European capital was not yet at Constantinople, but at Adrianople. In his first campaign, he attempted to penetrate into Thrace, by the upper part of the Balkan mountains; he reached Sophia, the capital of Bulgaria, but was deterred crossing the mountains by the approach of winter, and the aspect of their natural and artificial defences. The plan of the second campaign was different. Ladislaus was to march along the shores of the Black Sea; it was calculated that the precipitous ends of the Balkan, might be turned by the narrow sands intervening between their basis and the sea, and that generally space would be afforded to cover the flanks of his army, with the usual Scythian fortification of waggons. The straits of the Hellespont and the Bosphorus, were to be defended against the Turks by Christian allies, and the Greek Emperor, might support the operations, by making a vigorous *sortie* against Mahomet, from Constantinople.

On arriving at the sea-shore at Varna, with the rugged Hæmus or Balkan before him, the

restrictions of private life, lost their charms by experience, as they are wont to do, on such characters as his; the business of victory over, he again renounced the throne, and hastened back to Magnesia; and if he was again recalled to assume the reins of government by an "unanimous divan," that trembled before the turbulent Janissaries, and if he at last died on the throne, it was reluctantly, and regretting his quiet home and devout circle of Anatolia; thus offering perhaps the only instance of a sovereign's having "after the trial of empire and solitude, repeated his preference of a private life," and that, with unlimited freedom of choice—for the power, the life, and death of his son, were every moment in his hands.

One of the two grand mosques of Magnesia, I have mentioned, was erected and endowed by Amurath, and the other by one of his wives or by his mother. He built besides two palaces, and laid out a spacious garden, and those material objects, together with the tombs of his wives and children, some of whom seem to have expired during his residence here, may have contributed to strengthen his attachment to Magnesia. I found the latter edifices in the same state as described by Chandler. "Their remains are some pieces of wall, with several large and stately cypress trees; and near them is a neat mausoleum with a dome, over the tombs of his wives and children, in number twenty-two, of different sizes, disposed in three rows, all plain and of stone."

difficulties of his future route might have brought the impetuous Ladislaus to a stand; but his allies had failed him; the Genoese ships commanded by the Pope's nephew, had betrayed the passage of the Dardanelles, and the Greek Emperor instead of co-operating with a military force, was overawed or bribed by the Turks to abandon to them the narrow Bosphorus. Ladislaus then proposed to retreat—the activity of Amurath at the head of sixty thousand men rendered this impracticable; all that remained for the Christian Prince was to die like a hero. This he did, and his death may partially extenuate his imprudence, and the more weighty sin of perjury, for after his first brilliant expedition on Sophia, he had solemnly sworn in the name of Jesus, to a ten years' truce with the Turks.

The conqueror of the field of Varna gave a proof of magnanimity, (rare in a Turk,) if it be true, that he ordered a column, with an inscription honourable to the young Hungarian monarch, to be erected on the spot where he had fallen fighting like a lion.

CHAPTER XIV.

Journey from Magnesia to Sardes—Road at the foot of Mount Sipylus—Colossal Statue of Cybele—Grand Eastern termination of Mount Sipylus—Plain and Rivers near Casabar—Arrival and Lodging at Casabar—Curious Supper—A Slave—Fire at the Khan—Plain of the Hermus—Turks Coursing—Tumuli and Villages near the Road—March of a Tribe of Turcomans—Ruins of the ancient City of Sardes—Accosted by two Dervishes—The Temple of Cybele—The Acropolis—Alarming Incident—View from the Acropolis—Land Tortoise—Homeric Supper—Night spent in a Tent with the Turcomans.

ON leaving Magnesia, my road lay in an easterly direction, along the foot of Mount Sipylus, from which rush numerous cold, chrystal streams, which give great beauty to the scene, and furnish a number of Turkish fountains, placed at regular distances, whilst their united waters at that season formed a pleasant and copious streamlet, that flowed in a stony bed to the left of the road. After little more than an hour's ride, we came to a small Turkish coffee-house, or shed, situated on the high bank of the streamlet. Immediately above this coffee-house, is the gigantic figure cut in the mountain's side, which I have alluded to in a preceding chapter; you see the stark cliff, marked with the impress of the human form, from a considerable distance, as you approach by the Magnesian road, or across the plain of the Hermus. Opposite to the coffee-house, Mount Sipylus is indented, though not deeply, and the statue is on the left side of the chasm, about two hundred feet from the level of the road. The rock is excavated into a niche, which encloses the statue that rises in bold relief from the rock; the figure is sedent in the attitude in which Cybele is generally represented; the Sipylus was in a particular manner sacred to this goddess; the pine, her favourite tree, grows on the mountain, high above its head. The position, whence she seems to look, as from a lofty throne, over the vast plain, is admirably chosen as a seat of supremacy; and it seems to me certain, that this is the figure of Cybele, or Cybebe, although Chishull, the only traveller I

am acquainted with who has observed it, with his mind full of the idea of Niobe, which equally attaches to the mountain, wished to realize the poetical fiction, and to see in it, the proud, the impious, and cruelly punished mother.* I contrived to measure the statue by climbing up the rock at the risk of breaking my own neck. It is about twenty-eight feet high; it distinctly retains the human form, but the face has been obliterated more by Turkish violence than by time, for the rock is hard and seems capable of eternal endurance, and there are no signs left of hands or of feet. The whole may be described in the brief terms applied by Doctor Chandler to the statue of Cybebe at the island of Scio, as "hewn out of the mountain, rude, indistinct, and of the most remote antiquity."†

At a short distance beyond the statue of Cybele, the Sipylus terminates in an abrupt, stupendous precipice, "composed of a naked massy stone, and rising perpendicularly almost a furlong high." Near this spot there are some long, narrow holes in the rocks, at the mouth of which I heard the mountain streams, dashing and roaring within, in sublime discord; and at the mountain's foot, the gathering waters form a spacious limpid pool, with some pretty little weedy islets in the midst. I saw some ancient remains, probably of tombs, in the mountain's side, and under the transparent waters I could see masses of building composed of small, flat bricks. My imagination would have been delighted by a flight to the most remote ages, and to have supposed that here were the traces of Sipylus, the city of Tantalus, but my experience and the evidence of my senses, made me refer what I

* Chandler, who was equally anxious to detect the figure, or the type of "Niobe turned to stone," did not discover this figure, although he passed under it, and taxed his fancy to find Niobe elsewhere. "The phantom," says he, "may be defined an effect of a certain portion of light and shade, on a part of Sipylus, perceivable at a particular point of view." This, it must be allowed, is vague enough, and he continues: "The traveller who shall visit Magnesia after this *information*, is requested to observe carefully a steep and remarkable cliff about a mile from the town; varying his distance, while the sun and shade, which come gradually on, pass over it, I have reason to believe he will see Niobe." I must confess, that though somewhat of an adept in finding "whales" in clouds, and Turks and turbans in the fire, I could not, even with the ingenious doctor's *information* in my hand, shape the cliff described, into any resemblance of the human form; and I was favoured by alternate sun and shade, and varied my distance, point of view, and position, until my companion might have thought me practising the evolutions of the whirling Dervishes, all to no purpose.

† See description of Scio, Chapter VIII.

saw, to a much more recent period, perhaps to the time of the Roman Empire.*

From this very romantic termination of Mount Sypilus we struck across the plain E.S.E. in the direction of Durguthli, or Casabar. The plain was verdant and delightful, but few habitations, and rare signs of confined cultivation, were to be seen. We journeyed on in silence, and met not a soul until about six o'clock, when we came to another solitary coffee-house, where we dismounted. The evening Ramazann gun soon fired, and my Suridji instantly lit his pipe, and procured us the refreshment of some coffee; but, before this, as the sun was setting, he performed his ablutions at a fountain adjoining the coffee-house, and using his saddle-cloth as a *prie-Dieu*, he offered up his devotions in the prescribed form. I was always much pleased with these practices, which, particularly in solitary places, are touching and picturesque; and I have generally found that, among the lower Turks, those were the best that were regular in their devotions. I congratulated myself on having a good fellow with me, but in this I was mistaken. Soon after leaving the coffee-house we crossed a considerable river, at least such it was at that season, called Nymphi, which may have been the Crios mentioned by Pliny. It was now dark; the plain we were traversing was wilder than that we had passed, and there were frequent swamps, into one of which my drogoman contrived to ride, but the illuminated minarets disclosed the town of Casabar before us, and cheered us on our way.†

At seven o'clock we crossed a broad channel, in part sandy and in part stony; the water was not deep in any part at the time, but its broad bare bed, afforded evidence of the correctness of Chishull's statement, that "in the winter season, it conveys no inconsiderable current into the Hermus." In another half hour we entered the town of Casabar, which we found gay and animated, with the bazaars and all the shops lit up as I have described Pergamus on a festive night of Ramazann. The khan our Suridji conducted us to, was detestable. The Smyrniote doctor of Magnesia had given me a letter to a friend of his, an Armenian of the town, who would not fail to give, or to procure me a good supper, and a good night's lodging.

* This lake, or pool, is however, in all probability, the ancient Lake Sale, and here was the site of the ancient city of Sipylus that was swallowed up by an earthquake.

† During the Ramazann, it is customary, at the approach of night, to suspend little lamps in the galleries of the minarets, or on the domes of the mosques. The effect is very pretty.

I despatched my companion with my billet; he soon returned in a great passion; "The thick-headed brute," said he, "read the letter, pulled his mustachoes, and told me we might find very good accommodation at another khan in the town." Thanking the Armenian for his hospitality, I again mounted and rode to the khan he had designated. It was worse than the one we had stopped at. The best room it afforded had two large gaping windows, without a pane of glass, or (the common substitute for glass) any bladders or oiled paper, and the windows were furnished with shutters that belied their name, for they would not shut at all. The boards of the floor were burnt and dotted like a cribbage-board, by the falling cinders of the pipes of the indolent Turks, who had spread their mats in this caravanserai, during the course of, heaven knows, how many years. It was with great difficulty that I procured a straw mat to cover a portion of the filthy room, and to serve as our bed. None of the low Turkish stools were disengaged, but my portmanteau, or valise, was easily convertible into a seat.

The important business of securing quarters, such as they were, being settled, the next thing was to procure something for supper; but here again my young man was unfortunate; the hour was rather late; all the kibabjis in the bazaars had already disposed of their savoury edibles to the hungry children of the prophet, and had not a morsel left for two equally hungry Ghiaours. He could get nothing but some *khalva*, a detestable Turkish sweetmeat. We then tried the "unfaithful," but it was Lent with the Greeks; and they observe their fasts so scrupulously, that they had nothing at hand but some black olives and some *yaourt*.* And on bread, olives, and yaourt, assisted with some drams of rakie, mixed with water, (for we could get no wine,) we made our meal as best we could, sitting cross-legged on the mat, with our provisions on pieces of paper, and in small clay cups, spread between our knees. I have hitherto neglected to mention, as a circumstance of very little interest to the reader, that several times in the course of this journey, I was obliged to fast, or to put up with very short supplies.

In 1828, the Ramazann, which, in the course of the lunar procession,

* One of the very numerous Eastern preparations of milk. The Turks think so highly of yaourt, that they give it a celestial origin, affirming that the patriarch Abraham was taught how to make it by an angel; or, with a still prettier fiction, that a winged messenger from heaven presented a pot of it (the first seen on earth) to Hagar, as she was fainting in the wilderness. It is an agreeable species of sour curds, very refreshing after a journey.

falls at every possible season of the year, coincided with the Greek Lent. From the Turks I could get nothing to eat or to drink from sun-rise to sun-set; and the Greeks, could give me nothing but bread, caviare, olives, and grass. For so rigid is their observance of their long Lent, and of their ever-recurring fast-days, that they will not even eat fish, on which, with many other things forbidden to the Greeks, the most devout of Catholics do not hesitate to banquet.*

After supper, a slave of the khan, a Greek, and formerly a peasant of Scio, furnished our pipes, and brought us some good strong coffee, without sugar. This fellow was young, well made, and robust; but his countenance was false and scowling to a degree that affected me unpleasantly. He was as dissimilar as possible to his easy, good-natured countrymen, and wore the aspect of one meditating treachery and revenge; but slavery and ill usage, acting, perhaps on a stubborn spirit, might have well worked the change. He begged me to use my influence among the charitable Franks of Smyrna, to raise a sum to purchase his liberation. A small sum, he said, would be taken, for he had contrived to do as little work, and to render himself as useless to his present masters as a man well could be. He proposed that I should buy his liberty myself, and that he would in gratitude follow me to the ends of the world. But charity for the Greeks, was at the moment at a low ebb at Smyrna, and I had never seen an unfortunate fellow-creature, for whom I felt less interest than for this man. My companion asked him, why at such a short distance in the interior, he did not attempt to escape to Smyrna, when he might easily get on board ship, and leave the country. He said he had made the attempt, had been arrested on the road, and returned to his masters, who had treated him with extreme severity.

The best plan after that, of having recourse to European charity, seemed to him to be to turn moslem, as the renouncing of his Christian faith, if it

* The Greeks are bound to observe a hundred and ninety-five days of rigid fast in the year. The food, consumed during more than half of the year, is heating and unwholesome; and though dispensations are granted to the sick, there are many who suffer severely in health from the privations of their diet.

There are ninety-one close feasts annually prescribed by the church, and each town or district has several feasts of its own, that are religiously observed. It may be mentioned, however, as a proof of the improvement of the Greeks, that they begin somewhat to emancipate themselves from the yoke of this injudicious alternation of starvation and idleness. The more respectable classes indeed, have for a long time paid little attention to fast or feast.

did not procure him his immediate manumission, must ensure his liberation at the end of the seventh year of his captivity.*

When he had finished his trifling services, he sat himself down with a familiarity I could well have dispensed with, on the mat opposite to me, and his large, black, scowling eye seemed to peruse my condition, dress, and the not very valuable articles of the arts of Christendom that I had with me, with malignant envy. He was prying and inquisitive. When he learned that I was going to the ruins of Sardes, he said, "Aye! to look for treasures! you Franks can do as you choose."

If our supper had been bad, both the pipes and coffee were good; and it is surprising how these common eastern resources refresh and enliven solitary travellers. I was not, however, sufficiently fatigued to enable me to drop easily to sleep on my hard, greasy mat, which I shared with my dragoman.

On observing the marks produced by the cinders falling from the pipes, (marks with which, as I have already mentioned, the floor was covered,) I had been wondering how the khan could have so long escaped being burned down. The accident, whose non-occurrence had surprised me, was well nigh taking place that very evening. At about eleven o'clock, we were roused by the cry of "fire." A drowsy devidji, in the room next to ours, had fallen asleep while his *atesh* was red hot: the cinder had dropt on a congenial part of the floor, saturated with oil and grease. A hole was soon burned through the planks, and part of the fire dropping in the room below, had fortunately roused a katerdji, who gave the alarm. A rush was made at once by the attendants and lodgers in the khan; for these Turks always sleep with their clothes on. The room-door, which was not secured within, was thrown open, and there we saw a strapping devidji fast asleep, although the boards were burning at no greater distance from him than the length of a short pipe-stick. There, as he lay snoring like an elephant, it really seemed a pity to disturb him. When at length aroused, he rubbed his eyes, cried out, "Allah," and snatching up the ragged mat, his bed, doubled it, and clapped it over the burning floor. This, with the contents of a few earthen water-jars, subdued the flames, which had only made a hole of about the

* The faithful are advised, if not ordered, in the Koran, to manumit their slaves after seven years' servitude; but this, like many other good precepts of the prophet, is more generally remarked "in the breach than in the observance;" but I believe it is considered as binding, if the slave be, or become a moslemin.

circumference of the crown of one's hat, and had done no further mischief. The Turks went away to their respective rooms, muttering "Mashallah, yok' yok!" and the devidji laid himself down again to sleep, as if nothing had happened.

I was on horseback the following morning at an early hour, glad to leave my uncomfortable khan. Outside of the town I passed some bare rocks, at the foot of some inconsiderable heights to the right of the road. On the ridge of one of these hills, at about half an hour's ride from the town of Casabar, is situated a considerable Turkish village, called Ishmaelja. After somewhat more than an hour, we passed another village to the left, called Oorganlu. The plain, naturally most luxuriant, was little cultivated; but I found the repetition of the same extensive, level champaigns covered with gay green sward, richly enamelled with beautiful little tulips, and other wild flowers of the most brilliant and varied dyes that I have described in the plain of the Caicus. But here I found the stately asphodel, or day-lily, offering its broad, purely white bosom to the sun's rays, and scenting the air from afar, much more frequently than in the contiguous valley.

As we rode on, a party of Turkish horsemen, following greyhounds, struck across the plain. The sight was pleasing and animating: there were, apparently, some effendis among them, and their loose, ample, and gaudily-coloured robes flowing behind them, and the action and speed of the horses, and the glittering of their inlaid bridles and saddles, and embroidered saddle-cloths, produced a charming effect. I had not partaken of the pleasure of coursing for many a day, and the sight set my imagination on distant excursions to England and elsewhere.* My spirits rose to such a degree, that I forgot I was bestriding a miserable hack, on a broad and loose Tatar-saddle. I urged my Rozinante to speed; and galloping over the wide and level carpet, experienced a portion of that pleasure which the Mameluke described to Chateaubriand, as awakening rapture, whenever he found himself alone in the desert. A pleasure I have never failed to revel in, every time that, well mounted, I have had to traverse a wild moor, or an extensive solitary plain.

* The last time I had coursed, was in the south of Italy, in the vast Apulian plain, that opens to the Adriatic sea, between the city of Barletta and Mount Garganus. One of our runs lay along the river Aufidus, and across the field of Cannæ, the scene of Hannibal's greatest victory over the Romans. The city of Cannæ has entirely disappeared; the plain around it is a solitary sheep-walk; but the peasantry still show the field of battle, and call it "Il campo di sangue."

The exuberance of my spirits and my rapid motion were soon checked by the angry voice of my Turk, who bawled in the rear, "Slowly, slowly there : in the name of the Devil, do you mean to kill my horse ?" I drew my reins. As we advanced, I saw in the plain a number of round hillocks, the same observed by Chishull on this road, and which, as he adds, "from their number, figure, and situation, in so level a country, appeared plainly to be artificial." From their disposition and closeness to each other, I was led to conclude that these tumuli were certainly ancient burying-places.

After riding about four hours, we stopped at a lonely Turkish coffee-house on the road side, where not without difficulty I procured a piece of dry bread and a few eggs, which my dragoman was obliged to fry himself over some embers without the door, the Turks keeping at a distance, and affecting great care that their nostrils should not inhale the forbidden odours, that, according to the strict letter of the law, might deprive them of the merits of a whole day's Ramazann fast. I here gave some advice, which was all I had to give, (for unfortunately I had no drug with me except a little opium,) to a poor wretch, who was huddled over a pan of charcoal, within the coffee-house, suffering under the access of an intermitting fever, which he had caught the preceding summer.* Not far from the coffee-house was a detached and humble mosque, and by its side stood a blasted tree : on the roof of the house of Allah was one large stork's nest, and another on the topmost branches of the naked tree : in each nest was a long-necked stork, that bent its head as if saluting me as I passed : their consorts were pacing the adjacent field, with grave and measured steps.

On leaving the coffee-house, we almost immediately waded through a clear but shallow stream that crossed our road. By this stream there rise some tall pleasant poplar trees ; a short distance to the right of the road is a village called Achmet-lu, consisting of sixty houses, of which one half is Turkish, the other Greek ; and a smaller village, called Bariclè, is situated about the same distance to the left of the road.

We had met but two or three solitary travellers since we had left Casabar ;

* The Turks in these parts, take every man with a hat for an Hekim, or doctor. Wherever I went, applications were made to me : it was in vain protesting I was no doctor. Sometimes I was surrounded by the halt and blind, as if I could work miracles, and was more than once dragged to the exhibition of loathsome sores and diseases. The name of Hekim is, however, an excellent *nom de guerre* to travel with : it insures one respect and hospitality. I have serious thoughts of qualifying myself by the purchase of an English medicine chest, ere I repeat my wanderings in the East.

but shortly after crossing the stream we encountered a long caravan of Turcomans, who were changing their pastures and place of encampment. A numerous herd of small but fine cattle, driven and kept to the road by some young men on horseback, with long spears in their hands, formed the van of the pastoral march ; then came several hardy-looking patriarchs with bronzed faces and flowing beards, mounted on good active horses ; they were followed by their wives and families. Some of the women, whose faces were scarcely veiled at all, were elevated on the backs of camels, and others rode astride on horse-back ; the elder of their children rode behind them, but the young ones were bestowed in panniers slung over the camels' or horses' backs. A string of camels, loaded with the dark, thick covering, and the frame-work of their tents, which folds up something like an umbrella, with their household utensils and other property, came after the women and children ; and the rear of the march was brought up by a flock of sheep and goats, tended by some long-legged, active striplings. We met this primitive assemblage where the road was narrow, being confined by rude rocks to the right, and by a hollow, in which ran a stream, to our left ; in passing, I several times jostled against them, but they were all good-natured and courteous ; the men laid their hands to their breasts, and gave us the Turkish salutation to travellers, recommending us to Allah, and wishing that our journey might be happy ; the women did not attempt to muffle up their faces, but returned my gaze with a stare of astonishment. They were not handsome, their cheek-bones were high, and their whole face hard-favoured ; but they had large gazelle-like eyes, long lashes, and several of them could pretend to the cherished charm of the united eye-brow. They also greeted us as we passed, and the children behind them, and the young ones, poking out their heads from the panniers like kangaroos from the pouch of their dam, hailed us with a chirping laugh.

The rough hill of the Acropolis of Sardis, with the inconsiderable and rapidly disappearing ruins on its ridge, was now before us, and we saw beyond it, looking to the east, the lofty irregular summits of Mount Tmolus covered with deep snow. On the sixth hour of our journey, or about eleven o'clock, we reached the desolate city. This, in the time of its greatness and prosperity, was the very hour at which its streets and public places would be crowded—the *πλήθους ἀγορά* when the voice of public or of private affairs resounded through the busy town. We saw not a living creature. This contrast,

though trite enough as a feature of composition or rhetoric, is still awfully impressive, when presenting itself, as it must, in spots like these. We passed a stream, so shallow that its water did not cover our horses' hoofs, and which I could not imagine at the moment, to have any thing to do with the golden and far-famed Pactolus.

The objects with which I began my survey of what remains of Sardis, were the walls of the vast chamber situated to the west of the Acropolis and a few paces to the left of the road which we had followed from Casabar. This chamber, from a hasty measurement, I found to be about one hundred and sixty feet long, and forty-three wide; the walls, which have been so much celebrated for the durability of their bricks, are more than ten feet thick. Immense heaps of fallen stone and brick-work lay at their feet; over these I crawled, and entered the spacious chamber by a wide gap in the wall, which may have been an ancient door or window. There were several storks' nests built on the tops of the walls of the roofless building. These firm-set walls have been honoured by travellers with a variety of denominations. Chishull saw in them the house of the rich Cræsus, and says, that they seem not unworthy of the palace of the ancient kings of Lydia. Chandler took them to be the Gerusia, a retreat for decayed citizens; (a stately alm's-house;) and not to mention the hypotheses of others, Mr. Arundell asks, whether they might not have been the gymnasium. I too may be permitted to dissent or to doubt, where (as Byron says of the scattered ruins of Rome) all that can be proved is, "that these are walls." But the building, both in material and in style, struck me as being very similar to the Agios Theologos, and other ecclesiastical ruins at Pergamus; and I am much inclined to believe it far less ancient than it has been generally imagined to be, in short, that it was a Christian church erected about the same period as those in the neighbouring city. The two ruins that have been recognized as churches, near the humble mill of Sardis, seem to have been confined and mean buildings, composed chiefly of fragments subtracted from more ancient and better works: they may have risen in the middle ages, when art was utterly debased, and may have sufficed for a decreased and decreasing population; and Christian piety should feel flattered in hailing the loftier pile as the original metropolitan temple, one of the seven churches of Asia, visited and illuminated by the direct precepts of the apostles of the Lord.

A little to the south of this church or palace are the ruins of another ex-

tensive room, the walls of which rest on arched foundations, and are not so well built, and seem less ancient than the former edifice. The foundations of other walls are found at intervals, for a considerable distance.

As I was riding from this spot towards the triangular, detached hill of the Acropolis, I was arrested by a loud shouting behind me. I turned my head, and saw two men on horseback galloping after me. I was alone : the dragoman and Turk had gone to dispose of the horses, and to look for a guide. I had no chance, on my jaded hack, of outriding my pursuers ; I did what was better than attempting it ; for as with other barbarians, the Turks' courage and violence rise in proportion to the timidity displayed ;—I turned round and faced them. On their coming up with me, I discovered them to be two dervishes, with high, felt, sugar-loaf hats, thick ragged beards, loose dishevelled hair, and torn dirty garments. I well knew the mischievous nature of these vagabonds, generally a dangerous compound of the qualities of knave and madman, and I wished at the moment for the brace of pistols I had resigned to my companion as a useless incumbrance. There was, however, no need of them, for the fellows, with their peculiar savage intonation of voice, which is much like a shriek, gave me the wayfaring benison, and in the name of Allah begged for ten paras apiece. I had none of that "absolute minimum of the infinitely little" in the way of money, about me ; I had no paras, but I would fain be quit of the ruffianly pretenders to sanctity, and I gave them a *rubieh*, or three piastre piece. At the sight of the tiny gold coin, their eyes glistened, they stroked their beards, blessed me vehemently, recommended me to Allah, and I know not to whom besides, wheeled round, and cantered off to the road that leads to Casabar.

On the slope of a hill at the southern end of the Acropolis, I found a small and half temporary hamlet, composed of some half dozen huts built of clay and loose stones, and of a few black tents. I here dismounted, and was presently surrounded by fresh assailants in the shape of large sheep dogs. The quadrupeds however, like the dervishes, looked fiercer than they were ; I kept them at bay with my whip ; and the women and children, who seemed the only persons then in the hamlet, instead of urging them on me, called them away, and pelted them with large stones. I was joined by my dragoman, who had been unable to find any human being of the masculine gender bigger than a ragged little boy, and he, shy and timid, declined going away from the habitations with us, lest (to translate his words literally) "we should

cut his throat and eat him.” This child’s idea of Christian atrocity was not very flattering, but it made me laugh heartily, as did several other passages of his dialogue with my companion. An old dame, hearing the discussion, put her head out of the door of one of the hovels; she did not consider our appearance so ferocious, and bade the little urchin accompany us, and get a good *bachshish* (present.) But no; he would not stir. The hopes of reward were thrown away—as he loved Allah and the Prophet, and feared Saitan and Ghoules, he would not go with us. Such lights as he could have afforded as a guide, would probably have been of little service, so I consulted my books, and we went alone. We walked in an easterly direction, along green acclivities, immediately at the foot of the precipitous Acropolis, and we soon reached the site of the ancient theatre, which contains but very slight architectural remains. On the green hills’ side, and attached to it, I could just trace the ancient Stadium.* There are several other indications of buildings along these pleasant slopes, the roots of the Acropolis, but all faint and indistinct. At the easterly end of the Acropolis that faces the somewhat distant and lofty cone of Mount Tmolus, which is said to retain the deep snow that then covered it, nearly all the year through, we descended from the acclivities to the plain, and came immediately to a stream, running in an inclining bed N. E. towards the river Hermus.† The stream was then about twenty feet broad, and about four feet deep, and seemed to me to possess a much better right to the title of river, to the honours of the auriferous Pactolus, than the very shallow rivulet at the western extremity of Sardes, which has been particularly designated by that classical name. The bed of the river was very stony, and many of the stones and pebbles I picked up were of a dark-brown colour; the earthy deposits of the flood were not like what I should imagine to be the nature and the colour of sands containing gold. In the evening, we told a Turk of the place that this river had formerly run with gold, and that a great king had gathered from it immense riches.

* Mr. Cockerell (see notes to Colonel Leake’s Tour in Asia Minor) gives the dimensions of this very considerable theatre, and an architectural description of the temple and other remains.

† The stream to the east of the Acropolis, though, as I mention, so superior to that at the western extremity, has generally been called a branch of the Pactolus. We learn from Herodotus, that the “golden river” ran through the Agora of Sardes, but I could discover nothing to show whether the market-place was at the east or the west of the Acropolis. The course of inferior rivers in countries so subject to earthquakes as this has been, is very capricious: a new channel may have been formed, or the smaller may have become the larger one.

He shook his beard with laughter, and told us, that though he had been acquainted with the *chai* * for many years, he had never seen it bring down any thing save stones and mud, which it did abundantly in the winter season. The waters of the Pactolus, whose source is not far off in the sides of Mount Tmolus, to the south, behind the hill of the Acropolis, are in some places turbid, but more generally clear and limpid, like a mountain stream. On the left bank, and under the brow of the steep hill, are the ruins of some edifices that appear to have been partially constructed of massy stones. In tracing the river for a short distance in its course towards the Hermus, I saw several other heaps of stone and masonry almost covered with the earth, and at one spot, these remains were washed by the stream, and appeared as if they had been part of an ancient quay, or of some work made to confine its overflowing.†

I next retraced my steps, tracing the Pactolus towards its source, and entered a deep narrow glen that separates the Acropolis of Sardes from the adjacent mountains. In a few minutes I left the river, and turned to the right, behind the Acropolis, which is completely insulated. A scramble over a very irregular path, and through thickets of myrtle and underwood, brought me in a few minutes to the opposite end of the Acropolis, and in sight of the columns of the celebrated temple of Cybele, situated on a pleasant little green plain, or esplanade, about a furlong to the south of the impending hill. I repaired with eager haste to these columns, and sat myself down, in a melancholy mood, on the green sward opposite to them. Here, indeed, the work of Turkish destruction had advanced gradually, but too rapidly. In 1700, Chishull had observed "six lofty Ionic columns, all entire, except that the capital of one was distorted by an earthquake," and many other remains were adjoining to them. In 1750, Peyssonnel found standing three columns with their architraves, a part of the cella, and three detached columns. At the time of Chandler's visit in 1765, there were five columns erect, and even then, the amiable traveller, in tearing himself from the spot, made the melancholy observation, that "it is impossible to behold, without deep regret, this imperfect remnant of so beautiful and glorious an

* *Chai* is the Turkish for water; and they are accustomed to call small rivers, and even some of their large ones, by this name, adding some prefix, as "brown," or "white," or "gold," or "copper," or "silver," as the colour of the stream may be.

† I saw no indications of this sort on the western and lesser branch of the Pactolus.

edifice.”* In 1812, Mr. Cockerell found three standing columns, the truncated portions of four others, and a part of the wall of the cella. At the beginning of April 1828, only two columns (one of them, with the distorted capital, as described by Chishull) and a piece of the shaft of another, with its beautiful, but broken capital, sunk in a hole in the earth, met my eye. Of the wall of the cella, I could scarcely see a trace. This was all that remained of the magnificent temple, which had received the homage of remote† and ingenious ages, as one of the most magnificent works of Greek art, and whose melancholy ruins had been honoured with the regret and reverential admiration of travellers from distant lands, and in a special manner, by my own enlightened countrymen.‡ I indulged a sad, but pleasing reverie, in recalling the feelings and imaginings of men, who pilgrims like myself, had visited this remote waste, and this long deserted shrine. I called them before me, the distant,—the unknown, and the long since dead,—and associated them with the forlorn pillars the sepulchral mementoes of prostrate beauty and glory! I heard all their speculations over again, and identified my own with theirs. The reader may smile at my enthusiasm, but I have long been accustomed to indulge in similar trains of thought, and have felt the interest of the view of St. Peter’s, vast and wondrous as it is, of the Colyseum, and of the Capitol of Rome, crowded with great recollections, as they are, increased by associating with them the presence and the ideas of a Gibbon, a De Stael, and a Byron.

My mind, that had wandered to I know not what distance from this real and material world, was recalled by the appearance of a Turk, who darted from under the cliffs of the Acropolis, and came scouring over the plain, on

* Chandler remarks, with a proper feeling of their beauty, that, “the capitals are designed and carved with exquisite taste and skill.” It is curious, however, that so correct an observer, should say that “the shafts are fluted;” in fact, “the flutings are not continued in any of the columns below the capitals,” as is correctly observed by Mr. Cockerell, who would derive from that circumstance, a proof that this temple, like that of Apollo Didymeus, was never finished.

There is a copy of Dr. Chandler’s travels (the quarto edition) in the library of the British Museum, enriched with manuscript notes by Mr. Revett, an architect, and one of the companions of the doctor on his tour. These notes correct many trifling mistakes, but what is very odd, the one here alluded to is not corrected.

† Colonel Leake is of opinion that this temple is of a date anterior to the capture of Sardes by Cyrus, B.C. 548.

‡ “The capital appeared to me to surpass any specimen of the Ionic I had seen, in perfection of design and execution.” “The temple was built of coarse, whitish marble.”—Mr. Cockerell.

a long-tailed horse. As he had a spear in his hand, and as he did not draw his reins until close by my side, I thought his intentions might be hostile. I did him wrong; he was a Turcoman, a member of the small migratory tribe, then encamped at Sart. He had been speaking with my suridji, and had come curious to see the nature of my occupations. My pocket compass, the use of which, as explained by my drogoman, made him stare with astonishment, and consider it as a wonderful piece of magic; my sketch-book and pencils, (wood that could write without ink,) the slight drawings of the ruins I had made, severally excited his wonder, without, however, ensuring much of his approbation. "You Franks," said he, "are a curious people, but, Mashallah! what is the use of all this?" The horseman struck one of the columns with his spear, and then pointing at the beautiful, but fallen capital, he exclaimed, with an agreeable smile, "The old Greeks were strong men, and built strong places; but the Osmanlis are as strong as they, and can knock down what they put up." I could almost have felt it in my heart to knock him down, and to pound his thick scull between some of the fragments of the pillars. The punishment for his contumely would have been too severe, for the fellow, barbarian as he was, was inclined to be civil and even hospitable: he offered us some yaourt if we would pass by his tent, and then rode away to objects of whose *cui bono* he had a clearer idea, i. e. to his cattle.

Mr. Cockerell says, that the Turks had thrown down the columns "for the sake of the gold they expected to find in the joints;" and Mr. Arundell asserts, that they had been destroyed "for the sake of the lead connecting the blocks." There is no necessity for making the Turks greater fools and barbarians than they really are; they have mutilated too many beautiful pillars, to entertain the idea that gold, (which, like all vulgar people, they suppose to exist in mysterious places,) is to be found in their interstices, and lead is too cheap to render a small quantity of it worth the expence and trouble required at their unskilful hands, to overthrow these columns. The fact is, they have been blown up by gunpowder, reduced to blocks, and sold at neighbouring towns to masons and cutters of tombstones; and as other materials are wanted, the two columns which yet remain will be blasted in the same manner; and the traveller who may follow my footsteps in a few years, or perhaps a few months, or even weeks, will find not a vestige of the Sardeian temple of Cybele.

There seems to me an inconsistency to describe this temple, as so often has been done, as situated on the bank of the Pactolus. The smaller or western branch of that river, flows at some distance at the edge of the sloping plain on which the temple stands, but in a narrow ditch-like bed, not visible from the ruins themselves.

From the temple, I visited the Acropolis, ascending at its almost perpendicular back, which was then towards me, and probably at precisely the same place by which, on the promise of a handsome reward, the soldier of Cyrus, (who was besieging it, after having defeated Croesus in a great battle,) made the attempt and succeeded. As with my young Smyrniote, (helping each other occasionally with hands and shoulders,) I toiled up the steep and crumbling height; I thought that the Persian soldier must have well earned the reward, royal as it might be, particularly on reflecting that a foe might encounter him at the top of the precipice, and thrust him headlong down; a feat that a child's strength might have performed.

Indeed, without the disagreeable perspective of a repelling enemy, it was not without great difficulty, and some danger, that we gained the top, for the earth frequently broke away under our feet, and in our hands; and at the upper part, (a giddy height!) there was not a shrub, a twig, or any projection to hold by.

My companion, who in the course of our journey, had, or pretended to have, imbibed a certain degree of taste for antiquarian researches, did not honour this one with his approbation; he proposed returning, and taking a more practicable path to the north, or in front of the Acropolis, but proud of the idea of practically elucidating a portion of ancient history, I would not listen to this; and he having too much spirit to leave me, we went on together, though when we reached the elevated and most difficult part, he looked very blank, and no doubt heartily wished himself back to the safer society of the figs and bales of Smyrna. At last, covered with dust and perspiration, we gained the summit, and this desired spot which we had almost despaired of reaching, and which was to end all our toils, was, alas! well near terminating my Smyrniote's toils and apprehensions for ever. Though the sun, early in the season as it was, was scorching hot; cold blasts blew at intervals from the snowy mountains to the east. With proper circumspection, he had foreseen that these chilling gusts would be more sensibly felt at the exposed top of the hill, and had retained his mantle. The ridge we came to was scarcely broader than a camel's

back, and at that point, the northern face of the hill declined to a deep hollow below, shelving rapidly, and was broken into precipices. Just at that moment, one of those gusts of wind the mantle was to defend him from, gathered in its folds and nearly blew him from the narrow ridge. He saved his life by throwing himself on his face and grasping the ground with his hands. Having no cloak, I had passed the perilous ridge, and was in safety on a comparatively broad flat. The poor fellows cry of "Santa Maria," chilled my blood; but on turning round, I saw him in safety, crawling towards me on his hands and knees; a posture I could hardly get him to leave, even when the danger was over. At last he rose; his face was ashy pale, and he crossed himself with Catholic devotion.

As we walked on he discovered several places by which ascent would have been comparatively easy, and he could not help remarking, that we had been fools for our pains; but the soldier of Cyrus had not mounted by either of them, and had I attacked the Acropolis in front I should have been anxious for an elucidation of a kindred nature, and should probably have followed the path scaled by the enterprising officer and troops of Antiochus, who surprised the place by climbing up in the hollow on the side of the theatre, the identical hollow into which my drogoman so narrowly escaped being precipitated, and which must have been a path of equal, if not greater difficulty, to that by which we had ascended. I said nothing to him either of Cyrus or Antiochus, for he might have asked with the common expressive Turkish idiom, "whose dogs they were," to suggest ideas so perilous to Christian necks?

On the long steep ridges of the Acropolis of Sardes, we found ample remains of the triple wall and fortification which had sustained so many sieges; and, besides these, fragments of less ancient walls, built of mixed materials and the spoils of antiquity. In many places the earth had crumbled away, and had fallen with the walls it sustained to the foot of the mountain. In other places, the walls rested in part on the still tenacious hill, and in part were undermined, and projected over the deep and dark hollows, that seemed awaiting their fall. Two portions of these fortifications are perilous to look at; one is a tower towards the south, and another, a mass of wall on the edge of the eastern precipice; both seem to tremble, and to be ready to slide down the lofty hill's side. From the violence of the winter rains, and from the spongy, crumbling nature of the hill, it is certain that in process of

time the whole will fall—that the lofty will be humble—and that the ruins of the Acropolis must then be sought for at the foot of the mount. Yet on this narrow unstable base, once stood the royal palace of the Lydians, and on its site Alexander the Great contemplated the erection of a stately temple and altar to the Olympian Jové.* It was as well, (at least as far as we are interested,) that the project of the vast mind was not carried into execution; for had the temple miraculously escaped the earthquake, that in the time of Tiberius made a ruin of Sardes, its column must have long since been prostrate, from the causes just alluded to.

The view from the rugged brow was vast and sublime; the broad plain of the Hermus, through which wound the stately and classical river, was at my feet: at the extremity of the plain, in a direction nearly due north, I could discern the tranquil bosom of the Gygean lake; the lofty tumuli; the sepulchres of Alyattes, and of Lydia's royal race; beyond which, the view was terminated by a ridge of mountains. To the west, was a chain of jagged rocky hills; to the east, were the high broad cones of Mount Tmolus deeply covered with snow, whose white hues tinged by the reflected purple of the setting sun, shone like an accumulated mount of brilliant rose leaves. Behind the Acropolis, to the south, the long, deep valley of the Pactolus plunged within the blackening sides of the majestic mountains, and cast itself in shade, seemed strikingly solemn and mysterious; its famed stream was at intervals hidden by, and at others seen rushing through dark trees and thick underwood, whilst at the more open parts of the valley, beneath where I stood, it was burnished with gold and crimson, by the farewell rays of the god of day. Of living beings, there were none visible, save a small herd of lowing cattle, driven by two mounted Turcomans, in the direction of the concealed village; but historical recollections and imagination could people the spot with Cimmerians, Lydians, Persians, Medes, Macedonians, Athenians, Romans, Greeks of a declining empire, and Turks of a rising one; races that have in turns flourished or played an active part on this theatre, and have in turns disappeared. By such aids, the ancient warrior with his helmet and breastplate of shining steel might be seen again to climb the castellated heights; the conqueror of the world to lay his victorious sword on the altars of Poly-

* After the battle of the Granicus, Alexander advanced and encamped on the banks of the Hermus, at about two miles from Sardes. He at once took unopposed possession of the city, and walked up to its Acropolis.

theism ; and, passing over the lapse of many centuries, the fanatic Unitarian, the Moslemin Emir to lift up the voice of praise to Allah and to Destiny, that had awarded him such fair conquests.

My companion was thoroughly tired, for he had brought no pipe with him. It was time to go, as night was approaching. I looked again to the snowy summits of Tmolus ; and regretted, bitterly regretted that circumstances should prevent me from crossing that ridge and extending my excursions. Far before me, and far to the right and to the left, were so many interesting tracts and ancient remains ! whichever way I might go I could hardly fail of coming upon objects to repay my exertions ; and on referring to my inseparable companion, Colonel Leake's tour, and to his map, in which by necessity the situations of many places are merely guessed at ; I felt, with sensations of irritation and disappointment, that were time allowed me, I might flatter myself with the hope of being able to add my mite to our deficient geographical knowledge of these important parts of Asia Minor.

I felt at the time spirits and health too for the enterprise, but I was obliged to console myself with the thought that what could not be then, might be at a future period ; and I still retain the hope of visiting those districts, which at the distance I am now, appear more interesting than ever.

On my descent from the Acropolis, I thought it fair to leave the choice of the road to my companion ; he chose a good one, and we reached the plain without difficulty. A trifling incident happened on the hill. As I was turning from the walls of the old fortress by a narrow path, I struck with my foot, inadvertently, and without the wish of trying a cruel experiment, a land-tortoise and sent it over the precipice. * My Smyrniote, whose own hair-breadth

* These land tortoises abound in Anatolia, to a degree I have never seen elsewhere. They are also found much larger than any I have seen in Europe, and one I measured during the present journey, near Nymphi was fifteen inches long, by eight broad. Their desquamated shell is so strong when they are full grown, as to bear an enormous weight, if laid on without concussion. They are very ugly reptiles. Defended from the rest of the brute creation, by the castles on their backs, they move at a snail-like pace, and in their favourite haunts, which are the banks of rivulets or any marshy ground they may be taken by hundreds. Our sailors once took a large basket full in a few minutes at the Dardanelles, at a spot called "the White Stains," (where was the naval station of the Greek fleet during the war of Troy,) a little within the Sigæan promontory. In the Morea and in parts of Illyria, where the land-tortoises also abound, the inhabitants use them as articles of food ; but the only use of them I ever heard of in Turkey, is that made of them by the Greeks, who boil them down to a soup, which is esteemed of great virtue to persons labouring under consumptions.

escape had prepared him to take an interest in the subject, watched the animal as it fell. "Per Dio!" cried he, "it is not killed; it moves; it is walking away! What a comfortable thing it is to have a natural case of armour over one: if I had fallen, what a different fate would have been mine!"

When we reached the hamlet, it was dark, and we found our suridji in a very bad humour, as he wished to return to Casabar, and did not like travelling by night. I had no intention of doing so, if I could procure any place of refuge where I was. This might be a difficult matter, where there was neither khan nor café; but on making inquiries, we were accosted by a man whom I recognised as my orator at the temple, and he unhesitatingly offered to lodge us. We followed our voluntary host to a strange habitation, a rude little cabin, pitched by the side of which was a conical tent. The interior of the cabin consisted of one undivided room, which we found occupied by a swarthy woman who was cooking the family supper, at a fire on the ground in the middle of the apartment, by three equally swarthy children, and by a rough little colt. I was amused at the thought of passing the night in such choice society, and on remarking the narrow dimensions of the room, and the absence of all furniture, save the black pilaff kettle that was steaming in the centre, two low wicker stools, a straw mat rolled up, and some sheep-skins, I wondered how we should all be disposed of. We were very hungry, and thought fit to request that something might be added to the usual domestic supper. A valuable addition soon made its appearance in the form of a small lamb, which was forthwith roasted whole, over the increased fire.

While these hasty preparations were making, I walked out towards the temple, but unfortunately there was no moonlight. I disturbed the large sheep-dogs, that set up a tremendous chorus of barking, and I was fain to return at the call of my companion, who announced that our meal was ready. The first thing served up was a dish of boiled wheat, made up, in the lieu of rice, into a sort of pilaff; which mixed with yaourt, that was furnished in abundance, I found agreeable enough, though somewhat paleous. The delicate small lamb was next laid on the mat, and having neither knives nor forks, we tore it to pieces with our fingers. It was tender and delicious in spite of the rude, hasty cooking, and our not less rude mode of carving it. Our hostess waited on us attentively. Her husband and the suridji ate with us of the pilaff, but were not to be induced to partake of the lamb. I thought

that perhaps this abstinence might arise from certain religious rituals; and the roast lamb, the favourite dish of the Moslems, is peculiarly devoted to the festival of the Bairam, which succeeds Ramazann, and was now close at hand. After our truly Homeric meal, the wife and children took theirs in the furthest corner of the room. We had then thick coffee without sugar, and our chi-books, which were expertly filled and lit by one of the children, a sturdy, roguish looking little boy, a promising scion of the Turcoman stock. Two neighbours dropped in to add to the conviviality of our party. Unlike the solemn Osmanlis, these fellows were cheerful and talkative. The articles of my dress, and indeed every thing I had with me, excited great interest; but it was the watch, a repeater, that most excited their surprise and admiration. I thought I must break it, in making it strike over and over again, in the delighted ears of all present. Though wild in their looks, and rude in their manners, my associates were kind, civil, and even respectful; as I looked round the barbarous hovel, I felt myself in as perfect security as if lodged in a European hotel, or mansion, with the civilized and refined for my hosts; and I thought, with a smile, of the panic that the mere name of these same Turcomans, in the same country, never failed to cause in my precursor Dr. Chandler.* Before nine o'clock the visitors left us with the usual and expressive salutation of peace and good will. Except the occasional bark of a dog, not a sound was then heard from the pastoral hamlet. Some bustle,

* The Turcomans, it is true, may have improved their character since the days of Chandler, and may have been, at the time he travelled, dreadful thieves and cutters off of heads; but the doctor does not appear to have been distinguished by the quality of courage, and I am inclined to believe that the rogues of janissaries, who accompanied his party, found this out, and worked on his fears, to increase the merit of their own services, or to lessen their own inconveniences. However this may be, it is certain that now, the Turcomans of these provinces, (whom I beg the reader not to confound with their brethren the Courdes of Upper Asia Minor, Persia, &c.) so far from being robbers and cut-throats, are the most honest, civil people the traveller can meet with; and in their primitive, pastoral manners, offer a picture on which he may dwell with delight. I frequently fell in with small parties of them, and always met with civility similar to what I have described in the present chapter; nor did I find one European at Smyrna, who had at all travelled in the country, but spoke with praise of the kindness and hospitality of a Turcoman encampment. "Indeed," as Mr. Arundell observes, "to see a Turcoman encampment of any extent, must at once convince any one, that they can have no temptation to dishonesty. They are rich in flocks and herds." My intelligent friends, Messrs. H— and D—, who saw a good deal of these pastoral tribes in a journey from Smyrna to Constantinople, spoke of them with rapture, and protested that they were a remnant of the age of the patriarchs of scripture.

however, ensued in our cabin, the mat was removed to the upper end of it, the sheep-skins were spread, and now, thought I, comes the solution of the problem—where shall we all sleep? The solution was as agreeable to me as I could have wished: the wife and children were sent into the adjoining tent, our host soon followed them; and as the other inmate, the colt, had before been disposed of, I was left with my dragoman and suridji in undisturbed possession of the room. A greater degree of fatigue, undergone this day, had conciliated sleep; sheep-skins were luxuries after the hard dirty mats of the khan at Casabar, and I slept delightfully.

CHAPTER XV.

Excursion from Sardes to the Gygean Lake and the Lydian Tumuli—Fording of the Hermus—Long flat Mound—The Lake—The Tomb of King Alyattes, &c.—Herodotus and the Lydian Ladies, &c.—Journey from the Lake back to the Town of Casabar—Incidents at the Khan and Bazaars of Casabar—Drunken Fray of some Turks—Another Dervish—Ride from Casabar to the Vale of Nymphi—A murdered Turk in a Ditch—Beauty of the Vale of Nymphi—Land Tortoises—The Agha—Depredations of the Samiotes—Town of Nymphi—Dispute with the Suridji—Greek Hospitality—A Fountain—Colossal Statue at Cara-belè—Turkish Sepulture—Black Turbans worn by the Greeks of Asia Minor—Ideas of their numerical superiority over the Nations of Europe entertained by the Turks—Fruit Trees at Nymphi—Journey from Nymphi to Smyrna—Narlikeui—Camel Fight—Meles—Smyrna.

I LEFT the village of Sart, for the Gygean lake, at six o'clock the following morning. When my suridji was informed of the course I intended to take, he opposed it as a deviation not only from the road, but from my agreement with him; nor could we persuade the fellow, that by my bargain to pay a certain sum each day for his horses, and without fixing any precise number of days, I was entitled to go whichever way I chose. He would go on to Philadelphia, to Adala, to Koolah, for those places were on the road; or he would return to Magnesia, or convey me to Smyrna; but as to taking the path across the plain to the lake—*that* led nowhere, and he would not go. It was provoking to be detained by a sullen fool like this, and to be obliged to enter into long explanations with one who was, in fact, a hired servant. At last, on promising him an increase of *backshish*, and explaining that we would ride to the lake, and recross the Hermus to the town of Casabar, which we might reach long before the evening, he set his horse in motion before us.

Our course from the hill of the Acropolis would have been about north-west, or in a line slightly oblique, but we went straight on, or due north, for the advantage of a ford, to which the Turcomans directed us. We soon waded through the shallow Pactolus, and in thirty-five minutes reached the banks of the Hermus, at a spot which did not appear at all adapted for a ford. The suridji said the water was too deep, that he would not drown his horses, and that we must return. I again had recourse to patience and to good-natured means, and it was agreed that we should turn to the left, following the river in search of a more favourable passage. At a very short

distance to the west, I saw each bank of the river marked with horses' feet; the river was broader and apparently shallower—here was the ford; but the suridji, as he had obtained one promise of increase of *backshish* by opposing me, would get another; he pulled up his horse at the water's edge, and shook his head, saying, "Yok! yok!" (No! no!) I applied the whip to the hack I rode, and passing the suridji, entered the river, which I waded without any difficulty: although the water was rather deep, reaching the horse's belly, the strength of the current, from the dilation of the stream, was not great. When my companion saw me safely landed on the right bank of the Hermus, he did not hesitate, and the suridji was then obliged to follow us.

After the passage of the river, we rode on north a little west: we passed some swamps at the foot of rising grounds, on which, a short distance to our left, was an inconsiderable village. At this part of the plain, which gradually but very slightly ascends from the Hermus, we saw some small, low tumuli; and directly before us, a long ridge of earth, or mound, with a shelving front and flattened top, like some of those mounds so frequently observed in England, which are supposed to be ancient encampments or entrenchments. This mound concealed the Gygean lake, to which we were now close; but the broad and lofty tumulus of Alyattes showed itself behind it. I dismounted at the foot of the flattened mound, and ascended it on foot. When on its summit I had a fine view of the lake, and the numerous tumuli and other mounds on its banks, or in its neighbourhood; and thought I perceived that several of those mounds had been raised artificially to support and confine the waters of the lake, which collecting from the neighbouring mountains, and perhaps partially supplied by springs of its own, might endanger the plain. The Gygæus was supposed in ancient times to be factitious, but it was only so in reference to these mounds; for admitting the non-existence of springs where they are likely to exist, the hollow would still be a receptacle to the waters of the mountains. Without these mounds, when risen to a certain height, the waters would have flooded the plain, though perhaps they might have made themselves a bed; and in the course of time the superfluities of the lake might have flowed as a tributary periodical stream to the Hermus. As it is, in part natural, in part artificial, the Gygæus is a beautiful sheet of water, running (N.W.) in its greatest length about five miles, whilst its greatest breadth may be about three miles. According to Strabo it is forty stadia or five miles from Sardes, and though we had performed a longer journey, it is probably not much more as the crow flies

From the low, flat mound, I walked to the majestic cone of Alyattes, which stands like a sovereign in the midst of many others of inferior elevation, and faces Sardes, the deserted capital of him who has slept the sleep of death beneath its heap for so many centuries. The falling of earth from its sides, and the accumulation of soil at its feet, has concealed the basement of large stones on which it is said to have been heaped; and I could only detect the basement indistinctly, at a few places, in walking round its vast circumference of six stadia, or three quarters of a mile. At its foot, a busy colony of moles seemed making miniature imitations of the stupendous works of man. The form of this tumulus, like that of five other large ones near it, is a truncated cone; from its flat summit the view was singular; all the tumuli around were covered with luxuriant grass, green and gay. I could discover a great portion of the plain, and the course of the Hermus for many miles; and the placid lake with sedgy borders, and waves reflecting the clear blue of the sky, and solitary as the recesses of an undiscovered world, was a charming feature in the landscape. Sitting on the gigantic barrow, the greatest work of the ancient Lydians, once held as one of the world's wonders, and esteemed by the father of history as inferior only to the works of the Egyptians and Babylonians, I could feel the conviction that this at least "contained no fabled hero's ashes," so accurately has its site, and every thing connected with it, been described by Herodotus; but I regretted that no trace was left of the stone termini, recording the labours of the different classes of Lydians, who raised this eternal monument to their king, and which existed when that curious and enterprising traveller, as well as historian, ascended to the summit where I was now meditating. On these pyramidal stones *he* read, that the work had been performed by three classes of the city of Sardes; and that the honour of having performed the greatest part of it was accorded to girls who made a traffic of their charms;* a clause in his narrative (considering the number that must have been necessary to such a work) which is not calculated to give us an advantageous idea of the morals of the fair Lydians in general, whatever it may do of their industry and enterprise. But if the rest of his narrative touching them be true, we have a state of society and a general depravity of manners that must excite our disgust; for he says, in distinct terms, that it was the common practice of these girls to raise themselves dowers, which might secure them husbands, by a previous disposal of their persons to such as could pay them.

* The two other classes of the Sardeians were the market-men and agricultural labourers.

On descending from the tumulus of Alyattes, I extended my walk round the head of the lake, and on its north-eastern side, near the water's edge, but almost concealed by sedges and rushes, I saw some large connected stones, like the basements of ancient walls, and as, in the progress of my researches, (which did not, however, extend all round the lake,) I saw nothing else of the same sort, I felt at liberty to imagine that *here* might have stood the celebrated temple of Diana Colcene—I say to imagine, for the traces are too slight to be assumed as proofs. In the shade of the flat mound, and reclining on a beautiful carpet of verdure, gemmed with flowers, I breakfasted—on a pipe.

It was noon when we remounted. We rode for a short distance along the pleasant banks of the lake, on which I could see no cygnets, as described by Chandler, as frequenting its waters. Leaving the lake to our right, we rode in an oblique direction south by west across the plain.* We waded through some swamps and rivulets, and re-crossed the Hermus, in a crazy ferry, at about three. In somewhat more than an hour we gained the road we had followed on our journey from Casabar to Sardes; and being impelled to quicken our pace by the cravings of our stomachs, which had literally had nothing but smoke the whole day; and by a desire to reach the bazaars before all the kibaubs should be sold, we arrived at the former town as the muezzinns were chaunting the evening ezann.†

Despairing of finding better lodgings, we went to the khan, where we had already passed one miserable night. I was rather fatigued, and exhausted by hunger, and begging my companion to make all haste to the dear kibabjis, I threw myself on the ground in my cloak. On seeing this, the Greek slave, who had followed us into the room, whispered to my dragoman, “Ah! I see

* Besides the great battle against Cræsus, which gave Sardes to Cyrus, this plain was the scene of the victory gained by Scipio Asiaticus over Antiochus the Great—the first victory obtained in Asia by Roman arms, and which opened the way to the speedy subjection of all Asia Minor. Both battles were fought near Sardes, which city, whilst under a Persian satrap, had been besieged and taken by Antiochus, who was conquered in the last of the two battles. In reference to the first of the battles, there is a curious passage in Herodotus, that attributes the defeat of Cræsus to his horses not being able to suffer the sight and *smell* of Cyrus' camels. The camels are certainly uncouth looking brutes, but if the Lydian horses were much affected by this smell, they must have had a finer sense than I have; for though at a *certain season*, when huddled together, or shut up in stables, they do *smell* rather *foxy*, I never detected any thing offensive when they were going along in strings in the open air. The passage in the historian is interesting, as fixing the period of the introduction of camels in these countries, where they are now so numerous, and thrive so well, that they would seem to be indigenous.

† The call to prayers.

how it is, he has been unfortunate, he has found no treasure, and has returned in bad humour."

In spite, however, of what the Greek fancied he saw, the sight of some savoury kibauks, interlaid with slices of fried bread, of a bowl of yaourt, and and of a small jar of wine, rendered me among the happiest of men. After dinner, we walked in the bazaars, where every magazine was illuminated, and every coffee-house crowded. On stopping at an open shed of a vender of tobacco, to replenish our exhausted bags, a sturdy Turk, who was smoking his chibouk, sitting cross-legged on the broad board that formed the front of the shop, and giving himself the airs of a person of importance, thought fit to commence a series of impertinent and ridiculous interrogatives, and caught hold of the breast of my coat, whilst my dragoman translated the suggestions of his wit, and my replies. Complaisance may be convenient—may be even a duty, when travelling among a barbarous people, who, after all, are the lords of the land, and have not desired your presence; but there are limits to this, as to every thing else; and I thought my interlocutor had surpassed them. I told him to take his hand from me, if he wished to continue conversation. He relinquished his hold; saying he had done me too much honour by touching an unclean infidel like myself. We walked away. The interdiction of the amusement of story-telling, had, I suppose, extended to Casabar, for we could not find a mueddah* in any of the coffee-houses. After finishing our survey, we entered into a coffee-house less crowded than the rest, and there, whilst smoking a narghilè,† I was amused and informed by the conversation of a good-natured old Turk, with whom my Smyrniote had been previously well acquainted, and who readily and sensibly answered several questions I ventured to put to him concerning agriculture, taxation, &c.

It appeared from him, that the only regular tax paid by the Turks in this part of Asia Minor, is that considered of almost divine origin as prescribed by the Koran itself; i. e. a tithe on the produce of lands. This tax is disposed of by the sultan to the beys and pashas, who bid for a district as at an auction. The great officers then farm it out in portions to the aghas, or chiefs of towns and villages. "Now," said my informant, "though the pasha having his interests to attend to, and the aghas, again, having to make their profits, what is styled a tenth, may be raised to a twelfth, a fifteenth, or even a twentieth; all this would be bearable: but we have been accustomed to have our governors frequently changed, and each change inevitably throws

* The professional story-tellers are called mueddahs.

† Water-pipe.

a burden on the whole district ; for each pasha, besides the obligation of supporting his interests at the Porte by adequate presents, comes charged with debts contracted with the Armenian seraffs (bankers) of Stamboul, to enable him to acquire and to take possession of his government ; and these debts are to be acquitted as soon as possible, and money put in his own purse, as he knows not how long his reign may last. The tax levied from the produce of the soil, is called indeed a tenth, but the aghas and other officers measure it themselves.* And, in addition to this acknowledged tax, we have every now and then to pay what is called a war-tax, a tax for new troops, and other taxes, which have no name. For example, the sultan has need of money ; instructions are sent to the pashas, who must raise a certain sum by a certain period : the pasha divides this sum, and the duty of collecting it, among subordinate aghas, who go to work and collect in any way they can,—those who are known to have money being frequently obliged to make up the deficiency of those who have none ; the district being held answerable to the demand. The civil Turk confirmed what I had frequently been told before ; i. e. that the Greeks and other rayahs were subjected to no other taxation than the *kharatch*, (capitation tax,) which was not equally borne by the moslems. But, in fact, in the working of Turkish tax-gathering, the more industrious, the weaker and subjected party, must be more particularly squeezed for the exigences of the community. The capitation-tax also has now risen to an annual sum, that must make itself felt on a poor man's economy ; and the mode of levying it is peculiarly odious, uniting oppression with humiliation. An officer or gatherer of the *kharatch* will, for instance, catch hold of a Greek, an Armenian, or a Jew, at any time, or at any place, and demand his *kharatch* ticket or receipt, and if he have it not about him, he will ill use him, and carry him away to prison. If the ticket be not forth-

* The tithe on the produce is taken in kind ; and it is a curious sight to watch the Turks making the division at harvest-time. By this mode, the officers of government enter on the corn market, and prices are regulated by them, without any regard to the interests of the cultivator ; and if we add that the Porte itself is the monopolizer of all the trade in corn at Constantinople, it will be easily understood in how unfavourable a position the farmer in Turkey is placed. But the baneful interference of the governors in the affairs and speculations of the governed—an interference that must be destructive of the spirit of commerce—is exercised in this unhappy country on almost every occasion. I remember, as an instance to the point, which fell under my own observation, that at Chesmé, where so many ships were loading raisins, the price of the fruit was arbitrarily fixed for all, by the aghas of Chesmé, Alachchitta, and a few other leading men.

with forwarded to the captive, he is made to pay the sum over again; and if he can raise no money, he pays for it on the soles of his feet.

The district of Casabar produces some corn and a considerable quantity of cotton; but it is most distinguished by its fruit, the bread-melon, which grows to a size I have never seen equalled, except, perhaps, by those grown in the plain between Mount Vesuvius and the town of Castellamare. Prodigious numbers of these melons are at the proper season conveyed on camels to Smyrna, where they are considered as a great luxury, as possessing the delicate and peculiar *gout* of the *ananas*, and as being superior to any fruit of the same kind in the known world. The Smyrniotes are very tenacious of the excellence of the few good things they possess; it is dangerous to call in question the supremacy of their figs and raisins; and I was sharply taxed for saying that Neapolitan melons were as good as the melons of Casabar.

On our way from the bazaars to the khan; in a dark street, I heard the report of a pistol, and the confused roar of angry voices. We quickened our pace. At the corner of the street, we met the agha's guard hurrying in the direction of the noise. We turned round and followed them. In the middle of the street, they thrust open a wooden gate, and within, and across an obscure court yard, was seen, dimly lighted by a cresset suspended from the roof, that earthly paradise, prohibited to the faithful—a wine-cellar. The faithful, however, were, where they should not be; and the cause of the disturbance was presently brought to light in the reeling persons of three "powerfully refreshed" Osmanlis. They had been, as they always are, quarrelsome in their cups, and one of them had attempted to shoot another. With the Turks, was arrested the Greek, the master of the cellar, and on him the ministers of a by-no-means "even-handed justice," were exercising their authority in the application of kicks and cuffs. Curious to know how the business would end, I made inquiries later in the evening at the khan, and was told that the Turks had been admonished, and sent to their homes, as they were personages of consideration in the town, but that the Greek had been put into the agha's prison, until he should pay a fine for having admitted the Turks into his wine-cellar; though probably to keep three armed Turks out of it would have been a task of some difficulty.

This night our bed was as hard and dirty as before, for it consisted of the same hard boards and dirty mat; but we were not disturbed by the interlude

of a fire, and the good opiate of fatigue made me sleep soundly until day-break. As soon as I rose, I was anxious to depart, but the suridji was not in the same hurry; he was no where to be seen, and my active and good-tempered Smyrniote hunted for him in every corner of the khan, stables and all, in every recess of the bazaars, and in the other khans of the town, to no purpose. I amused myself for three hours in no very agreeable manner, by walking up and down the yard of the khan, watching the departure of some muleteers, camel drivers, and other travellers of an equally elevated condition, who had passed the night at the same hostelry. A little before eight o'clock, the suridji tranquilly reappeared, and telling us there was no need of being in such a hurry, he went and saddled his horses. I was standing by the gate of the khan, waiting until it should please him to be ready, when a vagabond dervish, mounted on an ass, with a sort of copper basin suspended by chains, and an iron rod terminating in several crooks, hanging from his girdle, and a massy club, tapering at one end, in his hand, rode up to me, assuming an air of extraordinary wildness and ferocity. He made some flourishes with his club, and began to revile me. A young Turk belonging to the khan said something to him which I did not understand, but I suppose it was an advice, that more might be gained by civility than abuse; for, the fellow lowered his tone and his stick at the same time, and grasping his copper vessel, he thrust it into my face, begging for a few paras.

We at last left the khan a little after eight o'clock, and issuing from the town of Casabar at its eastern extremity, we struck across the plain, leaving the road we had pursued from Magnesia, far to our right. At nine o'clock we passed the broad bed of a stream then shallow, the same that runs near to the town of Casabar. Except a few flitting vapours, I had observed hovering on the summit of Mount Sipylus, I had not seen a cloud in the bright blue sky during the journey, but this morning we experienced a heavy shower of rain, which accompanied us on our way for more than two hours. At ten o'clock we crossed another stream, which we had again to wade through in a few minutes. The last passage was worse than that of the Hermus, for the water was quite as deep and much more rapid. We had now passed the eastern precipitous termination of Mount Sipylus, at some distance to our right, and were entering into the valley of Nymphis, with the lofty mountain of Tartalee on our left, and some less lofty ridges to

our right. We rode for a short time in a narrow hollow, parallel with the course of the stream, which reinforced by the rain, rushed rapidly along, carrying with it stones and the abundant detritus of the mountains' sides. To leave this hollow, we had to ascend a steep bank to the right, composed of greasy clay or earth in thin loose lamina, which slid away under our horses' feet. The Turk and I climbed up the bank without accident, but my poor Smyrniote's horse, when almost at the top of the bank, slipped back on a detached layer of earth, and at the foot of the bank, fell over on his side. It was evident that my drogoman did not shine in climbing, but as the earth where he fell was soft, he was not hurt. Near the place where we left the stream, was a rude stone bridge, which a caravan of camels was passing at the time. The valley was narrow, and we travelled along the lower declivities of the mountains to our right, which were covered with the *arbutus* and *drachne*, till eleven o'clock, when we reached a Turkish coffee-house. Here we alighted. Within the miserable shed was a guard of six men, four of whom were smoking their pipes heedless of Ramazann, while two were fast asleep. Thinking that we might indulge, where the laws of the prophet seemed held so light, we asked for some yaourt and coffee, and were immediately served with both. Beyond the coffee-house, the narrow valley of Nymphæ opens considerably, but it is wild and overrun with thick bushes and dwarf trees; as fit a place for robbers and ambush as the ascending valley I have described on my way from Erythræ.

It could not have been more than half a mile from the coffee-house and guard-house, that I came to a rivulet that trickled from the sides of the mountains close to our right, across our path. It was shallow and narrow, and I apprehended no difficulty in passing, when my horse started and turned back, and though I urged him on with whip and heel, he would not move forward. The *suridji* came up and went before me to cross the ditch, but he had scarcely reached its side when he pulled up his horse, and turned round with an exclamation and a look of horror and affright. Not merely the fellow's mustachoes, but his very beard seemed to bristle and stand erect. "What has happened now, Selim?" said my drogoman. "Mashallah," cried the *Suridji*, "there is a dead man in the ditch, an Osmanli!" I dismounted. A few yards from the spot where I had attempted to pass, there, indeed, lay on its back, the body of a murdered man, recognizeable as a Turk, by the long lock of hair on the crown of his otherwise shaven head. Those who

had killed him, had robbed him too, and left him naked, for nothing was on him but a pair of worn worsted socks on his feet. He was an old man with a thick grey beard. A bullet had gone through his temple, and there was a deep cut, as from a yataghan, between his neck and shoulder; there was scarcely any water where he lay, the blood was fresh on his wounds and seemed to have been shed but a few hours before. It was not difficult to guess the perpetrators of this deed—horrid and vile, as exercised on a poor old man, apparently a peasant, who could have offered no resistance. They must be the Samiotes, and so persuaded was my suridji of this, and so fearful was he that they might still be concealed in the valley, that he proposed we should return to the guard. But the town of Nymphi being in sight, and at no great distance, we persuaded him to go on. After leaving the disagreeable spectacle, we leant considerably to the left, and traversed the plain obliquely, approaching the mountains on the opposite side of the valley.

I had heard much of the beauty of the vale of Nymphi from my friends at Smyrna, and though I had been disappointed hitherto at finding myself in a savage ravine, *une véritable coupe-gorge*. I was charmed with the landscape that now opened before me. The town, of romantic appearance, stands on the side of a hill, close behind which, rises a steep, lofty mountain, crowned with the ruins of a castle, whilst above this castle are cliffs still steeper, and the darker and more sublime heights of Tartalee. In the plain, and on the slopes of the hills before the town, are olive groves, gardens, and thick orchards. Most of the fruit trees were then in blossom; the rain in the morning, which had now given place to a genial bright sun-shine, had refreshed both flower and leaf, and the verdure and fragrance were delicious beyond description. Numerous fountains gushed from the rocks, and irrigating the gardens and fields, ran babbling down the slopes to join a considerable stream that meandered through the valley. Narrow lanes, with flowering hedges and fruit trees, that recalled some English scenes to my mind, were the avenues of approach to the town of Nymphi. There was, however a striking feature of dissimilarity between these pleasant hedged lanes, and those of my own country, (I speak not of the difference of months and seasons,) they were positively bespread with land-tortoises, that were revelling in the recent and refreshing moisture. They were crawling along as thick as a regiment of land-crabs, as described in the West Indies, with their ugly dragon-like

heads, and scaled and shapeless fore-paws protruding from their shells; and incapable of quick motion, they merely drew their heads and claws within their armour, as our horses placed their hoofs among them.

On dismounting from our horses at the entrance of the little town, our first care was to go with the suridji to inform the agha of what we had seen on the road. We were conducted to a half ruined wooden house, on a large enclosed court, heaped with rubbish and filth. The aghas of small and poor districts are generally course clowns, and he of Nymphi was much like the one I have described at Alachchitta. When duly instructed by my drogoman and suridji of our rencounter, and that the body was indeed that of an Osmanli, he muttered sundry Mashallahs and Bismillahs, and then waxing wrath, called the Samiotes children of the devil, and the worthies at the guard-house *pezavenks*.* A great bustle ensued; the agha clapped his hands, ordered his horse to be saddled, and a number of Turks to be summoned to attend him; and in a few minutes, a considerable troop left the town for the ditch described by us. The news we brought created some sensation in the town, and being of a bad nature, it insured to us a portion of the shyness and ill-will with which the superstitious Turks fail not to regard the bearers of bad tidings. I learned that the Samiotes had been guilty of several acts of violence close to the town of Nymphi. The preceding week they had shot a Turkish shepherd, and driven off his flocks; and three days before my arrival, they had contrived to seize two Osmanli youths, sons of the two richest men of Nymphi, as they were riding for their amusement. The Samiotes had not killed them, but detained them to get a ransom; having informed their parents of the high sum they expected, by means of a Turkish peasant, whom they liberated for the purpose. At the coffee-house, on the small public square of the town, I saw a number of Zebecks, who were collecting there to form a bairak. These turbulent ruffians were lolling about on wooden benches, and under the shade of a tree opposite the door of the coffee-house. They had been thus several days doing nothing, but they had refused to proceed against the Samian marauders, protesting it was no business of theirs—that they were levies of the sultan, marching to the ends of the world to beat the

* This is scarcely a *presentable* term, but such as it is, it is constantly in the mouths of Turks of all degrees, and is the insulting epithet most generally applied by them to Christians. I scarcely dare translate it “to ears polite,” but Sir Pandarus of Troy exercised the profession.

Russians. It is probable, however, they could have done nothing had they taken the field; the mountains have numerous recesses in which an army might lie concealed, whilst they might be defended by ten men against a host and with these and all the intricate passes by mount and plain, the Samiotes had shown they were well acquainted.

If the country is beautiful, Nymphi itself deserves little praise; between two and three hundred mean wooden houses are thrown together, in a slovenly manner, on narrow, dirty, steep streets; the mosques are miserable, and the Greek church looked like a cow-stall. I could see no fragments of antiquity, save a small piece of a Greek inscription, (containing but a few letters,) which was imbedded in the front of a low mosque, under an arch, from which issued a source of pure water, and some few morsels of architectural ornaments converted into tomb-stones. At two o'clock, I sent for the horses intending to continue my journey to Smyrna. The suridji had again taken himself out of the way, and it was three o'clock before we found him, sleeping in a stable, in the midst of a group of camels. But still there was time to reach Smyrna before dark, that place being only four hours gentle ride from Nymphi. The fellow surprised me by swearing he would go no further that day—that he would not kill his master's horses for me—that they were already tired. I knew that, Moslemin as he was, Selim lied: we had not ridden more than twelve miles that morning, and each of the days I had had the horses, we had performed but short journies, resting frequently, and never going more than three miles and a half an hour. I felt he only wanted to add another day to the journey, for the sake of the hire, and rather than have any dispute, I offered to pay him the day more if he would go on to Smyrna that evening. To this arrangement, however, he would not agree, and my drogo-man, after much useless persuasion, which ended in wrangling, went to the agha to see if he could not get the suridji constrained to do his duty. At Sardes I had been eagerly desirous to go forward, and looked on my return with anything but pleasing feelings; but now being so near Smyrna and my friends, I was naturally anxious to arrive there. I knew not what might have happened during my absence. I expected to find a letter from Europe, and to several other motives for impatience, and for leaving Nymphi, which suggested themselves, was added, the consideration of not knowing where to look for a place to pass the night, as there was no khan, and we had no acquaintance in the town.

The agha had not yet returned from the ditch, and a Turk in authority under him refused to interfere in a matter of such weight. My Smyrniote again had recourse to persuasion, which again ended in violent wrangling. I stepped up as a peace-maker, but on hearing a clause of the suridji's speech, in which, in reply to a question of where he thought I was to sleep, he said in the coffee house, (the place already mentioned as occupied by the zebecks,) and that it was good enough for a ghiaour like me.—I say, when I heard this, and saw him make an indecent and opprobrious gesture, I so far forgot where I was, and the respect due to him as a Moslemin, and an Emir moreover, (for he wore the green turban,) that I shook my clenched hand at him, as if he had been nothing more than a rayah. The fellow turned pale, and laid his hand to the yataghan in his girdle, but he did not draw it, and the cafidji stepped between us and recommended peace. Although we were ghiaours, and I had offered a serious insult to the dignity of the turban, several Turks standing by at the coffee-house expressed their disapprobation at the conduct of the suridji; but as they could not oblige him to set off for Smyrna, we walked away to a street of the town inhabited by Greeks, to see whether we could procure a night's lodging. A poor Greek woman directed us to the primate, whom we found occupying a curious apartment over a magazine full of wine-butts. He said he would lodge me with pleasure, but that he dare not do so without the consent of the agha, which he agreed to our asking as soon as he should return from his expedition. In the mean time he gave us some black olives and a glass of wine.

Frank travellers, without being acquainted with the circumstances of these poor Greeks, and of the jealous eye with which all intercourse between them and Europeans has always been regarded by the Turks, and more than ever since the revolution of Greece has displayed the interest felt by the Europeans for the Greeks, on seeing the backwardness of the rayahs to admit them to their houses, or to render them open services, have accused them in books as well as in speech, of inhospitality, churlishness, and ingratitude—unjustly accused them, nine cases in ten, if I may judge, not from my own limited experience merely, but from the permanent restrictions and envious *surveillance* under which they labour, and of which the next passer of a general sentence of condemnation would do well to inform himself. The Greek's civility and refreshments had diverted my ill-humour, and by the time I had taken a short walk, awaiting the agha's return, it was entirely dissipated, or the only anger

that remained, was at my own folly for being put in a passion by such a man as the suridji. Our short promenade in the vale of Nymphi, to the east of the town, brought us to one of the numerous transparent fountains that spring from the rocky sides of Tartalee,—a gurgling fountain shaded by trees of the richest foliage, fringed by pale, pure water-lilies, and withdrawn from the vulgar eye, in a still, sequestered nook—the very place to conceive or to be haunted by Nympholepsy. Returning from our walk, we were conducted into an orchard by a Greek, who wished to show us some antiquities. The broken stones deserved no notice, but I was interested by a description of a colossal statue that exists in a glen called Cara-belè, at the distance of two hours' ride to the S.E. of the town of Nymphi. It is cut out of the rock in the face of Mount Tartalee, probably like the colossal statue of Cybele on Mount Sipylus, but the Greek said that his giant was represented with a flowing beard and a sceptre in his hand. My mind again reverted from Smyrna, and I should probably have visited in some manner this other work of remote antiquity on the following morning; but my informant, and other people of the town, deterred me, by representing the glen as black and terrible—the habitual resort of the Kleftis or Samiotes. The agha returned about sun-set, bringing with him, not the murderers, but the worsted socks of the murdered man, whom no one had been able to recognize. I know not what became of the body, but as sepulture is commanded by the Khoran speedily after death, (the soul being incapable of repose until the mortal body be at rest in the grave,) it is probable they washed it in the rivulet where they found it, dug a hole, and buried it there.* The agha had the kindness to consent to our

* The body of a Moslemin is ordered to be carried to the grave in haste, with hurried steps; for if his soul, which cannot begin its journey until the body is buried, be destined to the society of the Houris, it is sinful to detain it from its joys; and if, by its iniquities, it have incurred "the eternal grill," the quicker the survivors are freed of it the better. This is the regulation and reasoning of the Khoran, which enjoins the faithful to follow even their wives' or children's funerals in unrepining silence, without the singing of hymns or the proffering of prayers, (aloud,) without groans, or sighs or tears, or any frantic or external demonstrations of grief. Women are expressly forbidden to follow. It may be imagined that the voice of nature and affection will sometimes burst through these interdictions. I one evening witnessed a funeral in the vast cemetery of Scutari. An old man, with a venerable beard, threw himself by the side of the narrow grave, and strewing the earth on his head, cried aloud, "He was my son—my only son!" After the inhumation, an Imam knelt by the tomb, and calling on the deceased three times in his own name, and in the name of his mother, (the name of the father of the deceased is never alluded to,) he recited in a solemn tone the funeral prayer called *Telkinn*. Europeans, and Englishmen particularly, if unacquainted with the peculiar tenets of the Khoran, must be struck with an appearance of indecent haste, of disrespectful

taking up our quarters for the night at the house of the primate, and sent a Turk with us to notify this to the Greek.

We were ushered into the poor primate's best room, which had low sofas round three sides of it, and an addition of splendour in a picture of the Panagea, before which burned two small lamps. His wife prepared us a dinner of eggs, olives, anchovies, and yaourt,—lenten fare as became the season, but good in its way, and our host gave us a jug of wine from the best of his butts below, and which was almost devoid of that strong twang of pitch and rosin which renders the crassi of Smyrna,—indeed, the wines of all this country and most of the Greek islands, utterly insupportable at first acquaintance with them. A pretty Greek handmaiden, with long hair hanging over her shoulders, waited on us whilst at the tray; and on its removal she knelt at the sofa's edge in style truly oriental, and held the basin and ewer. The primate presented to me his wife, his daughter, and two fine young men, his sons. Three neighbours came in to smoke their evening chibooks with us. The black, or very dark-coloured turban worn by the Greeks in Asia Minor, gives a gloomy tinge to their whole countenance, and at first suggests to the stranger that they are all in mourning. When several of them are sitting together, one might imagine oneself at a funeral. To people so proud of their persons, and so fond of dress as these Greeks are, Turkish proscription on this subject may not be felt as one of the least of their wrongs; and, in fact, humiliating and invidious distinctions are galling injuries, whether they be intimated by the colour of a turban and slippers, or by graver forms. The Turks, however, are punctilious: none must wear the yellow slippers but themselves; they wrap their own proud brows in turbans of gay painted muslins, in gaudy silks and shawls, but the Greeks must content themselves with the dark plain cotton badge of inferiority; the heads of the Armenians are made to look ridiculous in balloons of calpacs; and the crouching sconces of the Jews appear doubly mean, in brimless caps like small inverted flower-pots.

We had some politics with our pipes. The Greeks had learned that a war was about to take place between the sultan and the emperor of Russia. It

slovenliness, in the procession of a Moslemin funeral—it is positively a race; and as merit, equivalent to the remission of a sin, is accorded to each of the faithful that lends his shoulder to the sad burden, the taboot or coffin is transferred from one set of bearers to another, in rapid succession, men running before to form relays.

was easy to perceive that their prayers were not for the success of the Osmanlis; yet they could not believe that the Muscovites would triumph, because they imagined the population of the Turkish empire to exceed in number—to exceed three-fold, not merely that of Russia, but of all the countries of the Franks put together. My sketch of the statistics of Europe astonished them; and if they gave it credit, it might console them with a conviction that the Ottoman empire was not so tremendous as they imagined. This idea of their numerical superiority is generally entertained by the Turks themselves; they look at the vast extent of territory, and having no subjects of comparison in their minds, they are not sensible of its depopulation. They will readily agree, that from Europe they may be driven, but in their own Asia they are inexpugnable.

To turn from politics to poetry.—I had always thought “the fruit-tree tops” ill associated with the rising moon, as they are in the love-stricken Romeo’s effusion; and this perhaps from a common domestic idea attached to apple-trees and cherry-trees, apt to suggest certain domestic preparations of the fruit they bear, though the trees must be acknowledged in themselves destitute of the grand or picturesque. I corrected my opinion this evening at Nymphi, for on going out of the room into an open alcove at a late hour, I saw the moon rising behind the thick groves of fruit-trees spread along the hill side, and as their dark mass slept in increased intensity of gloom, their upper sprays shining and trembling in the silvery beams, whilst the night breeze shook perfume from their blossoms, I felt that Shakspeare had with reason found poetic beauty in orchard-trees.

The primate gave me a good clean bed, a comfort I had not enjoyed since I left my Italian friends at Magnesia.

I left Nymphi the next morning at six o’clock. We rode for half an hour along the valley, and then ascended by a rude path, which in somewhat more than another half hour brought us to an open gorge in the mountain, whence there was a fine view of the plain of Bournabat and of part of the bay of Smyrna. At the gap was a coffee-house, with a Turkish guard that had been strongly reinforced by the pasha of Smyrna, on account of the alarming proceedings of the Samiotes. The fellows might as well have been in the bazaars of Smyrna;—they were all crowded in the coffee-house, where it was not likely the marauders would intrude upon them. From this opening in the mountains we descended to the plain by an abrupt path, covered with loose

stones ; the villages now showing themselves amidst green trees and dark cypresses one after the other. At half past eight we were near “ Narlekeui,” or the village of Pomegranates, so called from the numerous pomegranate-trees which surround it, and almost conceal its low red houses. At this part of the road I saw a singular combat between two huge male camels. It is a favourite pastime of the Asiatic Turks on their great holidays to muzzle two of these quadrupeds, and set them to fight with each other, which they do by twisting their necks with their adversary’s, or by raising themselves on their hind legs, and wrestling with their fore legs almost like men, each trying to throw the other on his side. But this was a fight *de propria motu*, in downright earnest—there were no muzzles, and the combatants bit each other fiercely. These animals, generally so tranquil and docile, are subject to fits of jealousy and rage at the season we were now in, and the devidjis did not separate the infuriate rivals near Narlekeui without great difficulty. At half past nine I reached the pleasant kiosk of old Suleiman Agha, then passing the Turkish cemeteries, whose cypresses are the finest and loftiest I have seen, I crossed the sacred river Meles by a stone bridge without balustrades, called by the Franks “ le pont du Caravan,” and in five minutes was winding my way through the crooked filthy streets of Smyrna.

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure from Smyrna for Constantinople—Turkish Governor of the Sangiac Castle—Island of Lesbos, or Mitylene—Ruins of Assos—Cape Babà, and the Troad—Island of Tenedos—Visit to the Bim-bashi—View at Sunset—Night Scene on the coast of Troy—Turkish Encampment—Passage of the Dardanelles—Gallipoli—An Opium eater—English Steam-Boat—Shores of the Sea of Marmora—Arrival at Constantinople—Melancholy Appearance of Pera and Galata—Tranquillity—Promenades of Pera—The Grand Signior going to Mosque—The Romantic Suburb of Eyoob—Kiat-hanè—Catholic Armenians—Turkish Frolics—Ladies, &c.

AFTER many disappointments and delays, resulting chiefly from the still-felt effects of the battle of Navarino, I at last left Smyrna on the 8th of May 1828, on board of a trading vessel under the Sardinian flag, for Constantinople. We came to anchor the first evening at the Sangiac Castle, I have so often mentioned, about nine miles below Smyrna. The governor of the castle came off to us with his son, a fine little fellow, and a large cask of oil. The latter he requested the captain to take on to Stamboul, and deliver it to a relation of his, as payment for a supply of pipe-bowls and pipe-sticks. As he had a favour to ask, he was very civil and communicative. He told us, that the garrison of the miserable fortress had been raised to eight hundred men, (tacticoes, topgis or cannoniers and irregulars,) all under his command. For this military post he had been duly prepared by his previous mode of life, having been, until very lately, a shopkeeper at Constantinople. He seemed sensible that the change in his situation had not been advantageous to his happiness; he complained of heavy responsibility, of continual uneasiness, and confessed that even in spite of his portion of the gains derived from the toll on vessels arriving, &c., he should be glad to be back in the Bezesteen at old Stamboul. He seemed very proud and fond of his son. This, by the bye, is a general feeling among the Turks; but for the female part of their offspring they care very little. On taking leave, he drank a large tumbler of raw rum to the success of the ship and company. The Etesian or northerly winds, which reign uninterruptedly during summer, had already set in; they

rendered our voyage long, though from the unclouded fineness of the weather, the beauty and classic interest of the seas, the islands and coasts we passed, I could scarcely deem it tedious. One evening we anchored off Phoea, another off Lesbos, which gave me an opportunity of treading the island of Alcæus and Sappho, the land once redolent with love and art, whose current money bore the impress of the head of the “ burning maid ” with a lyre on its reverse, and where, (I suppose in commemoration of the ancient predilections of its inhabitants,) at the time of my visit, the hey-day of the amorous feeling, innumerable little wild doves of a beautiful blue colour, were flitting, billing, and cooing, and sweetly breaking the silence of solitude with their languorous and voluptuous murmurings. We were becalmed the whole day on the continental side of the straits, close under the ancient Assos, whose magnificent remains offer great attraction to the artist and antiquary. After a hard struggle with contrary winds, and long sleeps in calms, we doubled Cape Babà (the ancient promontory of Lectos) on the morning of the 15th of May, and saw opening before us the vast plains of the Troad, with its littoral extremity lined with tents and Turkish troops as far as the eye could reach.

In the afternoon, the vessel lay to off the island of Tenedos, where I landed, and passed several hours. It was my intention to cross over from Tenedos to the continent, (a distance not exceeding six or seven miles,) to visit the ruins of Alexandria Troas, the disputed springs, the *tumuli*, &c., and then to proceed to the castle of the Dardanelles, where my Sardinian captain would have taken me up again. To do this, I was informed it was indispensable to have a passport or *teskerè* from the pasha of the island, and a cavaze, or Turkish messenger to accompany me. I repaired to the pasha’s too late ; he had retired to his harem, within the walls of the castle, where he could not be seen or disturbed until the morrow. On this, I was conducted by my guide (a poor Greek, acting as Austrian and Sardinian consul) to the Bim-bashi, or colonel of the tacticoes, the person next in authority to the pasha. I found him occupying a wooden house, that seemed rapidly falling to pieces, and that shook and creaked at every passing step. At the moment of my visit, he was seated in a small circular room, with the captain, and two lieutenants of a Dutch brig of war, then anchored at the island, whom he was regaling with the gentle strains of three fifers and five drummers, (appertaining to the corps of regulars, and instructed *à l’Européenne*,) who were blowing and thumping with remorseless violence, making the crazy edifice tremble

through all its joints. He made a sign to me, to be seated on the sofa near him, and to my conductor, to take a place by the door ; the *music* was not to be interrupted : and it was not until my tympanum had been distracted for a quarter of an hour, my head almost split, (the round room was barely fifteen feet in diameter,) and we had all complimented him on the proficiency of his artists, that I could enter on my business. The Bim-bashi looked blank. He told me, after a little circumlocution, that he would give me the *teskerè*, and two or three cavazes, if I was determined to visit the Troad ; assuring me, however, at the same time, that by so doing I should expose myself to insult, if not to danger, against which neither he nor the pasha had the power of protecting me. He informed me that there were from six to eight thousand troops encamped on the shore of the plains of Troy, loosely scattered along a line of many miles, all irregulars, undisciplined fellows, from the interior of Asia Minor, who were inclined to show little respect to strangers or to the commands of their superiors. He was sorry, he said, that such obstacles should exist, but politely hoped I might soon have an opportunity of making my visit in more favourable times, when the sultan should not be constrained, by the hostile demeanour of the Franks, to maintain an armed force in the Troad, for the protection of the approaches to the Dardanelles.

Pipes, coffee, and a spoonful of conserves were served round, and we took our leave ; in doing which, the polite Bim-bashi asked me, *sotto-voce*, if I had any good coffee, or a little rum, or any woollen cloths, that I could sell cheap : “ he would pay,” he said, “ for what he bought.” I told him I was not a merchant, and unfortunately had nothing of the sort. This declaration did not seem to raise me in his estimation.

I could scarcely determine on what plan I should now pursue ; but felt most reluctant to renounce the pleasant project I had formed. This, however, I found myself, in prudence, obliged to do : I learned from the Dutch captain, that some of his officers, who had landed on the coast of Troy a few days before, with views similar to my own, had been seized by a set of savages, and very roughly handled ; and I was assured, by persons on the island, that mutinies and excesses were continually committed by those desperate men, on account of long-delayed pay, and insufficiency of provisions.

Tenedos, which is a most important position, in relation to the passage of the Dardanelles, was only garrisoned by about six hundred *tacticoes* from Constantinople ; its castle, situated on the beach facing Troy, is small, and

contemptibly weak; the few guns mounted and serviceable, were of small calibre; the walls, like those of all the Turkish-built castles I have seen, mere shell-work. The Russian fleet destroyed it in 1770, and they may perform the same feat whenever they think proper.*

The island exports nothing but wine; we could not even find a few vegetables. The habitations are wretched constructions; the inhabitants, who amount to about five thousand, are nearly all Greeks, and very poor. As there are no irregular troops, no great disorders take place; but every thing goes on, if miserably, at least tranquilly: a happy change from the massacres of 1822.

Tenedos retains no monuments of antiquity; and I looked in vain for the trifling fragments that Dr. Chandler and other former travellers observed in the town. They are all gone! A few years make an immense difference among men prone to destruction; and the last five years of Sultan Mahmood's reign, have been unusually fatal to antiquity; for, wherever a good piece of stone or marble has been found, at a convenient distance for carriage, it has gone to build up the walls of his new barracks or kiosks; a profanation from which the chisel of Phidias himself would not save it, unless, indeed, a stranger's purse, or an ambassador's *firman* were set off against it. When I went on board, the captain finding that he could make no way against the current, (which is sensibly felt many leagues outside of the Dardanelles,) came to anchor for the night, with several other ships, under the island. The views towards sunset were of a most interesting character. With the assistance of a glass, I could trace the white tents of the Turkish troops, extending along the shore the whole length of the Trojan plain; from the abrupt promontory of Lectos to the Sigeon Cape of gentler swellings, with its consecrated *tumuli*, occupying precisely the same spots as the tents and ships of the beleaguering Greeks, according to Homer's description. In the back ground of this picture, rose Mount Ida, in nature's unchangeable identity, with its snow-covered pinnacle of Gargara, whence the gods themselves watched the warfare of heroic men. If I turned my eyes round, I saw the

* On my way from Constantinople, in the middle of October, I observed that the Turks had partially strengthened this castle, and were arranging a few heavy guns just received from the capital. They had, moreover, erected a small fort on a cone, the highest point of the island; the battery was surrounded by walls about twenty feet in height, and here they probably proposed retreating, should an enemy drive them from the castle.

extreme point of Europe, the cape of the Thracian Chersonesus, stretching towards Asia, and the cape of Sigeum, the blue sea of Hellas, rushing between them like an arrowy river, and turning still round, the island of Imbros and the volcanic Lemnos, overlooked by the distant and sublime heights of Mount Athos. Later in the evening, numerous watch-fires were lit on the coast of Troy, along the Turkish encampment, and we could hear distinctly, on the stillness of night, the sounds of the barbaric drum and trumpet.

The following morning, we sailed with scarcely any wind. We stood over to the Asiatic side to avoid the current, and crept gently and close along the immortal shore. The Zebecks, or irregular mountaineers, were crowded on the beech, gazing as our little fleet passed. Some were bathing in the sea; some sitting cross-legged, smoking by the doors of the tents; some attending to the horses and camels, (the horses tethered by the leg to short poles stuck in the turf,) and some (an ingenious few) squatted on the ground with a small anvil between their knees, and a charcoal fire by their side, were intent on repairing arms or making horse-shoes. At intervals, a loaded camel was seen to arrive at the encampment, bend his patient knees, and resign his burden. Small flocks of white sheep were feeding on the green hillocks and barrows; and ever and anon, some important barbarians, with thick turbans and gaudy robes, met the eye, scouring the plain on long-tailed horses strangely caparisoned. In the evening, the little wind that had favoured us, dying away, and the current of the Hellespont repelling us, we came again to anchor near the first castle, a little within Cape Sigeum. We were close to land. Some of the straggling Zebecks amused themselves by discharging their loaded fire-arms at us, and several balls plumped into the water not far from the vessel's side. It was pleasant that stilly evening to watch the little domestic lights gleaming from the cottages and from between the numerous windmills of the Greek village that stands on the ridge of the Sigean cape, and to hear the busy murmuring of human voices, until, one by one, the lights died away, the voices ceased, and nothing was heard but the laving of the rapid sea against our ship, and along the rocky, caverned, and contiguous shores, or rather banks of the straits.

The next morning, most opportunely favoured by a fresh, southerly wind, we ascended the Hellespont, having no obstacles thrown in our way by the Turks, who boarded us from the castles. The Sardinian vice-consul, who

came on board at the Dardanelles, informed us, that besides the regular garrison of cannoniers and tacticoes, there were between three and four thousand irregulars on that point; that they, as well as the masses on the plains of Troy, had been collecting since the month of February, and that, receiving no pay, and half famished, they were constantly committing acts of tumult and violence. The coast of Troy, in its whole extent, is very unhealthy during the summer and autumn, and the *mal-aria* miasma at the Dardanelles, is most pernicious. Here, however, these wild troops were left exposed to the end of June, some to the end of July. When the exigencies of the sultan on the other side of the Balkan, induced him to forego his fears of an attack on the Dardanelles, and to order these troops to march forward, they paid, out of their numbers, a tribute to nearly every cemetery on the road, between Dardana and Scutari, and of those I saw cross over the Bosphorus, at different times, nearly every third man had the fever. Of course, there was not a doctor among them, and, most probably, not a grain of bark, or any other appropriate medicine, in a whole bairak.

Aided by the fine breeze, we continued to stem the current, whose impetuosity gave me an exalted idea of the prowess of Hero's hapless lover, and of poor Lord Byron. His lordship, however, only performed half, and by far the easiest half, of Leander's feat. Owing to the courses of the current, the difficulty (and that is so great as to cast doubt on the pretty Greek love story) is to swim from the Asiatic to the European side; from Abydos back to Sestos. Except at the town of the Dardanelles, where scattered painted houses are mixed with gardens and olive groves, and the slender, white minarets and the cupolas of mosques, relieve against the dark green of the towering cypresses, the scenery of the Hellespont fell short of my expectations. The beautiful descriptive lines in the *Bride of Abydos*, are applicable to the Bosphorus rather than to these straits; but on emerging from them into the magnificent basin of the Propontis, the country on the Asiatic side, assumes poetical features. The headlong stream, the succeeding castles, and bristling batteries, set close after each other, in the narrow part of the channel, seem to preclude, as an utter impossibility, the passage of an hostile force. Yet here British valour once forced its way; and it may be questioned, whether the strengthening of the works, and the improvement of the Turks since that time, would be able to balance one grand advantage assured by

European ingenuity—the use of steam-boats ; and whether it would not be easier to do the same thing now, than in the days of Admiral Duckworth and Sir Sydney Smith.

An old servant I brought with me from Smyrna, by birth a Chaldean, and in character and manners, as great an original as was ever picked up by a wanderer in the Levant, gave me an amusing account of the passage of the English fleet. At that stirring period, he was in the service of a French officer, (an aide-camp of General Sebastiani, minister at the Porte,) who was despatched to the Dardanelles, to assist and instruct the unskilful and indocile Osmanlis. David described our men-of-war sailing quietly up, just as if nothing was the matter—without responding to the thundering salutations that crossed their narrow passage. But what remained freshest on his mind was the promptitude with which a certain number of red coats and blue coats (landed from the fleet) carried a heavy battery, and how the Turks scampered away up the hills, whilst his master was storming at them with French oaths and reproaches, the choicest terms of military rhetoric, which David, as drogoman, thought fit not to translate literally to the Turks, lest some of them should find, in their panic, time to silence the meddling Ghiaours.

By the evening, we got considerably above the town of Gallipoli, but in the course of the night the wind changed to the northward, and our captain put back. The next morning, (the 18th of May,) when I went on deck, I found we were snugly anchored off Gallipoli, with a steady wind from the north, that promised to keep us there.

On landing at Gallipoli, I first learned that the Russians had at last crossed the Pruth. The news was quite fresh, and one would have thought of a nature sufficiently interesting, yet the Turks seemed no ways affected, but wrapped up in more than their usual listlessness. The Greeks, on the contrary, were very anxious in their inquiries, and their minds were naturally divided between hopes of success for their co-religionists, and apprehensions of fresh persecutions from their masters the Turks. They had been tolerably quiet for several years. No troops, regular or irregular, were in the town, but I learned that a strong levy of irregulars was disposed on the opposite side of the Chersonesus, (in bodies easily communicating with each other,) from the commercial town of Enos, all along the gulph of Saros to Setelbahar, the first castle on the European side of the Dardanelles, for the same object as the troops that occupied the Troad, i. e. to prevent an enemy's landing, and to

be ready to march for the defence of the castles, which, left to themselves, might be easily taken in the reverse. (I know not to what extent the grand signior had reasons for apprehending an attack on the Dardanelles from England, France, and Russia united, but he certainly *did* seriously apprehend such a measure.)

Gallipoli is interesting as being the first place in Europe where the Turks acquired dominion—a dominion that was to be so widely and so rapidly spread, and so fatally abused. The amusing and exact old traveller, Tournefort, gives a good account of its history, and of the barbarous legends of the Osmanlis in relation to the early conquest. The town now contains a mixed population of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, somewhat exceeding twenty thousand.* Its trade, which might become considerable, is in corn, (in very small quantities,) in wine and oil. In the vicinity of the town are some pretty fertile patches, cultivated chiefly by Greeks, but beyond them, you get into a desert.

It was during my stay at Gallipoli I first saw a *theriaki* or confirmed opium eater, for so generally has the practice of producing intoxication by that noxious drug given way, that in the great Turkish population of Smyrna, and in the course of my journeying in Asia Minor, I had never met with a person labouring under its effects, nor do I believe that I ever saw a pill of the narcotic, (except a few in my own possession,) or even heard it spoken of. It was at Gallipoli, then, that on entering a little magazine of tobacco, near the bazaars, I first saw a Turk possessed with the spirit of madjoon.† He was an old man, (the master of the shop,) with a white beard; he was sitting on the table or counter, with his arms crossed over his knees, his head sunk beneath his shoulders, and his eyes fixed in a vacant immoveable stare.

To my demand for an okka of tobacco, he made no reply,—my words seemed to have struck the ear of a statue or a mummy—still his eyes were fixed and motionless. I turned round to see what could thus rivet them, but could perceive only a white wall, on which hung, in a frame, a *Pisgillah*, (the name of God in Arabic characters.) I thought he might be praying, but David, who had a better conception of things, twitched him by the sleeve, and bawled in his ear,—“an okka of latakia!” Even this application only roused him for a moment—a wild unmeaning smile passed over his features—an un-

* A recent traveller has stated its population at sixty thousand.

† Opium.

intelligible word or two dropped from his lips, and he became as abstracted as before. David twitched him again, and bawled still louder; it was of no use—there was no abstracting his mind from the paradise it was absorbed in. The sounds of my chaldean's voice reached, however, the more worldly ears of a neighbouring vender of tobacco, who approached and told us that the old man was a confirmed besotted theriaki—that he must that morning have taken an unusual dose, and that it was little use our bawling there, we should get no tobacco unless we helped ourselves. As a reward for his information, I went away and bought my supply from him.

The northerly wind continuing, I was detained in this not very interesting place, all the 18th and 19th of May, and had the prospect of a much longer detention before me, (the agha having refused me a pass and order for horses to go by land,) when the "Swift," English boat, which I had left at Smyrna, awaiting her *firman*, passed the Dardanelles, and took me on board at eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 20th. Soon, propelled by steam, I was gliding through the Propontis, whose winds and current had before seemed resolved that my arrival at Stamboul should not be an early one. We passed the peninsula of Artaki (the ancient Cyzicus) and the island of Marmora, during the night, and in the morning I found we were approaching Selivria, and winding along the coast, very near shore. The scenery is by no means picturesque; it is a desert, (with, at long distances, some miserable hamlets,) devoid of wild or romantic features. One thing, however, which I had seen described in poetry, struck me here with the force of reality,—grass was growing within a span of the sea's water—and here and there dwarf trees seemed to have their roots beneath the waves. Bright verdant fields and declivities were separated from the blue of Marmora's wide basin but by a *line* of "yellow sand."*

At noon we passed the pleasant village of San Stefano, and the immense powder-magazines: shortly after, we came in sight of the lofty minarets, and swelling cupolas of Stamboul; and before two o'clock, we glided round the Serraglio point, and came to anchor in the Golden Horn in the midst of a magical panorama.

* This is to be attributed to the comparative freshness of the waters of these seas flowing from the Euxine, which is fed by so many vast rivers. The same cause will account for the freezing of the Black Sea, and for the extreme cold which prevails in the country, at present the scene of hostilities between the Russians and Turks.

The combination of a violent contrary wind, and a rapid current in a narrow strait, was admirably calculated to give the Turks an advantageous idea of steam. Immense crowds gathered along the shores of the promontory on which Constantinople stands, to gaze in astonishment as we passed, for this was the first steam-boat ever seen in these parts. The evidence of their senses told them that the wind was blowing hard down from the Black Sea—that the current was running with its eternal violence, yet they saw the ship rapidly advancing. Several parties threw up their arms and hailed us, whilst others on horseback kept up with us to learn in what this miracle should end. At some batteries along the coast, (as we were afterwards informed,) we were well nigh receiving less agreeable signs of wonder,—the cannoniers, in their ignorance, had conceived the vessel must be some extraordinary *brulot*, and had proposed firing into us.

A few days after our arrival, the “Swift” was sold. The money (350,000 piastres) was disbursed by Cazes-Artine, (an Armenian, the head of the mint, and a favourite of the day,) and one or two other leading characters, who have made their sovereign this handsome present.

CHAPTER XVII.

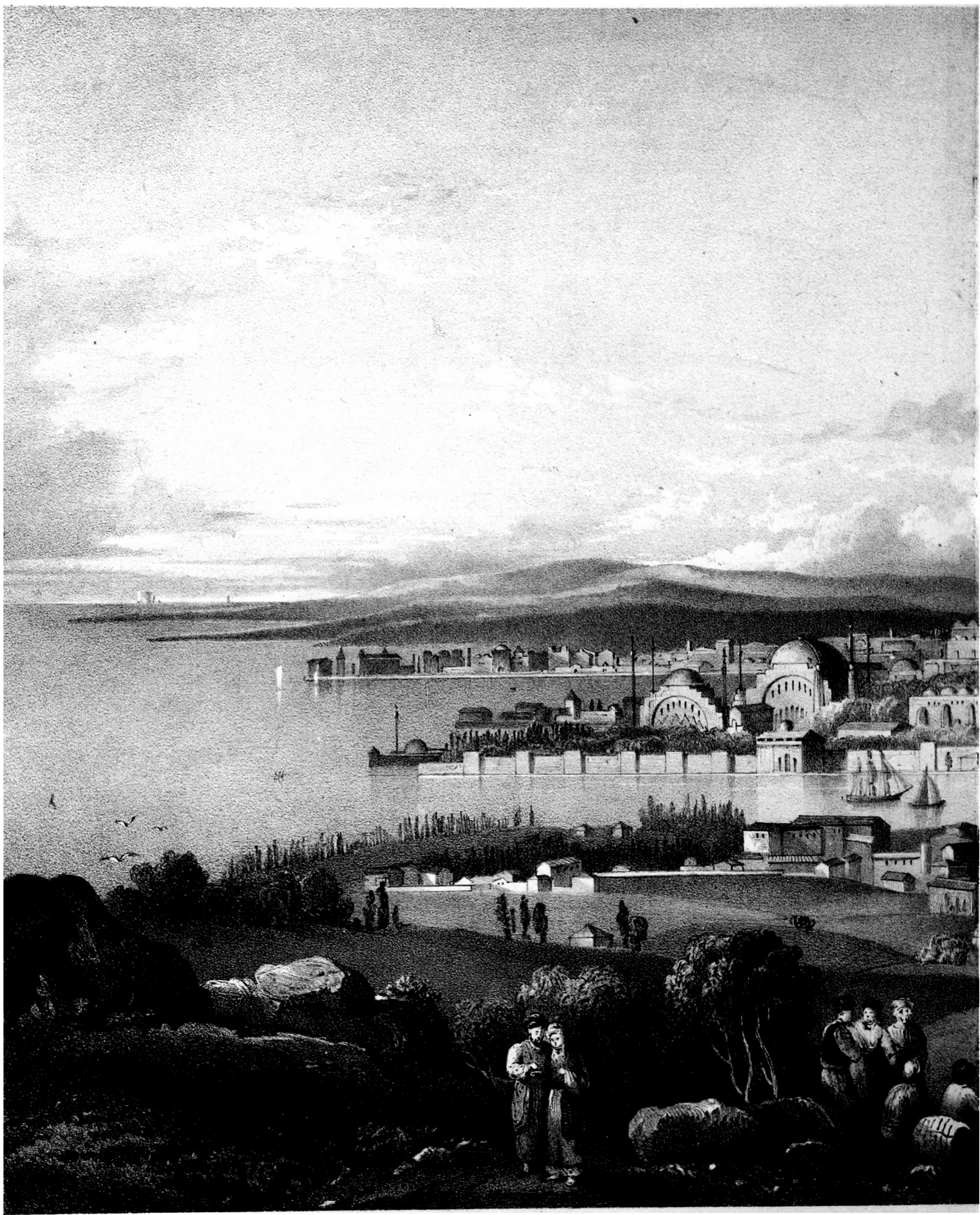
Landing at Constantinople—Depopulated aspect of Galata and Pera—Armenian Catholics exiled—Their houses sold—Appearance of the Rayahs and Franks—Promenade of the Grand Champ des Morts above Pera—Friday, the Grand Signior going to Mosque—Subjects allowed to present Petitions—Fine approach of the Sultan from Beshik-tash Serai to Eyoob by water—Sultan's change of Costume—His person and appearance—Troops, or the Tacticoes—The Band of the Imperial Guard playing Rossini's music.

WHEN I landed on the vast Christian suburbs of Constantinople, though I had been prepared by previous information, I was astonished at the melancholy, depopulated aspect of the place—the consequences of the dead stop that political events had put to trade, and of the subtraction of the numerous and industrious class of Catholic Armenians, eight or ten thousand of whom (by a capricious and still inexplicable act of tyranny on the part of the sultan) had been exiled into Asia, the month of January, 1828, whilst from two to three thousand, who had found more mercy, had been relegated in villages in the neighbourhood of the capital.

On passing through Galata, and ascending the steep “infidel hill” to Pera, this aspect did not improve; on the contrary, we seemed to have left all the life and population that still animated the place, on the quays of Galata,—we hardly met a soul on our way up, but swarms of starving, mangy dogs, perambulated the silent streets, giving me an opportunity on my very first arrival, to make the acquaintance of this pest of the Ottoman capital. The long Frank street of Pera was rather more humanly frequented, but even this my guide told me offered a sad contrast to what it had been a few months before. I observed that nearly every third door had been newly painted red. “Those,” I was told, “were the houses of the exiled Catholic

Armenians; they have been sold by the government, who permitted none but Turks to become purchases; to the Turks, therefore, they have been ceded for not a twentieth part of their real value, and the present proprietors have changed the colour of the doors to show whom they belong to; red being the hue affected by the Turks, which no rayah, or Christian dare imitate on the exterior of his dwelling." Of the latter fact, which was of course well known to me, I had lost sight at Smyrna, where rayahs and all are quietly permitted to paint their houses, just as their women do their cheeks, with any colour they choose.

I remarked, also, that the rayahs we met, but more particularly the Armenians and Jews, wore a more sombre, timid, and subjected countenance, and a more shuffling, crouching demeanour, than at Ghiaour Ismir; they looked like slaves, who dreaded every moment to be found at fault, and who had their tyrant's whip ever before their eyes. This, however, was easily to be accounted for, as in the great den they were exposed to the more immediate pressures of despotism. But what equally struck me, and what I could not so readily explain, was the expression and deportment of all the Frank Perotes I encountered; the first was gloomy, sullen, duplex, and retiring, yet mixed, at the same time, with a rude inquisitiveness; the second was composed of vulgar pompousness and strut, with a vast portion of that apprehensiveness, and drawing back a man is moved with, when he suspects every person that approaches him has the plague, or some other deadly contagion upon him. To my eyes, nearly every individual I passed in the streets had the air of a conspirator—of the dirty hero of some Cato-street gang. "What a contrast," thought I, "with the good-nature, and openness, and gaiety of the Smyrna Franks!" The difference was, indeed, astonishing in other things than looks, as I had ample leisure to discover during the four months I passed at Pera. It required the kind reception I met with from my friend Mr. Z: and the stimulus of the magnificent view from his apartment, of Tophana, the Bosphorus, Scutari, and the mountains of Asia, to dispel the spleen inherent to Pera, and which had seized me at its very threshold. In relation to the tranquillity of the Frank population, I was informed, that great agitation had prevailed when it was learned that the Russians had begun the war; but the Porte had given assurances, that happen what might, the persons and properties of the Franks, of whatever



VIEW OF CON
FROM THE HILLS



CONSTANTINOPLE
BEHIND SCUTARI.

country they might be, who had deemed it proper to remain, should be protected, that they had nothing to fear.* Meantime an admirable police was maintained, and none but the tacticoes, or disciplined troops, mounted guard in Pera and Galata.

My first walk in Smyrna took me, by chance, to the English burying-ground ; my first walk at Pera, was, by necessity, to a Turkish cemetery, for there are but two promenades here, and both over "the fields of the dead." One would think that a dense grove of gloomy cypresses, with crowded white tomb-stones, glaring from its recesses, like the sheeted ghosts of the departed, was not exactly the scene for pleasure ; but there, beside the "grand champs des morts," sit the grovelling sons of Pera, on low stools, smoking their pipes, discussing, in their way, which is liberal and enlightened, the politics of the day, and enjoying about as much pleasure as they are capable of. The vicinity of this vast cemetery, on the heights of Pera, offers the most enchanting views both of the Bosphorus and the sea of Marmora ; but to shew their utter disregard, they have chosen a position, under a stone wall, with dirty Turkish coffee-houses in front ; almost the only point where these views cannot burst upon them.

On the morning after my arrival, I crossed the Golden Horn to Eyoob, a suburb on the Constantinople side of the port, where the sultan was to go to mosque.

This attendance at a place of public devotion on the Friday, is scrupulously observed by the Turkish monarchs ; they visit all the imperial mosques of the capital in turn, notice being given previously which they intend to visit on such a day, that their subjects may find themselves on their path, and have an opportunity of presenting petitions. This last privilege, accorded to the afflicted and aggrieved, one would hardly imagine to exist under such a government. The petitions, however, cannot be given into the hands of the sultan himself, but are consigned to one of the officers in his suite, a medium which is often perilous to the petitioner. The official mode of returning an unfavourable answer, is to send back the petition torn in half. There is then no hope of the prayer being granted. Sometimes the applicants are summoned to the Porte. A poor old Armenian, who had raised courage to address his sovereign, on receiving this important sum-

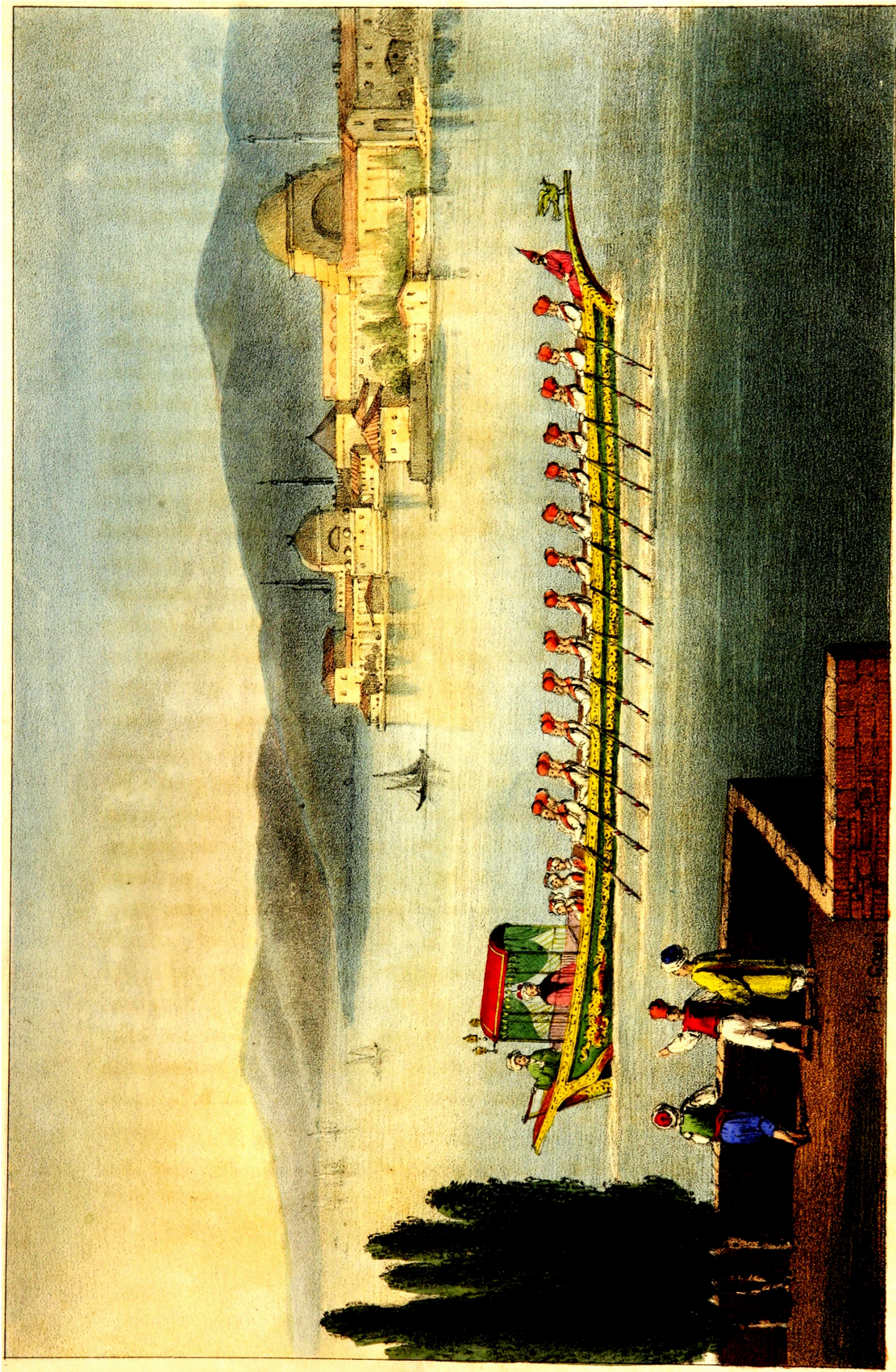
* The poor Ionians, Maltese, &c. had been, however, sent out of the capital on short notice.

mons, not knowing whether it might portend the redress of his grievances or punishment for his presumption; but being well aware that evil, as frequently as good, emanated from the Porte, and fearing the worst, took to his bed with fright; and on the morning he ought to have been in attendance, he was jostling through the streets of Pera to the Armenian burying-ground.

Sultan Mahmood is said, however, to have frequently taken petitions into his own consideration, and in some instances to have caused prompt justice, or assistance to be rendered. But alas! it is as difficult for him to get at the poor and oppressed, as it is for the poor and oppressed to get to him. Even in his incognito excursions he is always known—the consciousness of his dread presence makes the tongue of his slaves cleave to the roof of their mouths, and then he is attended by one or two officers, whose interest it may be to interpose between him and truth.

At about twelve o'clock the roaring of the cannon at Tophana announced that the sultan had left the palace of *Beshik-tash*; to these the artillery at the opposite point of the seraglio responded; and as the imperial barge ascended the Golden Horn, the arsenal and other batteries fired their salutes. The long *kachambas*, brilliant with gold and silk, and propelled by thirteen pair of oars, rapidly approached, and in its train six other barges scarcely less magnificent. The sultan was seated within a gilt trellice. On the quay, where he landed, was a horse richly caparisoned, with housings of velvet, and gold-bit and bridle set with jewels, and broad Turkish stirrups of massy gold. He mounted; and followed by his splendid household officers and other dignitaries, rode to the mosque, which was only a few paces from the water's edge, in all the pomp of oriental etiquette. During this procession, the gathered crowd was as still as death; none but the veiled women seemed to dare to fix their eyes on the vicar of the prophet. The sultan himself, looking straight before him, took no notice of his assembled slaves, but one of his suite, the caftan-aghassi, waved an imperial turban and plumes, which he bore in his arms, to the right and to the left, as if to salute the people on behalf of its lofty owner.* When Mahmood had said his namaz in the mosque, he retired to an adjoining apartment, whence he presently emerged, (prayer and toilette to-

* The figures of the Kishlar-Aga, or chief black eunuch, and the head of the white eunuchs, were most conspicuous; the latter is the most horrible object I ever beheld. Both were splendidly dressed and on horseback, as became their exalted rank, in the strange court to which they belong.



THE SULTAN IN HIS BARGE.

*Published by Saunders & O'Key, Conduit St 1829.
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gether not having occupied him above twenty minutes,) certainly as far as exterior went, “an altered man.” He had disencumbered himself of his costly turbans—his plumes, his diamond aigrettes, and his flowing eastern robes; he appeared in a most simple military dress—a plain, dark-blue mantle, cossack trousers and boots, with cavalry spurs fastened to their heels; his only head-covering a common *fess* or scarlet cloth cap, with a blue silk tassel. He mounted his horse, (on an English saddle with long stirrups,) and followed by only six attendants, rode off at a hand gallop to Daut-Pasha, to hold a military council, previous to the marching of some troops for the Balkan.

Of sultan Mahmood's personal appearance I will speak here, not from the rapid glances I had been able to catch of him, on his way from the boat to the mosque, and from the mosque to the camp, this first time I saw him, but from the impression left on my mind by the somewhat frequent views I had of him afterwards in different situations and attire.

I had read in some traveller, that his complexion was deadly pale, and that the expression of his countenance partook of the *doomed* melancholy that used generally to mark that of his cousin and predecessor, the unfortunate Selim. The complexion I saw was as far from pallid as it well could be—it was excessively sun-burnt, a manly brown; but I was informed of the correctness of the traveller's statement, and that he had got rid of the sickly hue of the seraglio, only lately, or since his passion for the military life and the field had developed itself. Manly exercise, and a constant exposure to sun and wind, could not plant roses on a cheek of forty, but they had given, what suited a soldier and a reforming sultan better. Instead of melancholy, and the air of a doomed man, I remarked an expression of firmness and self-confidence, and of haughtiness not unmixed with a degree of ferocity. His lofty and orientally arched eye-brows, his large coal-black eyes, (which are habitually however rather heavy than otherwise,) his thick black beard and mustachoes, which completely veil the expression of the lower features, the lordly carriage of his head, are all calculated to strike, and coincide perfectly, with our picturesque idea of an eastern despot. There was perhaps more than one Turk in his suite who had the same traits in greater perfection, and whom a stranger might have fancied to be the Sultan; but there is a decided character in Mahmood's person that no incognito disguise can conceal from those who have once seen him. This I have been told by Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, who have often recognized him with fear and trembling when he

has been wandering with only one attendant (meanly travestied like himself) through the obscure quarters of Constantinople—an amusement, or an occupation, that up to the last winter he was accustomed frequently to give himself.

His stature is not tall, but a fine breadth of shoulders, an open chest, and well set arms denote robustness and great bodily strength. Indeed, up to his late exclusive devotion to the arts of war, to drilling and manœuvring, his great pride used to be, to pull the “longest bow,” of any man in his dominions, (I do not mean metaphorically,) and numerous little stone columns, stuck up in the hollow of the Ocmeidan at extraordinary distances, to mark the flight of the imperial arrow, still attest the strength of his arm. The lower part of his frame is not so good; like nearly all the great Turks I have seen, there is a defect and ungracefulness in his legs, derived from the Turkish mode of continually sitting with those members crossed under the body, a mode that must check the circulation of the blood, and tend to distortion. Besides, the youthful life of Mahmood was passed in the inactive imprisonment of the seraglio, in the most sedentary manner, among time-worn women* and slaves, shut up from all manly exercise. The Turkish gentlemen, as well as ladies, are proud of a fine smooth hand, but hitherto they are obstinate enemies to those adventitious coverings and preservers considered by us indispensable to both sexes. I could point out to them the chapter in the Koran where they are strictly prohibited adorning their persons (which they do most profusely) with gold and jewels, silks and costly robes; but I know not where they can find a prohibition of gloves, which Mahomet could have had no more idea of, than of that choice and cherished produce of a world yet undiscovered—rum.† But gloves no Turk has yet worn, and the sultan's hands were bare, like those of all the rest—a trifle, but a trifle a European could scarcely help remarking, when he saw him in his almost European military dress. Another insignificant variation from our personal equipment, was his boots: they were not of leather, but of black velvet, every time I saw him in his military costume; the form, however, was European, and they were worn under the trowsers, like our Wellington's.

* None but women who by some means or other are known to be incapable of bearing children, are allowed to princes of the blood, the prisoners of the seraglio. Such are however given with profusion, and in their embraces those unhappy men lose their strength and manliness.

† The Turks drink rum without scruple, as they say, with great truth, it was not prohibited by the prophet.

Mahmood appears to the best advantage on horseback. Except on going to the mosque on Fridays, or in any other grand ceremonies prescribed by religion, when every thing is strictly oriental, he rides on a Frank military saddle, and in our style. In this recent study he has certainly made great progress : his seat is good ; he sits firm and erect, and might really pass muster among a regiment of our fine horse-guards, and that with credit. The difference to this from the Turkish style of equitation is so immense, as to offer no trifling difficulty to one accustomed to the latter, with huge saddles like cradles, and short and almost immoveable stirrups that tuck up the knees in close contact with the groin. Indeed, so considerable is this difficulty, that but few of the regular imperial guard could yet keep a steady seat with their long stirrups, which they were often heard to curse as an invention of the devil to break men's necks. Mahmood was indisputably the best horseman *à la Européenne* in his army ; and this acquirement, together with another proficiency he was fast arriving at, viz. that of commanding and manœuvring a squadron of horse, formed then his pride and his glory. His instructor in both was Signor Calosso, an Italian officer, now a great favourite, of whom I shall speak more particularly in a succeeding chapter. Mahmood's constitution has always been good ; it triumphed over the enervating, destructive influences to which it was subjected during his captivity in the seraglio ; and the sudden transition from oriental luxury and ease, from the habitual life of a sultan to the life of a sort of Frederick the Great, has rather improved his general health than otherwise. The way, however, in which he exposed himself to the glaring hot sun in the course of the summer of 1827, when he was continually out with his tacticoes at Daut Pasha, Ramed-Chiflik, or other places in the neighbourhood, did injury to his eyes, and induced a dimness of sight, which he still occasionally suffered. Dr. M. C——, an Irishman, who is physician to his selictar or sword-bearer, and to most of his grandees, has told me, that he entertained a decided antipathy to medicine. Instead of giving him medicine, I should have proposed changing his *coiffure* ; for when *en militaire*, he wears the scarlet cloth skull-cap I have described, with nothing to shade his eyes or defend his head from the percussion of the sun's rays, regardless of the sensible eastern practice of thickening the turban's folds as the heat increases.

When the sultan had ridden away to the camp, I walked through Eyoob, to the quiet tombs of the neighbourhood, where repose several of his house and race in the imperturbable tranquillity of the grave, all unconscious of the

portentous changes effected and projected by their descendant; untouched by the perilous career he has run, and yet runs; senseless alike to his good or ill success:—to his virtues or his crimes.

Eyoob is one of the most interesting of proud Stamboul's numerous suburbs: it is little frequented, still, and melancholy. Its mosque, where Mahmood had this day said his Namaz, is of great importance; for it is within those walls that the sultan, when called to the throne by the natural death, deposition, or murder of his predecessor, is girt with the imperial sabre, by the hands of the *Mollah-Hunkiar*, or king-priest. The discovered remains of a Moslemin saint conferred sanctity on the district, and rendered it, after Scutari, the burying-place most affected by the Turks. Here are the tombs of many Osmanlis, whose names figure in the history of the empire; but to none can the European repair with such melancholy interest as to that of the hapless and amiable sultan Selim.—It is there! Mahmood must have passed it that morning; and through the *moresque* casements of the marble and gilded mausoleum, the constantly fed lamps that beam by his cousin's ashes, might have glanced upon his proud eye. What recollections ought not such a scene to awaken? What a lesson ought it not to give to his proud soul!

In his hapless childhood and in his youth he had been, according to the barbarous regulations of the dynasty, the captive of Selim, in whose hands was his life and death. A few years after, when Selim was hurled from his throne by the people he had attempted to improve and to render happy, he became for many months the companion of his imprisonment, and Selim derived an agreeable occupation for his active and afflicted mind, in imparting to his young cousin Mahmood the instruction he had acquired, and the talents he had cultivated when at liberty and a sovereign. At the termination of those months, and when the Bairactar had even penetrated into the seraglio to restore his beloved master, Selim was foully murdered by the vilest slaves of Mahmood's brother; and Mahmood, apprehending for himself a similar fate, fled and hid himself under a gathered heap of carpets. Thence he was drawn, to ascend the throne of Selim, his kind relative, his benefactor and tutor. To complete the domestic tragedy, only a few months elapsed, and to maintain himself on that throne, he ordered the murder of his brother, as his brother had before ordered the murder of Selim! And even supposing Mahmood exempt from the tenderer sentiments of humanity, yet must that mausoleum be an impressive object to him—its occupant lost empire and life in attempting the moral revolution he himself is now pursuing, and whose “end is not yet.”

The suburb of Eyoob terminates at the foot of some romantic hills, whose sides are covered with fruit trees and cypresses, gardens and groves. There is one street which I was so much struck with, that I visited it many times. It is composed on either side of mosques, hospitals for the poor, mausoleums, and cemeteries. Continuous groves of cypresses form an obscure avenue, in which the white edifices stand out in peculiar brightness; whilst the open country, seen through this narrow, opaque vista, appears supernaturally brilliant and transparent—like a glimpse of Paradise, caught through “the valley of the shadow of death.” The first time I walked here, there was not a human being in the dark alley, but myriads of wild bees were murmuring among the grass and the flowers that were growing upon the graves; and high overhead, nestled in the thick cypresses, flights of turtle doves were uttering their incessant tender notes—melancholy, though the expression of their joys and loves. I advise every traveller who may succeed me in exploring the wonders of Stamboul, to go to Eyoob, *and to this quiet spot*. All who do so, will thank me for having procured them a pleasure. My guide, a thick-headed Armenian, who had no taste for tombs and darkness, and who would fain have stopped me at the Imperial mosque, assuring me there was nothing to be seen beyond that, hurried me away as fast as he could, to a place where there was *something* to be seen and heard—men and women instead of bees and doves, and where was to be found that *summum bonum* of the Levantines—a coffee-house and chibooks.

This was to the famous vale of *Kiat-hanè*, called by the Franks *les eaux douces*. It has been often described, and is now, as formerly, one of the most lovely spots in the vicinity of the capital, and the promenade most frequented in the spring season by the Turks on their holidays.* Here I found, seated by the marble-lined sides of a canal, and under the cool shades of fine plane trees, numerous groups of Turks smoking their pipes, and of women, (away from the men,) some listening to the monotonous drone of the bag-pipe and the beating of a rude tabor; some conversing and laughing with great glee, and a few partaking in what we consider the *masculine* pleasure of puffing tobacco.† The musicians were all peasants from the mountains of Bulgaria:

* See Anastasius, for a short but splendid picture of this place.

† Smoking is a common custom enough among Turkish and Armenian ladies; but the daughters of Israel indulge in it to excess.

some of them danced grotesquely to their comrades' strains, and their exertions were rewarded by a pinch of *paras* from each party they successively amused. These poor fellows repair every spring to the capital, by St. George's Day, to attend the sultan's stud, that are then sent out to grass in the Valley of the Sweet Waters. For this service, they are exempted from the kharatch, or poll-tax, paid by rayahs, and enjoy sundry little privileges and emoluments. Pastoral races are always given to some sort of music ; and it is curious to remark, that a sort of bag-pipe is used by nearly all the mountaineers of Europe. Their skill, rude as it is, insures them their expenses on the road : they contrive to reach Constantinople a week or a fortnight before the horses are confided to their care : they spend that time profitably in playing in the streets and coffee-houses of Stamboul ; and even when on duty at the Sweet Waters, they have opportunities of employing their talent every holiday. When the lovely month of May, (and lovely indeed it is at this spot,) and part of June, are passed, and the refreshed steeds are returned to the stalls of the seraglio, the poor Bulgarians set off for their homes in small parties, and pay again their lodging and food on the road with a tune and a dance. They are a strange, wild-looking set : they are generally short, but robust ; have grey eyes, and sharp, hard-marked faces, not much unlike some of our highland tribes. They wear on their head a sheep-skin cap, with the wool turned outwards ; they wear sandals on their feet, of primitive manufacture : the rest of their personal equipment offers nothing remarkable, except its raggedness and filth. They are said to be inoffensive, only *passably* honest, and devoutly attached to the Greek church, of which they are members.

In one part of the valley of the sweet-waters, was an encampment of the regular cavalry of the sultan's guards. A few of the men were occupied with their horses that were grazing in the meadow ; the rest were either sleeping, or frolicking among the trees like school-boys. They were all very young men. When we reached the coffee-house, high up the valley, that my companion's soul had been so long thirsting after, we found the shadow of every tree taken up, every humble stool engaged. Here were Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, in separate knots, but all similarly engaged with their chibooks. We at last found room among a group of Armenians.

To say something to one of the party, who addressed me in Italian, I praised the beauty of *Kiat-hanè* : " Yes," said he, with a long sigh, " the

valley is beautiful, but that won't prevent us *all* catching the fever!" I did not like this information and generalizing, and requested him to explain. "Why, sir," resumed he, "we are Catholic Armenians; the Turks have shut up about five hundred of us, in the miserable little village hard by: we have been driven from our houses in Pera and Galata, to occupy rotten dens that are falling to pieces; and for want of room, three or four families are huddled together. Kiat-hané is a very delightful place: we hear the night-ingles singing in the trees all the night long, but the rats in doors threaten every night to eat us alive. And then, sir, though this is a pleasant spot on a spring holiday, after the month of June it is insupportable, and gives the fever and ague to every body who sleeps in it." The poor fellow's complaint was not exaggerated, and his apprehensions were reasonable; the long, narrow hollow, with stagnating waters, and hills that prevent the ingress of the purifying summer winds from the Black Sea, is peculiarly obnoxious to fever. As soon as the hot weather sets in, it is abandoned, and the Armenians who, by a barbarous caprice, were relegated there, suffered severely in the course of last summer. A poor woman, the wife of my friend S——'s cashier, was near dying of the fever she caught; and it was not till after long supplication that her husband procured, as a particular favour, (for which, of course, he paid hard cash,) the permission to remove her to the purer air of Prinkipo, in the sea of Marmora, where he had a comfortable house of his own.

The few words I had extracted from this *Caprile*,* must be considered as rather an extraordinary effort on his part, and probably were to be attributed to the eloquence of personal suffering. I was still smoking my pipe in silence, when a party of the young tacticoes came to the coffee-house, and talking and joking in a most unmussulmanly manner, they squatted down by my side. They asked to handle my whip, to look at my glass, my watch, &c.; all which objects were honoured with their approbation, but not so my travelling cap, though it had a bright leather top. Something in it struck them as ludicrous, and being in a merry mood, they laughed most outrageously. "Cease your mockery," said a serious old man opposite, "cease to laugh at the stranger; how do you know what sort of a cap the Padishah† may please

* A common Christian name among the Armenians.

† One of the titles of the sultan.

to clap on your own heads soon ! You have got the Frank *papooshes*† already." They immediately left off annoying me ; but, having, I suppose, got the *subject* into their heads, the jokes, before directed to my cap, now reverted, in a practical shape, to the greasy calpac of an old Jew, a vender of *courabieys* and other sweetmeats. As he was going round, with his basket hung before him, selling his wares, or inviting the circle to buy, two of the tacticoes, as his back was turned, relieved their lit pipes of the burning pieces of charcoal, by letting them drop into the hollow crown of his hat ; and then, as the saturated felt began to frizzle and smoke, they roared with laughter. I confess that on seeing the Jew (who, intent on business, was not at all aware of the trick played him) continue his perambulation among the trees, smoking at the poll like a chimney, I was amused myself ; but when the coal, penetrating through the crown of his calpac, made its approaches sensible to the skull, and he let fall his basket, to snatch the old calpac from his head, with a start and a cry of alarm—when he peeped through the hole which the cinders had made in the calpac, and then at the tacticoes, whose shouts betrayed them, I could not help joining the general roar. I have seen many a witticism of this kind played off by the tacticoes, and the subject has invariably been a Jew ; which, with other circumstances of more importance, and connected not with frolicsome lads, but serious Osmanlis, makes the assertion of a late traveller " that the Jews are a favoured people, and held by the Turks in a degree of consideration," appear to me rather extraordinary.

There is a handsome kiosk in the valley of the Sweet Waters, built by Achmet the Third, and repaired and improved by the present sultan, who, in former years, had a great attachment for this beautiful spot. If a current story be true, Mahmood is susceptible of tender feelings, even to a romantic degree. The tale is this. Years ago, a favourite of his harem died at Kiat hanè—he fled from the place, and has never since entered it.

On my way home through the park, I came up with a party of Turkish ladies, who were also on their return to town, from the scene of their holiday gaieties. They were in high spirits. As I passed, and turned round to look at them, one of them showed her whole face instead of only her eyes and the

† The regiments of the foot-guards at Constantinople wear shoes, much like ours, but fastened over the instep with a small buckle. This was considered a tremendous innovation.

tip of her nose. That might be by accident; her *yasmack* might have been deranged, as all veils will at times—but lo! another mysterious covering is withdrawn—and lo, another! They were three charming faces, really worth showing; and had it not been for my companion, who probably dreaded the consequences of these approaches to gallantry, should any surly Osmanlis observe us, I should willingly have loitered on my way to give them a few more of the admiring glances they evidently courted. I was the more inclined to do so, as these were the first specimens of the lady-species I had an opportunity of seeing. My guide, however, consoled me:—"Let us go on, let us go on," said he; "you will see plenty of pretty faces in Constantinople, for there is no Turkish woman in these times, but will show her face whenever opportunity offers, unless she be old or ugly." I found in a few days that my oracle spoke truth.

We descended in our *piadé* the little river Barbyses that traverses the valley of the Sweet Waters, and falls into the Golden Horn; we shot along the beautiful port, and soon landed below Pera, at the *Melt-Iskellessi* scale, between the arsenal and Galata. Not far from the water-side, we passed an open square, where some tacticoes were drilling, and a large barrack, where the band of the regiment was practising a march from Rossini, under the direction of an old purblind Italian.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Netherland Ambassador—Achmet-Papooshji—Low spirits of the Turks—March of Troops for the Russian Campaign—Sultan Mahmood—Curious Anecdotes—The Basis of Victory; a Turkish Treatise—Greek Bastinadoed—Turkish Fanaticism—Melancholy Aspect of the Interior of Constantinople—Views—Suppression of Coffee-houses—Story Tellers, &c.

AT Smyrna I had been furnished with a Dutch passport for my journey. At Constantinople I might consider myself under the immediate protection of the Netherland ambassador, to whom I was particularly recommended by my friend Mr. E. When I waited on the Baron de Zuylen, I was most kindly received, and during the whole stay I made at Pera, I was constantly indebted to the hospitality and amiable attentions of himself and lady. By the ambassador's advice I called on Mr. S——, an English merchant, who had not considered it necessary to leave Constantinople with Mr. Stratford Canning, and who had been nominated by the Turkish authorities as a sort of deputy, or representative of the British subjects that had remained like himself. It was considered necessary that he should present me to the governor of the Christian suburbs of Pera and Galata. To Mr. S——. I was also kindly recommended by my friend E. as to an upright and hospitable Englishman, whose society could hardly fail to be agreeable in a place where there were only two other Englishmen besides himself. He conducted me at once to the bey, who was no less a personage than Achmet Papooshji, a few years before a maker of slippers (as his name implies) at Galata, where he was now governor, and a few months after capitan-pasha, or high admiral of the Ottoman empire. I have already, I believe, more than once alluded to the rapidity of promotions like the present, and to the facility with which the Turks generally assume manners and dignity adapted to their altered circumstances; I have hinted too, that much of this may depend on the adventitious aid of dress, and flowing robes. With this great

set-off Achmet Papooshji was unprovided ; he wore the simple dress of a tactico officer, which hung shabbily on him, and did nothing to conceal a low, vulgar person, and a more vulgar face, on which *canaille* was written in characters so pronounced and legible, that "those that run might read." We found him seated in a small room at the Turkish *cancellaria*, or general police office, &c. at Galata. He was on a sofa, covered with scarlet cloth, and was of course smoking. His chibookji sat on the floor, with his eye fixed on the important pipe-bowl ; and some half dozen of fellows in gilt jackets, and armed to the teeth, stood in the corners of the room or by the door. Achmet received us very uncourteously, and when Mr. S—— presented me as an Ingliz, a traveller who had come to pass a few weeks at Stamboul ; he merely said, that I remained under the responsibility of Mr. S—— and dismissed us. The secret, the motive of this incivility I was soon informed of. After the departure of the English ambassador, the porte had thought proper to meddle with our subjects, the Maltese and Ionians, who here, as at Smyrna, live in great numbers, and who, to tell the plain truth of them, are not always the most orderly and respectable of men. Hundreds of these fellows had been arrested by the bey's guards in the streets of Pera and Galata, and without any time being allowed them for preparation, were heaped on board of small and unsafe ships, and sent down the Dardanelles. The professed object of government was to clear the capital of a set of vagabonds, and not to molest any respectable persons ; but the measure, like all others, was varied in its application by the officers intrusted with its execution, and Achmet Papooshji, who was at the head of it, caused many respectable men to be seized in the streets. This could be turned to his advantage in two manners, he could sell his protection and a permission to remain, to the persons thus seized, or by sending them off *instantly*, he could put his seal on their property, and help himself with impunity. He had in this manner disposed of the person of a respectable Ionian doctor, who had at the time of his arrest a certain small box containing 20,000 piastres, carefully deposited at his lodgings. This box had fallen into the hands of Achmet, who had shown a strong disposition to keep it, and had been much enraged at my friend S. for bestirring himself in the matter, as he had done on receiving a letter from the poor Ionian. When I afterwards had occasion to visit Achmet with a gentleman who had no subject of dispute with him, I found him much more polite.

I was told some curious stories of sultan Mahmood. The hostile inva-

sion of his dominions did not as yet appear to give him much inquietude ; he busied himself with his new troops as heretofore, and even made numerous parties of pleasure, which neither he nor his predecessors for a long time had been accustomed to. One of the most singular of these, was an excursion in boats to Princes' islands in the sea of Marmora, where he had made the Greeks, the only inhabitants of the place, dance and sing before him, and the festivity of the day was concluded late in the evening by the explosion of a fire-ship—his highness being curious to witness the partial effect of that dreadful engine of war, which he has of late had occasion to hear so much of, and to pay so dearly for. Some of the discontented Osmanlis (who then evidently formed a considerable body at the capital, as well as in Asia Minor, where I had recently listened to their complaints) said he must be mad, whilst certain rayahs whispered he was only drunk. The latter opinion, that the sultan drank wine, and occasionally to excess, I may mention, in passing, was pretty generally entertained at Constantinople. These assertions it is of course difficult to prove or disprove, but they were countenanced to a certain degree, by an irregularity of purpose, and by the emanation of violent measures, conceived in the night, and sometimes, though not always, abrogated in the morning ; and confirmed (if my informant told the truth) by the fragments of certain long-necked bottles, which are never seen to contain any thing but good French wines, that were now and then espied thrown in heaps in the garden of a small lonely kiosk on the hills of Asia, close behind the beautiful village of Kanderli, to which the sultan was wont to resort nearly every evening during the summer of 1828. The usual associate in these convivial moments, was said to be his selictar or sword-bearer.

To judge from what I saw and heard, the Turkish spirit was at this moment decidedly low. The mass seemed to wait the events of fate with cold indifference ; but those who really interested themselves for the honour of their prince and country, expressed a conviction that if England and France would but keep out of the quarrel, they could cope with the Russians. Although the empire was threatened, and, indeed, already invaded at two of its extremities, in Europe and in Asia, few reinforcements had been sent to support the troops of the pashas on the spot ; and so slowly were these reinforcements furnished on the most important, or European side, that had the Russians made a rapid march, instead of losing their time on the Danube, they would have found the Balkan mountains comparatively without

defence, and Varna might have been taken by a *coup-de-main*. Even so late as the middle of July, there were not ten thousand Turks at Shumla, and the redoubts were yet to be put in order, or made, as well as other dispositions, which when completed, and added to the natural strength of that mountain hollow, merited for the place its Turkish appellation of “The Gates of Iron.”

On the morning of my arrival (the twenty-first of May) the seraskier, the celebrated Husseim pasha, the destroyer of the janissaries, left Constantinople at the head of ten thousand men, all irregulars, and a great part of them horsemen. Nourhi Pasha marched three days after with an inconsiderable body, mixed with which, were two weak battalions of the new or regular troops. I saw the last-mentioned body start from Daut-pasha, an elevated spot overlooking the walls of Constantinople and the holy suburb of Eyooob, whence the armies of the sultan take their departure; and certainly no military exhibiton could be less imposing. The zebecks, or levies from Asia Minor, armed and equipped, as I have described them in chapter thirteenth, were the most numerous part of this motley *corps d'armée*, and mixed with these were about five hundred irregulars on horseback, mounted generally on miserable hacks, not at all superior to the common run of the caravan or post horses of the country, and armed in the strangest and most varied manner. The scimeter, which they were once so famed for, was a rare weapon; but twenty or thirty of them bore long spears in their hands, similar, and not superior to those I had seen used by the Turcomans to drive their cattle. The tacticoes were for the greater part mere striplings, and so ragged and dirty, that they looked as if they were returning from a campaign instead of starting for one; their muskets, of inferior French manufacture, like those of the tacticoes at Smyrna, were dirtily kept, furnished with bayonets of different lengths, and not rarely unprovided with any such weapon. All those on foot, regulars or irregulars, seemed to eye with peculiar envy their companions on horseback. I saw no field-pieces: and three arabas, and about a dozen mules and horses, driven by katerdjis, could have carried but an insufficient commissariat. The sight of Christians at the departure of Osmanlis for a war has been considered ill-ominous, and has seldom failed insuring to the Ghiaours thus showing themselves, much abuse, if nothing worse. But the sultan may say, and the fact is honourable to him, “*Nous avons changé, tout cela :*” for now (I speak of Constantinople, and not of the provinces) Franks may be present by dozens without moles-

tation. At Daut-pasha, on the contrary, I received civility; for an officer made me a sign to ride to an elevation near the barracks, whence he and others (all of the imperial guard) were observing the hasty review of the troops that preceded their marching, the auspicious moment for which had been calculated by a munedjim or astrologer of high reputation.

A man who has shown the strength and superiority of mind that Sultan Mahmood has unquestionably done, might be supposed to have emancipated himself from the trammels of a degrading superstition; but be it remembered he is still a Turk, his superiority is elicited only by comparison with his own barbarous race and predecessors; and we should be guilty of folly if in our admiration of the good qualities he may possess, we give him credit for others which from education and situation he can have no conception of: if we make of him, as too many have done, a miracle of intelligence and talent—the regenerator of a countless people; the creator of armies compared to whom the great Czar Peter is an unenlightened savage, and Frederic of Prussia nothing but a drill-serjeant. Mahmood retains near his person, as his predecessors have done, though astrology is denounced by the koran* as a crime only inferior to idolatry, a munedjim-bashi or head astrologer; and it has been said, in circumstances of extraordinary hazard and difficulty, he has had also recourse to other seers and conjurors, of whom he had learned extraordinary things, from his courtiers and officers, who are just as superstitious as the mob. The following story was current at Constantinople a short time after my arrival. I pretend not to have penetrated the recesses of the imperial kiosks, or to have had opportunities of observing a sultan's private amusements or occupations: I can hardly vouch for the truth of the ridiculous tale, but it was in the mouth of all the Turks. It is strikingly in character, and may amuse as a specimen of Osmanli ingenuity. The story was this:—

The sultan sent for a conjuror of repute, to learn from him what would be the result of the war in which he was already engaged with Russia, and of the prospective difficulties with England and France. The conjuror brought into his presence four cocks: each of these cocks he selected to represent a

* According to the koran it is an act of positive infidelity to believe in the predictions of fortune-tellers. D'Ohhson adds, “ Dans cette proscription de l'astrologie judiciaire et des divinations, les docteurs comprennent encore la magie, la cabale, les augures, les songes, le calcul de nombres—en un mot tout ce qui a rapport aux sciences théurgiques.” And yet in spite of text and commentary, there is not perhaps a set of people on the face of the earth more addicted than the Turks to the practices denounced.

nation—thus, one was England, another France, one Russia, and one Turkey. He placed Turkey in the centre of the kiosk, and then threw England, France, and Russia upon him. But the three cocks, instead of falling upon Turkey, presently began to fight among themselves; the combat was indeed general, but in pairs:—Turkey had most bottom, he fought the longest, and remained conqueror of the field, while Russia was severely treated, and had one of his wings broken. The inference was plain,—the sultan was to be more confident of success than ever—his army must beat the Muscovites, and the French and English would cry out, *avala*.*

The typical representation might do honour at least to the necromancer's quickness of perception and knowledge of human nature, under political modifications. The three allies being thrown on Turkey, and then fighting among themselves, is a good idea; and as his object was to flatter, he would have been a fool not to choose the gamest cock of the four for the emblem of the Moslem empire. Other professors, however, were less favourable and auspicious, they practiced among the vulgar, and not in the *serrais* of the great. The effect produced on a credulous people might be bad, and it was not thought beneath the care of government to check or suppress them—the sultan would have no seers nor prophets but such as saw and predicted in his way.

In the month of April, a certain Turk of Constantinople asserted that a sainted hadji, long since defunct, had appeared to him several times on the point of a minaret of the mosque nearest to the spot where his ashes reposed, and had announced in solemn terms the calamities of the empire, which would result from the sultan's subversion of the law and usages of the people of the prophet. As this voice from the other world coincided with the opinions and prejudices of thousands of Turks in this, it rapidly circulated through the city, and could hardly fail of reaching ears to which it was disagreeable—it came to those of the sultan, who declaring the Stambooli seer to be a child of the devil, had him severely bastinadoed, a process which was said to have completely destroyed his supernatural perceptions for the future.

To explain the nature and tendency of his numerous reforms, military and civil, already in operation, or projected, and to conciliate the minds of the Moslems, Sultan Mahmood had recourse to a measure extraordinary in an oriental despotism; he addressed public opinion! A work entitled "The

* *Aivalà*, a common Turkish exclamation equivalent to *bravo! bravo!*

Basis of Victory," was composed, under his superintendence, by the most enlightened of the few pretenders to literature, that still illuminate the Turkish capital. The prejudice for manuscript copies was despised,* it was desired that the work should circulate widely and rapidly; and it was elegantly printed at the press established by the unfortunate Sultan Selim, at the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. I was much surprised at the elegance of the volume; it was about the size of our larger octavo, but broader, and still more resembled the form of the small quarto impressions of the Spaniards.† The types were set, and the sheets drawn by Armenians: a portion of the rayahs that I have already described, as possessing considerable mechanical dexterity. Christendom had furnished the paper; for of the two manufactories established by the same ill-starred reformer, one at the bottom of the port of Constantinople, near "Les eaux Douces," had been abandoned; and the other, on the Asiatic bank of the Bosphorus, opposite to Therapia, can furnish but a coarse, thick article, which though used by the Turks in their common writing with reeds, could not be adapted to printing. I saw some copies of this book very prettily bound in morocco.

This popular measure of the sultan, which I have designated as extraordinary, has however one solitary precedent. In the time of Sultan Selim, Chelibi-Effendi,‡ one of the principal dignitaries of the empire, and a man

* The Turks do not like printed books. Among their objections to them is the childish one, that the letters are not tied together with flourishes, &c.

When Selim established his printing-presses, so great was the clamour raised against the innovation by the numerous body of katibs or scribes who live by copying the koran, that the sultan saw himself constrained to apply to the mufti. A *fetwa* came from the head of the church and law, declaring the new mode of impression lawful,—all books might be printed except the koran, i. e. the only book the Turks ever read.

† It contained about four hundred pages.

‡ This Chelibi-Effendi was a most extraordinary old man, and in the estimation of some of my friends of Constantinople, who had known him well, by far the most enlightened and most moral Turkish grandee of modern times. He had occupied nearly all his life, and under different administrations, posts of the greatest distinction, and miraculously surviving the fall of his beloved master, Sultan Selim, and the short reign of the imbecile Mustapha, on the accession of the present Sultan Mahmood, Chelibi-Effendi became *his* bosom-friend and counsellor.

The Osmanli Nestor died a few years ago, and his memory is held in admiration and affection by all classes.

The reader may remember the horrors that were committed by the Janissaries on the deposition of Sultan Selim. The streets of Constantinople ran with blood. Not only all those who had

revered for his age and reputed wisdom, drew up a defence and explication of the reforms of the day, and applying more particularly to the institution of the Nizam-Djedid, the reform of the Janissaries, and the formation of disciplined troops on the European model. And indeed to judge from copious translations I had made to me from the volume, "The Basis of Victory" seemed but a repetition and extension of the work of Chelibi-Effendi. Like its predecessor and its model, it exposes, that the empire of the Crescent, once so glorious, has been shorn of its beams; and now, instead of inspiring terror to the infidel nations, is reduced to feel it in its own bosom. This change is attributed to the demoralization of the Janissaries, and to the ridiculous prejudices of the Moslems,—prejudices falsely pretended to have their origin in religion, and in the institutions of the prophet,—against adopting the discipline and military improvements of their enemies. The original formation of the body of Janissaries is described, and praise bestowed on their subordination and gallantry, and on the glorious exploits that marked their career, as long they retained their original virtue—as long as they were the foremost band

been actively engaged in the Nizam-Djedid, but all those who were known or supposed to be favourable to it, were remorselessly butchered; and as Chelibi-Effendi was most distinguished among the former class, and as the publication of his work in defence of reform, in which he even treated the whole body of the Janissaries with contempt and galling derision, must have rendered him peculiarly amenable to their revenge, his escape was indeed *miraculous*. It is eloquently and *correctly* described by M. De Juchereau.

"Deux hommes seuls entre les proscrits échappèrent à leur condamnation. L'un d'entre eux (the other was Achmed-Bey, intendant of the regular troops,) Tcheleby-Effendi, qui avait toujours occupé les plus hautes dignités et qui jouit encore en ce moment de l'entière confiance du sultan regnant, s'était sauvé dans la maison d'un jardinier grec. La mort était le châtiment certain de tous ceux qui donnaient asile aux proscrits. (And this poor man was a rayah moreover!) Une récompense considérable à prendre sur les biens des victimes était assurée aux vils dénonciateurs, qui les livreraient à la vengeance du peuple. Rien n'avait pu tenter cet honnête jardinier; les recherches, à l'égard de Tcheleby-Effendi, avaient duré vingt-quatre heures. La fureur du peuple commençait à se calmer, lorsque cet ancien ministre ennuyé de vivre dans des alarmes continuelles, sortit volontairement de son asile et alla s'offrir avec calme devant Cabakchy-Oglu, (a savage who headed the mod.) Sa résignation, sa barbe blanche, son air de douceur, son attitude noble et son silence firent une vive impression sur les spectateurs. Les assassins eux-mêmes se sentirent émus. Cabakchy voyant sur tous les visages les signes du respect et de l'attendrissement, s'écria, &c.

"Qu'il vive, qu'il vive!" s'écrièrent mille voix, 'c'est un honnête homme; il mérite d'être sauvé.' Ce même ministre qu'on avait cherché la veille avec zèle et acharnement, se vit entouré à l'instant d'un nombreux cortège dans lequel se trouvaient des hommes dont les habits étaient teints du sang de ses collègues, et fut ramené en triomphe dans sa maison."—*Revolutions du Constantinople*. Paris, 1819.

under the Sangiac of Islamism, for defence or for conquest. This they had long ceased to be; and it is shown how, from dutiful subjects, they had become turbulent traitors, how the Odas or Barracks, which they were bound to live in, by their law, were deserted for their private shops and houses, and the resorts of the idle and vicious; how from soldiers they had become mere baccals or trucksters, keepers of coffee-houses, porters, and boatmen; and how they had been brought to consider the only part of military duty an attendance on pay-days, and to compensate for their shameful deficiencies when in the field, and in the face of an enemy, by their brawling, their insults, and commotions, when restored to the capital.* In short, they were no longer what they had been, and a mere name could not entitle them to the privileges and immunities, the respect and honour, accorded to an invincible body, the heroes of the

* In the treatise on the Nizam-djedid, the difference between the ignorant, disorderly armies of Turkey and the armies of the Franks, is admirably drawn, and in a manner calculated to *touch* the Turks. Some of old Chelibi-Effendi's sallies on the ineptitude, the vanity, and boastings of his countrymen, are extremely *piquant*. The following may be found amusing.

“It is a certain fact we have often witnessed at the war, that many persons who, in the whole course of their lives, had never had a gun in their hands, but had passed their time in the exercise of some trade or peaceful calling, not knowing what to do, put their balls in their muskets first, and the powder on the top of the balls. It has often been shown by experience that as these individuals do not know how to fire a gun, it would be much better for them to quit the army altogether, as their presence is an injury rather than a use, from the confusion they occasion. Again, some of these undisciplined soldiers, not knowing the proper charge, ram down too much powder, burst their guns, and wound or kill not merely themselves, but their neighbours. And again, many of our unpractised cavaliers who, when mounted on their coursers, believe themselves the heroes of the age, and will not deign to salute their very fathers, when they come to draw their sabres in battle, they flourish them about so unskilfully, that they wound the heads of their own horses, and cover with blood—themselves and their beasts.”

The effendi, however, is not always so jocose; and enlightened as he was, having the Turkish leaven within him, he tells the following barbarous story, proposing it as an example, and evidently regretting that it could not be re-enacted on the discontented murmurers in coffee-houses, taverns, and barbers' shops of his day.

“In the time of Solyman the Magnificent, some ignorant men, who did not approve of the new system then promulgated, used to meet at an appointed place, to pour forth their bile in calumnies, against the sublime Porte, uttering whatever dull nonsense came to their lips. The sultan being informed of this, ordered the tongues and ears of the slanderers, and of those who listened to them, to be cut off; and he had their tongues and ears nailed over a little gate near the palace of the Sultan Bajazet, to serve as an example to the world. As that spot was a great thoroughfare for the public, all those who contemplated the spectacle with their eyes, learned to hold their tongues!”

A translation of the whole of this literary curiosity will be found in the appendix to an instructive work on Moldavia and Wallachia, by W. Wilkinson, Esq.

Crescent, the most faithful slaves of the vicegerent of the prophet, whose obedience was equal to their valour.

Sultan Selim said as much as this, to justify the reform premeditated on the redoubted corps, and now that the Janissaries had not been reformed, but destroyed, the repetition might be available to Sultan Mahmoud, to give a colour to the measure he had pursued with so much treachery and blood, and which had already the merit of success.

Chelibi-Effendi had demonstrated that there was no religious sin, and great earthly advantages to be derived from the adaptation of the Franks' improved system, and of their manageable light artillery, regulation muskets, bayonets, &c., and that it was a fact evident to all those "who knew sugar from alum," that unless the Turks opened their eyes to their inferiority, and formed regular armies ever ready to march to any point, at the sultan's orders, the craft and activity of the insidious and ever-watchful Ghiaours must ere long conquer their territories, and at last expel them at their bayonets' end from Stamboul, the gorgeous and well defended. The authors of "The Basis of Victory" might expand these ideas; a partial realization of the projects of their predecessors had already taken place, and the docility and discipline (though as yet nothing more) of the tacticoes might be held up to admiration, whilst the vast improvement of order and police that had succeeded the fall of the Janissaries, must be felt, even by the unreflecting.*

The sultan's military organization and his new troops were implied to be "The Basis of Victory;" and looking far beyond mere defence, they were to renew Ottoman glory and conquest in the heart of the infidels' territories. The pride of a people that was once essentially military, though, as a whole, it is so no longer, was to be flattered; and we may excuse Mahmood's bravados in the consciousness of our own security, and the persuasion that Europe can hardly again be harassed by the Turks. Some of my friends in the east entertained, however, a different opinion, and pretended that, with organized armies, and the tactics and arms of the Europeans, with the impulse of their

* Since the suppression of this association of ruffians, fires have been much less frequent at Constantinople. During the whole of my stay, (from May to the middle of October,) there happened only one fire, and that was promptly extinguished, and only one house suffered. The reader will remember, that the Janissaries' most approved mode of expressing their discontent, was by setting the town on fire. Where all the houses are of wood, the extent of the ravages could not be foreseen, and a thousand peaceful dwellings were not unfrequently reduced to ashes.

religious fanaticism, they might again set Europe in a blaze. But organized armies cannot be raised and supported, until the financial and general administration of the country, which is still all confusion or corruption, be ameliorated; even favoured to the utmost, the progress of the Turks, in a system undoubtedly opposed to the habits and prejudices of the mass, must necessarily be very slow. In Turkey, as observed of Persia, by an acute and philosophic observer, "all improvement is personal:" should the present sultan die, most of his plans might die with him, and even, should every thing go on well, and he retain his energies to an advanced period of life, it will be doubtful whether the Turks can become formidable to their powerful neighbours—either to Austria or Russia even single-handed.* A surer, and more permanent basis of honour and prosperity, without which, indeed, the one proposed will be found of sand, would be a general moral reform of the departments of government; for, at present, all is corrupt, from the heads of the divan and pashas or proconsuls, to the aghas of villages and officers of custom-houses; from the Sheik Islam or Mufti, through the whole body of church and law, to the lowest *cadi* or *katib*. The people are as much, nay more ground than ever: the tenure of property and life is as insecure as heretofore, and the decisions of justice are still regulated on the amount of bribes.

I was curious to learn how this work (*The Basis of Victory*,) was received by the people: on having enquiries made among certain Turks who were not exactly of the lowest condition, but what we should call, of the middling class, I was surprised to learn that there was hardly a man among them who could understand it. Though intended for general circulation, it was still written in too high a style, or too much in the manner of the superior *bureaux*—a motley *ex-officio* language, in which the comparative poor Turkish is so bespattered with Arabic and Persian, as to sound as a foreign idiom in the ears of a *Stambooli*. Chelibi-Effendi's defence of the Nizam-djedid, was better in this respect being plain colloquial Turkish; but that work was only circulated in a manuscript form.

The first time I crossed the Golden Horn, I found Constantinople as dull and depopulated as the suburbs of Pera and Galata; and this appearance became more striking each time I repeated my visit, until the month of

* The stimulus of fanaticism, moreover, will fail, as the improvements hinted at take place.

October, when, from the numbers that had marched to the army, or had otherwise absented themselves, the city looked as if it had been visited by an extraordinary plague, that had spared the lives of the women, the old men, and children.

The first time I landed at a wharf near the mosque of the Sultana Validè, there were some Turks loitering by the water's side; at a short distance I passed through a fish-market, where there was some activity, but thence through several streets I met but one individual—a Greek in an unhappy plight;—he had suffered the punishment of the bastinado but recently, his feet were raw or dreadfully swollen, he walked with groans of anguish, putting his feet down and lifting them up, as if he were treading on red-hot iron; and when he had gone some distance, being able to bear it no longer, he threw himself on the ground, and continued his route on his hands and knees. I had seen twice at Smyrna a poor fellow's heels where his head should be, but had never seen the effects of the eastern punishment of the bastinado till now—they were dreadful. My attendant, to whom as a resident in Persia and Turkey, such exhibitions were no rarity, informed me that the exquisite pain would sometimes last for months, particularly on the feet of a poor labouring man obliged to hobble about to gain his daily bread. An approved remedy (which I once saw applied to a broken head) is to wrap up the feet in a lamb's skin, stripped warm from the carcase; but a cheaper and more general method is to bathe the lacerated feet in salt and water—an operation which should seem by no means agreeable.

Turning from the deserted streets I entered the vast bazaars, where I could no longer complain of being in a solitude, for Turks, Armenians, and Jews were seated in the front of their open magazines; and I met groups of Turkish women at every step, yet Davide complained of desertion, and said, that compared with the manner in which, at that hour of the day they used formerly to be thronged, the bazaars were as dull as cemeteries.

Near the bazaars, we paid a visit to a celebrated chibookji, an old acquaintance of my friend Mr. Z——. He occupied a room in a spacious khan, where a strange looking set of Turkish traffickers from different parts of the empire lived in rooms like cells, that served them at once as magazines and dwelling-houses. The chibookji received me graciously as the friend of an old friend, and gave me a pipe and coffee. To enquiries that I suggested to Davide, he replied without reserve, and being naturally rather loquacious

for a Turk, we had considerable conversation. The chibookji complained of the exceeding dullness of trade: he had never known times so bad; there was no selling a single amber or enamelled mouth-piece; no disposing of a pipe, except common trash at six piastres the piece, to the Asiatic recruits for the army—articles and customers with which he, as one at the very head of the trade, deigned not to deal. His next door neighbour, a retailer of shawls and embroidered handkerchiefs, he said, was equally *slack*.* “These are bad times, sir,” added Davide, as he helped me to the full understanding of the chibookji’s speeches, “when Turks can buy no pipes and shawls, and their women no embroidered handkerchiefs; times are bad indeed at Stamboul.” I should indeed judge these two trades to be a pretty fair criterion for the state of the rest, (putting aside those connected with the supply of the absolute necessities of life,) and our entertainer assured us that the whole khan was deserted for days together, as if an evil eye had been cast upon it.

When we came to speak of the war and the Muscovites, the old Turk groaned and shook his head: he partook of the depression of spirits which, as I have already mentioned, was evidently pretty general at the opening of the campaign; but when he heard an allusion to the possibility of the capture of Stamboul, his eyes glistened, and he struck his pipe with such violence on the floor, that the bowl flew from the stick. “Ishallah! that shall never be!” said he, raising his voice that had hitherto been in the usual Turkish tone, (I wish some nations who pride themselves on their civilization, would imitate it,) soft and subdued—the very voice of gentleness.

“Baccalum!” mildly rejoined my Chaldean, who was tormenting the old man all the time; “but if the Muscoves do take the city after all, what will you do?”

“As there is one God! I will stab to the heart my wife and my children—no Ghiaours shall touch them! Mashallah!”

* I was pleased to see among the stock displayed by the chibookji’s neighbour, a considerable number of low imitation shawls, the manufacture of Glasgow. As very few Turks can now afford to purchase the more costly goods of Asia, these little shawls sell very well; and, I was informed, might sell still better, if somewhat more attention were paid to the designs and to the brightness of the colours. I would recommend “to those whom it may concern,” to procure as patterns or guides to the prevailing taste, a few of the real Turkish or Persian head-shawls, (they are used as turbans,) and some specimens of the Brusa manufacture of mixed cotton and silk.

A pattern much affected all over Asia Minor for the turbans, is a ground of Turkey-red, with yellow diagonal stripes about half an inch in breadth, and two inches apart from each other.

“ And what will you do then ? ”

“ I will take my yataghan and pistols and destroy as many of the Muscoves as I can—and then I will run into Asia ? ”

“ But the Muscoves have swords and pistols too—you are an old man—a man of peace, unused to warfare—they may kill you, before you can kill one of them ! ”

“ Allah-Keirim ! (God is great !) I shall then die a shehhid ! ” *

Notwithstanding that fanaticism may be on the decline, and that many Turks giving utterance to such projects, would be incapable of proceeding to such horrible extremities, I cannot doubt but that the last struggle would be a tremendous one. The Russians, or any other power, victorious even to the walls of Constantinople, might there meet a repetition of the horrors that the

* *Shehhid*—Martyr. The glories of martyrdom are promised in the Koran to every Moslem, who for the defence or propagation of the only true faith, shall meet his death at the hands of the infidels. A clause however is added, that increases the difficulty of attaining those honours. The candidate must die *downright* on the field of battle—his soul must issue forth as the blood flows from his wounds—if he survive some days or even hours, and then die of his wounds, the bright palm is his no longer ; for no earthly deed must intervene between the wounds and death. If he eats or drinks or binds up his wounds—if he buys or sells or makes his will, he is no shehhid.

The chapter in the Koran that treats at length of the modes of sepulture to be adopted by the Moslems, contains one of the most poetical and sublime sentences to be found in the whole volume, when it comes to treat of the funerals to be accorded to martyrs. (It will perhaps be unnecessary to premise that in all other cases, the prophet orders the body to be carefully washed, and enveloped in a sort of shroud previous to inhumation.) “ Bury them as they are, with their clothes and their wounds, and their blood upon them ! Wash them not ! for every wound of their bodies shall smell of musk at the day of judgment ! ”

The following annotation on the grand passage is from D’Ohhson, always luminous and correct when explaining their laws and institutions, though evidently *incorrect* (as was remarked by Thornton) when describing the Turks as habitually acting up to the spirit of those laws.

“ Un martyr n’a besoin ni de lotion funéraire, ni de linceuls : le sang dont il est couvert, lui tient lieu de lotion et de purification légale ; et c’est dans son habit même qu’il faut l’envelopper, et lui donner la sépulture, toujours à la suite de la prière funéraire. ”

The reader can scarcely fail to recall the impressive lines on the funeral of our own gallant countryman, General Sir John Moore :

“ Not a drum was heard,” &c.

It is curious to remark that despite of the immortal honours and superior bliss in paradise, attached to the condition of shehhid, the sultans should prefer the inferior glory and happiness of continuing the prophet’s vicegerents upon earth. Only one of them has been enrolled in the martyr band, and the justice of his election would not stand the test of the Koran—he fell by surprise, and no doubt most unwillingly. This was sultan Mourad I. who was assassinated by an enemy, on the field, it is true, but *after* the battle of Cassovia.

fanatic Jews offered in Jerusalem to the Romans—if indeed they were not themselves repulsed by the last effort of despair and madness. The weak and the timid might seek safety in Asia, but the hosts driven from their homes in the European provinces already overrun—men deprived of all their earthly possessions—would be admirably prepared for martyrs, and the ready recipients of the suggestions of fanaticism; to these the more determined portion of the population of the less warlike capital might add many thousands; nor do I conceive that Constantinople could be taken until this multitude was absolutely annihilated, and the city reduced to a smoking ruin, with nought left to peer above its ashes save its ancient walls, its imperial mosques, the stone-built departments of the seraglio, and a few other edifices, from the nature of their construction, impervious to fire.

In fine, without any pretension to the gift of prophecy, I feel myself a conviction, from what I have read, and directly seen and heard, that the last day of Ottoman misrule in Europe (and that day, though perhaps yet remote, *will* come) will be a day of blood and atrocity unparalleled in modern ages, and for a type or diminutive representation of which, we must recur to what happened on the subversion of some ancient nations.

What the Russians *may* do at present, is, to take fortresses, to beat the Turks in the field, to force the Balkan, (resigning themselves *à la Napoleon* to the loss of many thousand men,) to establish themselves at Adrianople, and thence dictate to the sultan at Stamboul. Having thus redeemed the somewhat tarnished honour of their arms, and secured good terms, it would then be advisable to retire and recross the Danube, evacuating the provinces they could not keep with a preponderance of Moslem population. The reasoning, that as the Russian empire has already whole provinces of Mahometans peacefully under its sway, so it may have others, is not apposite; for the proud and fiery Osmanli, however humbled, is a different man from the Mahometan Tartar of Bessabaria and the Crimea—a fact that the Russian army of occupation might soon verify to its cost.

I return to the slight observations made on my first exploring of the city of Constantinople. When I quitted the amusing chibookji, I took a long walk which, after my examination of the Hippodrome, had no determined object; I walked up one street and down another, for wherever chance led me, I was sure to find novelty and interest of some sort. Except what seems the most considerable street of the city—a street that traverses nearly its

whole length, and tolerably broad and airy, runs in a slightly diverging line from the north-western extremity of the Hippodrome to the gate of Adrianople, all seemed gloomy and depopulated. I passed through several large empty spaces in the very heart of the town, where houses had been burnt down, and not rebuilt, and even in other quarters exempt from the devastation of fire, where the dark red-painted dwellings of the Turks stood close around me, so rarely was a human being seen; so uninterrupted was the silence, (a silence as dead, as what so much impressed me a few days after, in the immense cemetery of Scutari,) that I could hardly believe myself in the capital of a vast empire, in splendid Stamboul, of whose overflowing population I had so often read. Some half dozen of times, perhaps, in the course of my musing peregrination, my observations were enlivened by the sight of sundry black eyes that (wondering, no doubt, at what I could be doing in those unfrequented quarters) were seen peeping through their white *yasmaks*, and the thick lattices (so appropriately denominated in French, *jalousies*) that shut up every *shah-nishin* of a Turk's house. Once or twice my ears were greeted with a titter from my concealed observers;—pleasant sounds, as they shewed, at least, all gaiety had not fled from the place. Another refreshing relief, the charm of which I still recall with delight, was to catch through the gloomy avenue of one of the deserted streets at the back of the town, a view of the broad blue basin of the Propontis, of the lovely Princes' islands, of the distant mountains of Nicomedia, and of the still more remote and sublime heights of the Bithynian Olympus, all shining gay and bright in the beams of the glorious sun.

I was much surprised to see the great scarcity of coffee-houses, which abound in Smyrna and in all the Turkish towns I had visited, and was struck with a disproportionate frequency of barbers' shops. But here also was a mystery. It was explained, when on expressing a wish to rest awhile, my experienced Davide led me into one of those open chambers which in appearance was solely devoted to shaving, but which concealed behind a wooden screen that looked like the end of the room, a spacious recess hung round with chibooks, *narghilés*, and tiny coffee-cups. The small charcoal fire for the preparation of the fragrant berry burned in the usual corner; there were the usual benches and stools, (twelve inches high,) and *atesh* and *mashàs* to the heart's content. In short, it was a *bona fide* coffee-house, screened by a bar-

ber's shop, and a group of Osmanlis shuffled in immediately after us, not to be shaved, but to smoke their pipes and drink their cups of coffee.

On the suppression of the Janissaries, the sultan issued an order for the general suppression of the innumerable coffee-houses, the head-quarters of those turbulent reprobates, and the usual resort of the idle, the vicious, and the disaffected of the capital.* The vagrant story-tellers too, who were wont to collect crowds in these coffee-houses, shared in the restrictions, and were threatened with something more serious than our "tread-mill;" which ingenious invention can hardly make feet so sore as the bastinado.† "But," said I to Davide, "are all those hundreds of barbers' shops, we have passed to-day, nothing but veils to coffee-houses?"

"Not all, but the greater part of them."

"Yet the disguise might be easily penetrated; any bostandji might discover the recess, and arrest a crowd of delinquents—as here, for example.

"That's all very true, Sir," replied my phlegmatic Chaldean; "but what would the bostandjis get by that? The fact is, the Turks cannot live without coffee-houses; and besides, the order to shut them up is now an old affair. Each cafidji may make it worth their while not to see; and so, you understand the Stamboul-Effendi, and officers of police under him, need not look beyond the barber's shop."

During Davide's luminous speech, a Mollah, a starch man of the law and gospel, stepped in, and called for a *narghilé*.

* Certain respectable houses in each quarter of the town were licensed.

† The public story tellers were accustomed to perform, *viva-voce*, the office of our newspapers.

CHAPTER XIX.

State of the public mind at Constantinople on the commencement of the Russian Campaign—Letters of the Porte inviting the Ambassadors of England and France to return—Deposition of the Sheik-Islam or Mufti—Prisoners of War, and Ears—The Hatti-Sheriff—Greeks ordered to pray for the success of the Sultan—Greeks ordered to suppress their favourite Christian Name of Constantine—Solitary Rides in the wild, uncultivated Neighbourhood of Constantinople—Ennui of Pera, with a glimpse of its Society—Sultan Mahmood's fine new Barracks at Daut Pasha, &c.—Superior new Barracks at Scutari, &c.—Barracks at Levend-Chifflick—The Seymens and Janissaries—The Oulemas—Curious rencounter with the Sultan.

THE first rumours from the theatre of war which were circulated at Constantinople were of a most discouraging nature, and Mussulman fathers and mothers and wives trembled at an amplified idea of the prowess and ferocity of the Muscovites. "There has been a fight," said an old Osmanli one morning to my friend J——; "the accursed infidels rushed like lions on our bairaks, and they spitted the Moslems by twos and by threes, on the long daggers they wear at the end of their guns, as if they had been meat for kibaubs."

Government thought fit to interfere with the expression of the vulgar voice; assurances of success, calculated to counteract the feeling of despondency, were carefully set afloat; apprehension was made equivalent to disaffection; and a wiseacre, a vender of sherbet, who had been prisoner of war in Russia, and happened to know something of the state of the emperor's and sultan's armies, was strangled and suspended to the lintel of his own shop door, for too publicly asserting that his countrymen must be beaten, and that the padishah * had gone mad.

But even the Turks in office, at the moment, seemed to partake of the despondency they were attempting to check in the people. A friend having some business at the Porte, I had an opportunity of visiting with him the interior of that enclosure of folly and iniquity; and there I was struck with a

* King or emperor, one of the titles of the Sultan.

longitude of visage, and an expression of hurriedness and agitation in the face of every effendi we met, that did not augur well of the state of their spirits, or of the nature of the despatches they had received, reeking hot, the preceding night from seven successive Tatars; and I gave the greater weight to this, as it is not a trifling circumstance that can work upon the customary immobility of the Turks.

The drogoman of the Porte, a sleek Osmanli (for since the revolution that office has been no more confided to a Greek *) said, in reply to some questions we hazarded, that the grand signior was not to be bullied by the emperor of Russia; that he would persist in maintaining a dignified attitude, and would act on the defensive. These assertions, interspersed with the usual quantity of ishallahs, mashallahs, and baccalums, were all that we could extract from the man in office by our enquiries, which, owing to our own uneasiness and utter ignorance of what was going on, were probably more numerous and pressing than suited "*les égards diplomatiques*."

Wherever I went, in Constantinople, in Pera, Galata, or Scutari, the Turks were all anxious to know whether the English and French ambassadors were not about returning; they (of course I allude to the humbler orders of society) avowedly considered the presence of those two representatives as a palladium; and when it was made known, at the end of May, that the Porte had written letters to the Elchis, inviting them back to Stamboul, there was great satisfaction expressed. Indeed, the despatching these letters awakened hopes even in the minds of the better informed; and in Franks as well as Turks—for people could scarcely suspect the ministers of the Porte of the presumption of believing, that though they had sent away the delegates of the two great nations by their obstinacy, they could "whistle them back" when it suited their convenience so to do; and it was generally believed that the important missives contained the sultan's adhesion to the treaty of the 6th of July, and thereby the settlement of all his differences with England and France. But how great was our disappointment, when the contents of these letters became known, as they did in a day or two at Pera. Far from ex-

* When the Greeks were turned out of this important office, it was resolved that none but an Osmanli should fill it for the future. Now, as Turks never learn languages, except here and there, by necessity, a little Romaic, a great difficulty presented itself. The present sage, who can just understand and stammer a little French, was at length discovered, and he is only half a Turk, the son of a Jew, who turned renegado after his birth.

pressing the sultan's adhesion to the treaty of the 6th of July, that treaty was never alluded to—the ambassadors were invited to Stamboul to renew negotiations which they had not abandoned until after months of wearying and ineffectual discussion ; and no pledge was given that on their return they should not have again to beat over precisely the same grounds, and meeting with as little success as in the summer and autumn of 1827, be again obliged to retire—and this time with a species of humiliation. Copies of these important documents were submitted by the reis-effendi to the Austrian internuncio, and to the Netherland ambassador. The latter gentleman, who was the more immediate means of communication between the Turkish and British governments, and was held by all parties to be most friendly inclined to both, on being called upon for his opinion, and suggestions on the letters, explicitly and frankly, as became his character as friend and mediator, told the reis-effendi that they would not do. He suggested that the tenor of the letters was inconsistent with the present state of affairs—the presence of the ambassadors of France and England, was desired by the sultan—it would be the source of pleasure to the country—through their means the differences with Russia might be arranged, and it was most desirable that no time should be lost. These suggestions were met with vague and self-flattering replies on the part of the reis-effendi, and with the hope, the assurance, that the letters would answer the object proposed. His excellency the Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt recapitulated. He, with candour and firmness, assured the reis-effendi that he was far from partaking in his hope or assurance, and from a sentiment of what was due to the dignity of the ambassadors and the countries they represented, he could not flatter himself that they would return to Constantinople unless the invitation were accompanied by a plain declaration on the part of the Porte, that it subscribed to the treaty of the 6th of July, and accepted all its conditions. He represented the critical position of affairs, the danger of losing time, and urged the Turkish diplomatist, as much as was compatible with the dignity of both, to revise the letters, to consent, at once, fairly and openly to what could not be obviated, and thus assure, without doubt or delay, the wished for return of the ambassadors and the opening of negotiations.

The reis-effendi however believed, or affected to believe, that the invitations to the ambassadors would suffice as they were ; that both England and France were impatient to renew relations with the Porte ; that they were as jealous of Russia as Turkey could be ; that should the worst happen, they

could not stand by and see Russia overrun the Ottoman dominions; that they were not sincere and fixed in their alliance with Russia against Turkey, &c. His excellency in vain attempted to explain the broad line drawn between the two causes of altercation set forth by Russia; and to make the reis-effendi comprehend, that though with one (the private quarrel between that power and the Porte) the allies had nothing to do, yet in the other, which regarded the Greek question, and was fully explained by the preamble to the treaty of the 6th of July, they were parties intrinsically engaged; that the operations of Russia on her own account, had in no way detached them from the question on which they were allied with Russia, and that they were as firmly determined now as ever they had been, to carry that treaty into effect. But after all, the letters were sent as they were originally concocted, and the ambassadors came not to Stamboul. The perusal of these specimens of eastern diplomacy amused me. They were positively a "*tas de mots*," a vague and unmeaning jumble that might very well have been produced by Swift's Laputan machine, had it been furnished for the shaking up, by an unusual quantity of such words as "ally," "friend," "ancient amity," "Porte," "England," "France," "sorrow," "joy," &c. &c. My penetration could scarcely discover an idea in the multitude of words, except that England, France, and Turkey had been good friends; *ergo*, they must become good friends again; that the ambassadors had gone away; *ergo*, they must come back; nor did the insulse farrago, the glib rotundity of inflated sentences, offer any thing to hold by or to rest upon.

From all that I saw and heard in Constantinople at the end of May and during the whole of the month of June, I certainly drew conclusions regarding the fate of the campaign much more unfavourable to Turkey, than it proved in fact to be; but I had yet to learn that the Russian eagle would fly like a "lamed duck." I saw the Turkish crescent followed by half-instructed striplings, (the tacticoes,) and by wholly uninstructed vagabonds, (the levies so often described,) the public spirit could not be mistaken, and it was decidedly low and gloomy. The lion-hearted sultan, it is true, was as bold and careless in his bearing as ever; but circumstances that occurred at the time thwarted some of his projects of reform, and might, it was thought by many, endanger his safety and the internal concord of the empire. The sheik-islam or mufti, the head of the Ottoman hierarchy, who had hitherto gone hand in hand with the sultan, and sent forth his *fetwas* to the very

letter of the imperial will and instruction, became all at once restive, on the proposition of interfering with the head equipments of the members of the church and law. Their towering *caouks* and their white turbans were to be displaced by the common red military fess or skull-cap, which, worn by the shadow of God himself, must certainly be good enough for all his subjects, though its substitution by the oulemas would certainly be as *mal-seyant* as a *shakò* on the head of a Jesuit, or a foraging cap over the wig of a judge. The sheik-islam had hitherto had an easy and conciliatory conscience, he had gone far, very far from all orthodox precedent, already: he had sanctioned things which his predecessors would have shuddered at; but this was too much: for the sultan to take all the privileged heads of the expounders of heavenly and earthly law into his hands, and to ensconce them as he list, was evidently an infraction of both those laws, and the old primate flatly refused his acquiescence, taking refuge in the Koran, which had little to do with the question, and in its commentaries, (written principally to serve themselves, by the oulemas in the course of the centuries that have elapsed since the Hegira,) which had every thing to do with it.

In short, the mufti said he could not act in a matter so serious as that of hats and caps, as prescribable to the body of the oulemas, against the "written law." Mahmood waxed wroth as men are wont to do, who have been unaccustomed to opposition; he deposed the sheik-islam, but neither pounded him in a mortar, nor poisoned him, nor even, at the time, exiled him into Asia.* The humiliated dignitary had great influence over the powerful body of the oulemas; he moreover enjoyed a high reputation among the Moslemin people, who might now consider him as a martyr, (a character that is so easily convertible into the leader of a revolt,) and the squabble was peculiarly inauspicious, at a time when Mahmood was endeavouring to arouse the dormant spirit of his nation by declaring the present war with Russia to be a war of religion; a war for the defence of Islamism and its rights; and when he was causing hattî-sheriffs to this effect to be trumped out in all the mosques of the empire. The deposed mufti, however, did not appear to be much of an agitator; a new one was named in his place, but the project of desecrating the thick heads of the oulemas was laid aside for the present, and nothing more was said of *caouk* or *fess*.

* The sanctity of their office preserves the Muftis from the sabre and bowstring; but there is a vulgar story of one of the sultans, (Mahomet II. if I remember well,) pounding an obstinate recusant in a mortar at the prison of the Seven Towers.

The transition from head to ears is not great, particularly in the east. At the very commencement of hostilities, an advanced post of Russians, consisting of thirty men, was surprised by a strong body of *Beshis*, or light cavalry, that valiantly massacred the whole, and cut off their ears, which they sent to Constantinople. The ears, that Turks in former wars esteemed very proper vouchers and trophies, (as the Indians considered scalps,) were not an agreeable offering to Mahmood; he reprobated the practise in the strongest language, and repeated his orders that his troops, under penalty of death, were to treat their prisoners of war, as the Christians treated theirs: in short, that there should be neither butchering nor mutilating, no cutting off of heads or ears; but that the unfortunate Russians who fell in their clutches should be at once carried to the rear, and marched to Constantinople. This was honourable to the sultan, and might go far to justify his assertion or his boast, that he had taken his place among the civilized sovereigns of Europe, and would maintain it. The old habits, however, of a people are not to be overcome at once by the decree of a monarch, however despotic; as soon as the Turks, gaining spirits, had a victory to report or to imagine at Constantinople, they backed it with the cherished testimonials of lopped ears, that had arrived at the Porte; and one morning my friend the chibookji (the man that was to cut the throat of his wife and children when the Muscovites should reach Stamboul) told us in a serious manner that a great battle had been fought, that a Tatar had arrived at the Porte during the night with a sack full of ears; so many, indeed, that his informant who had seen them with his own eyes, would not venture to state their number, for fear his veracity should be called in question. Nor were all the ears (unfortunately for the Russians) destroyed merely by newsmongers' tongues at Stamboul, for despite of the commands of pashas and bimbashis, some of the wilder of the troops, when scattered and unobserved, could not resist the agreeable temptation of despatching, at least, their wounded enemy, particularly if he could walk, and of taking possession of his arms and clothes, and whatever he might have; and though ears were no longer in demand at the capital, they would cut them off merely from the force of habit, or as a trophy for their own private delectation. Later in the season I saw among the Russian prisoners at Khalki, one unfortunate fellow who had had an ear cut off without being killed, and another with a portentous slit in both ear and nose. Many of the Turks, moreover, and my friend the chibookji was among the

number, pretended that it was a sin and a shame to interfere in this manner for the protection of vile Ghiaours who were invading the countries of the Moslems without provocation.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said the old vender of pipes, as he was sitting one morning with two or three other Stamboolis, in Mr. Z——'s counting-house; "Very pretty, this! we are not to cut the *pezavenks* throats when we have an opportunity, and we must not make them slaves; no, though the blessed prophet himself has authorised us so to do, and has declared the captive of the sword to be the property of the captor."

"No!" rejoined one of his companions, "if you see an unclean Moscovite kill your very child, or your brother in battle, and you should afterwards make him prisoner, you are to put your yataghan into your girdle, and kindly tell him to walk this way;—talk not of blood for blood, and the ties of kindred and affection, you must not even slit the *Karata's* ears! *Bosh! bosh!*"*

"And when they come to Stambool as prisoners of the sultan," resumed the caustic chibookji, "I understand that as the bagnio is not good enough for them, they are to be lodged in serais and fed on pilaff and kibaubs."

They all agreed that according to the new regulations, there was no pleasure in going to war; and resolved for themselves to dissent in practice, from them, whenever an opportunity should offer. Neither of these denizens of Stambool is, however, likely to be a great cutter of ears.

About this time (the beginning of June 1828) the reading of the sultan's notorious hattı-sheriff was repeated in the mosques of the capital, and read for the first time in those of Smyrna, to the fresh alarm of the timid Franks. It excited little uneasiness in us at Constantinople, though we were unprotected; shut up by narrow seas through which there was no escape; and altogether at the mercy of the Turks, in case their fanaticism should boil over. But that passion once so easily excited, did not even simmer, and the government itself that endeavoured to awaken it, was equally anxious it should be directed with undivided force, and with its original impetus against the Russian invaders; and had certainly taken effectual measures to protect the rayahs and Christian settlers. A few over-zealous, or perhaps drunken Moslems were occasionally heard to say, that their religion was attacked by

* *Karata* is as bad a word as *pezavenk*, and in just as common use by high and low—it is, literally, cuckold. *Bosh* means nonsense, stuff.

all the Ghiaours together ; that all the Frank people were equally the enemy of the Osmanlis, and that they ought to be involved in one common punishment and ruin ; but for one voice of the sort a hundred were heard asking when the ambassadors of England and France would return, and whether it was not certain that they were again friends to the sultan. Still, however, an odium must attach to Mahmood, for the promulgation of the hatti-sheriff, the composition of which was in the fierce spirit of Islamism ; accordant, indeed, to a fanatic sultan of former times, but not to a sovereign who has taken his place among civilized princes : it was a gratuitous insult to Christian powers in general, whom his interests and his weakness must induce him to conciliate, and it *might* have produced an effervescence among the Turks beyond his power to check. Russia might with reason assert that the hatti-sheriff regarded her in a particular manner, but that power would have seen it with great pleasure work into action, and would have hailed the excesses which she predicted, or pretended to dread, would result from its promulgation throughout the Ottoman empire ; they would have tended to veil or to justify her ambitious proceedings, and the politics of the other great powers of Europe might have been controlled, for a time, by the loud and general voice of aggrieved and insulted Christianity.

At this time also, I was much struck with another of Sultan Mahmood's decrees. The patriarch of the Greek church was commanded to draw up a form of prayer in vulgar Romaïc, (that it might be, *as well it ought*, more intelligible than the rest of their prayers in ancient Greek.) This prayer to be put up to the Holy Trinity by a Christian priest in behalf of a professed Unitarian and contemner of the whole Christian mystery, was to solicit, (not that his heart might be turned to the true faith,) but that he might be happy and fortunate as he ever had been,—that his arm might be strengthened in battle, and that he might be victorious over the Russians—over the children of the church, whose head was the patriarch himself. Were there no other consideration than this, the sincerity of such a prayer might well admit of doubt, and the imposing of it be matter of ridicule ; but when we sum up the long account of insufferable evils, of spoliation of abasement and of blood, that every Greek must have registered in his heart's core ; when we reflect that the fair empire for whose defence, in the hands of the Turks, they were to petition heaven, was once theirs ; and coming more home to the feelings of the priest himself, when we remember that his predecessor on the patriarchal

throne, was murdered as he was preparing to celebrate the holy rites of their religion; that his venerable body stripped of his insignia—stripped even of his clothes, was cast out in the street, and with every exaggeration of ignominy, dragged through the mire of the public ways by reprobated Jews—the foulest, the vilest, of the Moslemin's slaves, and this by order of the sultan himself, this same Mahmood; then I say, we may conceive in what feelings the patriarch could compose and offer up a prayer for the success of such a man. Though his heart might burn inwardly, the trembling primate bowed to the imperial will, the prayer was composed in modern Greek; many copies were printed at the patriarchal press, and the Turkish name of Mahmood resounded through the walls of Christian temples.

This, too, was gratuitous injury and insult, and strongly marked with that inconsistency to character and principle, which characterizes so many of the impetuous Mahmood's deeds. As a Moslemin he ought to feel the inefficacy of infidel prayers to the throne of grace, and his knowledge of human nature, might teach him, that be what they might on their lips, in the hearts of the Greeks those prayers would be so many anathemas.

The compulsory praying was followed by another edict, which was read in the Greek churches for several Sundays; and then like the prayers and so many other absurdities and vexations, thought no more of either by Turk or Greek.

This edict imported that it was the sultan's will that the cherished Greek patronymic of Constantine should be no more used; it was hateful to Ottoman ears. What Mahmood, who might have been supposed to have other matters to occupy him at the time, could have proposed to himself by this paltry interference in the right of godfathers and godmothers I know not, but he could scarcely have supposed it possible by suppressing the term, to make the Greeks forget, that a great Christian of the name, though he could no longer pretend to the title of the master of the world like the earlier Roman Emperors, was still the most powerful monarch on earth, when the Turks were a despised and barbarous race, wandering in regions far beyond the Euphrates; nor could he hope to wash from their memories that Stamboul was not always Stamboul, but once the city of Christ and of Constantine.

As an immense number of Greeks are called Constantine, or by the more familiar diminutives of Costacki and Costandi, a great deal of rechristening for out-door use and the ears of the Turks was projected at the moment. "Let the sultan take the name of Constantine, who was a barbarous tyrant

like himself, and no Greek, but a degrader of our race," said an educated Fanariote to me, on my expressing my disgust at the petty tyranny: "let him take it and welcome; we have plenty more glorious names—let us grace our children with such epithets as Miltiades, Themistocles, Cimon, Aristides, Harmodius, and Aristogiton; and may they serve to awaken the fire of our ancestors, in our breasts, and to prepare the day of our *general* enfranchisement!" To which, though despairing of the speedy arrival of that day, I added a fervent amen.

During the first weeks of my stay at Constantinople, when the brilliant verdure of spring still lingered in every valley, and the heat of summer had not yet converted its immediate neighbourhood into a succession of brown, burnt, naked hills, when the enchanting prospects were still new and susceptible of infinite variety as I shifted my point of sight, I used to enjoy myself extremely in scampering about for whole days on hack-horses, of which there was a good supply, and hardly any one to ride them but myself. On my first excursions I was accompanied by a Chiaoush, or what in other days would have been called a Janissary, but I felt both the expense and his presence an incumbrance. I found I could get on better without him, with a simple Turkish suridji and my sage Davide.

In the gratification of that taste for scouring over wide moors and solitary plains, which I have alluded to in the course of my journeyings in Asia Minor, I frequently left the beautiful scenery of the Bosphorus, (which is indeed the only beautiful scenery here,) far behind me. The solitude and wildness begins at the distance of a gun-shot from the town; the country, however, for some distance, is irregular with hills and hollows, but Turkish horses are accustomed to ascend and descend them at a gallop, and away we used to scamper up hill and down dale, until we came to a vast flat heath, cut only here and there with deep ravines, which we could gallop along either to Pyrgos, or the forest and village of Belgrade, or to Therapia, or Buyukdere, or stop half way, at a pleasant distance from town, at the selictar's chiflik, a pretty kiosk, with an artificial pond, a flower-garden, and a vineyard, in a romantic glen. Thence we could plunge into the long, winding valley of the Sweet Waters, and turning our heads homewards, canter for three or four miles over the level green sward. I never feel the want of a companion in *scapades* like these; indeed, it is part of the pleasure to feel oneself alone; and my spirits never flagged for a moment, on these delightful, exhilarating days, until the even-

ing, when I had again reached that standing, bottomless pool of *ennui*, Pera. But the icy blast that struck the chest of Anastasius on his approach to the cemetery of Scutari, was not so penetrating, nor half so irksome, as the vapours of stupidity and dullness that mounted to my brain as soon as I used to get within the half-abandoned district of Elchis and Turgimans. The place is always bad enough, but now the retreat of the French and English legations, (the most numerous and spirited of Pera society,) and the subtraction of the English merchants, (the most hospitable part of it,) had rendered it duller than a watering-place in the month of December, or a convent of Capuchins during lent. There was Monsieur le Baron de — l'I——, but his health was so precarious that he could see nobody but doctors and drogomans; and the temper of his august spouse was disturbed by apprehensions that the prosecution of hostilities might interrupt the regular arrival of her band-boxes and *fichus* from V——. There was the Marquis de — Ministre de la Cour de —, an excellent man, but a bigot, who found congenial society in the priestly stock of the place, at the head of which was a flippant, glibby Tuscan *Abatino*. Monsieur le Marquis et Madame la Marquise, moreover, were jealous of the “Protestant ascendancy,” and averse to intimacy with heretics, as a northern fair-haired Lutheran, an amiable *diplomate* had fallen violently in love, without consent of clergy, with one of their black-haired, Italian-faced daughters. There was Monsieur de — Ministre de — with a pretty wife, who could make herself amiable; and Monsieur de — Ministre de — with a Maltese wife, who could speak no language fluently but the euphonous Arabic of her native rock: but both these representatives of majesty being rarely or insufficiently paid by their respective courts, lived, for economy, at the village of Buyukderé all the year round. The Baron de — Ministre de — lived at Pera, but he, his wife, and all his race, were Perotes, born and bred, and as such insupportable. Two other members of the *corps-diplomatique* were amiable, intelligent men, but they were bachelors, (one of them almost a stranger in the place,) and as hard put to it to dispose of their evenings as I was myself. There remained the kind and hospitable Netherland Ambassador, and his elegant, well informed, and equally kind lady: there it was really a pleasure to go, but one could not go there every night, and there was no other resource at Pera in the range of the diplomatic circle; for as to the drogomans that pretend to form part of it, they shut themselves up like Turks and Armenians; it is rare the stranger's foot can pass their threshold,—never, but on great state occasions.

The Perotes read as little as the Smyrniotes, and smoke a great deal more. I could procure no books, except a few from the ambassadress, and I was obliged to increase my smoking too; but I still feel in all its force the overwhelming dullness that used to invade me, when on my return from my day's excursions, I would ask my old counsellor what was to be done this evening, and he would reply with infinite *sang froid*, "*Monsieur vous resterez, à la maison à fumer tranquillement votre pipe!*" And this I did five or six evenings out of the seven.

The rides in the solitary neighbourhood of Constantinople, which I have mentioned as the source of so much pleasure, led me several times by the four large new barracks, recently erected by Sultan Mahmood, for his regular troops. These are very respectable edifices, similar in plan to the Smyrna barracks already described,* but much more solidly constructed throughout, and with somewhat more attempt at architectural ornament in the exterior, though they are still modest and simple, as they should be. At each of the four angles of the edifice is a tower that rises a little above the roof of the connecting range, and terminates in a cone; the whole much like the turrets of some of our old castles, but slighter and more airy, being pierced, like each of the faces of the quadrangle, with three or four lines of windows, to light so many stories of the *corps de logis*. The corners of the buildings are bound with blocks of marble, neatly jointed; the gates are decorated with beautiful white slabs, with scrolls, and other sculptured ornaments, and the puzzling *tugrah*, or cypher of the Sultan (about two feet long,) is inserted over the arched doorway. The whole is neatly white-washed, except the roofs and the cones of the turrets, which are kept of a soft grey or lead colour; and these new barracks, from their majestic size, that appears greater than it really is, owing to the utter nakedness of the hills on which they stand, make an exceeding good appearance, and when seen at some distance, are imposing objects in the scenery. On approaching Constantinople from the Dardanelles, these barracks present themselves advantageously, being much nearer to the sea of Marmora than to the banks of the Bosphorus. The architect is an Armenian, and the work was nearly all done by Armenians and Greeks. The barracks at Daut-Pasha were entirely finished, and troops were lodged in them; and by the autumn of last year, the other three were ready for the reception of more troops than

* See Chapter III.

Mahmood, who did not like to defile them with the barbarous *bairaks*, had to put in them. I was told that they would accommodate two thousand cavalry, and twelve thousand infantry; and considering how closely the Turks can pack, and the great extent of the barracks, they might perhaps contain about that number. The four buildings stand at the angles of a rhomboid, whose sides may be about two miles in length: that of Daut-Pasha (which presents itself beautifully on the heights, as you ascend the Golden Horn) is the most considerable of the four, and distant two miles from the ancient walls of Constantinople. The sites are chosen with discrimination; the heights are open to the breezes which blow from the Black Sea, or the Sea of Marmora, across the narrow peninsula, (here, not more than eight miles wide,) and the lonely, unencumbered wastes around, might afford room for the drilling and evolutions of a vast army of foot and horse.

Besides these four buildings, which are honourable to Sultan Mahmood, he has erected another equally extensive at Scutari; and from the loveliness of their situation, and a greater degree of care bestowed on the ornamental parts, the Asiatic barracks are decidedly superior to the rest, and altogether the best work of the present kiosk and barrack-building reign. This edifice, which, even by its own merits, might be admired in any country of Europe, stands on the banks of the narrow Bosphorus, immediately opposite the mouth of the port of Constantinople. Its long, white front and elegant turrets run along the edge of a rocky bank, at about a hundred feet from the level of the channel, whose clear waters reflect them in a beautiful manner, when the sun shines behind them, from the hills of Asia. A little beneath their lofty walls is a pretty miniature mosque with a minaret, looking doubly minute from the contrast of its neighbour; but the background, an amphitheatre of rising hills, covered with vines, and dotted with pleasant kiosks and long black streaks of cypresses, branches of the interminable cemetery of Scutari, is one of the most enchanting pictures on the Bosphorus. (I have reason to remember it well, as the reader will presently learn.) A few tactics were quartered in these barracks at the time of my arrival in May, and before I left (though owing to the distresses of the government, the work had been prosecuted rather slowly) the whole was nearly finished. The principal entrance to these Scutari barracks, which looked towards the light, elegant mosque of the unfortunate Sultan Selim, was a beautiful piece of work in its way—not merely superior to the gates of the other barracks, but to any

modern building I saw in Turkey, and calculated to convey a very advantageous idea of the talent and ingenuity of those (I need hardly mention there was not a Turkish hand put to it) who, with no good models before their eyes, and with such tools as would drive an English artist to despair, had conceived and executed it. It was of the finest white marble, hard, pure, without a single speck or vein, and transparent, like alabaster. The ornaments on the lateral pilasters, the arabesques and scrolls on the projecting arch, and on the entablature over the arch, were interlaid with *or-molu* gilding, and the exquisite blue of the *lapis-lazuli*; throughout there was a purity of taste which astonished me. I wished to copy it, but was twice hindered by some impertinent tacticoes. Another gate to the same building, more simple, but scarcely less beautiful, was in progress; and, indeed, as I have remarked, a greater care was bestowed on the ornamental parts of the architecture of these Asiatic barracks than was observable in any of the others. The cause of this superiority was in the sultan's own bosom affections: here his cousin and prototype projected, and I believe began, barracks for the troops of his Nizam-djedid;* the contiguous mosque was his work. Poor Selim had always been peculiarly attached to the suburb of Scutari, and thus it was a testimonial of tender and reverential regard for his memory and tastes, that suggested that these barracks should be more elegant than their fellows. It is refreshing to dwell upon traits like these; to feel that "none are all evil;" that "a softer feeling" will still linger in the fiercest heart; and Mahmood has need of these redeeming traits, to rescue him from the odium that a review of his life and actions must draw upon him.

In addition to the five spacious barracks of recent construction, (a pretty little building, occupied at the time by the cavalry tacticoes, stands on a height behind Dolma-backshè,) there is a fine barrack occupied by the *toppis*, or cannoniers at Tophana, adjoining the suburb of Galata; another of smaller dimensions near the arsenal; another and a magnificent one, well situated by the *grand champs des morts* above Pera; and one, large and good, and two inferior ones, within Constantinople Proper. So that if the sultan has not good troops, he has plenty of good lodgings for them; or, as

* Selim even built barracks at Scutari, but they seem to have been not where the present are, but nearer to Chalcedonia; they were destroyed by the Janissaries, in November, 1808, with those of Levend-Chiflik.

the master of an English trader remarked, "there is a plenty of pie-crust, sir, but the beef-steaks and giblets are wanting."

With the exception of the *topjis* and the *combaradjis*, (bombardiers,) which are both, however, disciplined and regular corps, all the barracks that were finished, were occupied exclusively by the tacticoes. The sultan did well to shut out the Asiatic bairaks and irregular levies in general: with their chi-books and their atesh, they would have soon reduced them to the state of my khan at Casabar, if they had not burned one or two of the barracks over their stupid heads. To the perilous element of fire, indeed, four of these new barracks (Daut-Pasha and its neighbours) are much exposed, as the advantages of their situation do not include that of having supplies of water at hand. The whole of their neighbourhood, the whole of the country between Constantinople and the forest of Belgrade, (a distance of twelve miles,) is sandy and dry; the water-courses that traverse it to supply the capital, from the bents or artificial reservoirs in the forest, run at a distance from the barracks; the little water that trickles in the hollows of the hills is dried up in summer; and at that season, one might look in vain for two narrow rivers, with classical names, (the Cydaris and the Barbyses,) which never carry more than an insignificant tribute to the waves of the Golden Horn. The deficiency, however, as relates to the barracks, might be easily corrected, by laying down ducts from the water-courses; and as, from the prescriptions of their faith, they require much water, and as their necessities have taught them some address in this branch of hydraulics, the work will probably soon be accomplished.

Nothing remains of the barracks of Levend-Chiflik, constructed by Selim, for the troops of his Nizam-djedid. The first time I rode to Therapia, my friend, Mr. Z., took me a little to the right of the road, and showed me the site of the ill-fated building, which was just marked by a few remaining stones of the foundations of the walls. The situation is good, being partially defended from the currents of air from the Black Sea, and yet commanding a pleasant view of the Bosphorus. These barracks, where Selim spent so many hours, watching the progress of his troops, and cheering himself with the prospect of an improved empire and a happier reign, survived his fall.

During the Vizirate of Mustapha-Bairactar, the Seymens, or disciplined troops (for the terms Nizam-djedid was suppressed as odious) were quartered in these barracks of Levend-Chiflik, a circumstance which contributed to

strengthen the popular conviction, that though drawn and selected from the Janissaries, the Seymens were not Janissaries, but Nizam-djedids under another name. When the Janissaries rose against Mustapha-Bairactar in November 1808, the present sultan Mahmood, who four months before had been placed on the throne by him, was fain to abandon his cause, and to secure his own safety by asserting, what, indeed, was in a great measure true, that since his accession, the whole of the affairs of the state had been in the hands of the impetuous vizir, and that he, though sultan, had no part in the wrongs and innovations complained of. After a sanguinary conflict in the streets of Constantinople, between the Janissaries and the Seymens, and other troops that sustained the party of Mustapha-Bairactar, in which the Seymens displayed great valour, and suffered severely; Levend-Chiflik was attacked by a furious mob, who set fire to the barracks, and did not cease the work of destruction until the hated building was razed to the ground. At the time of this dreadful revolution, which, it was predicted would for ever put a stop to the introduction of European discipline and arts in the Ottoman Empire, the Seymens, or regulars were commanded by a Prussian renegade, called Suleiman-agma, who had been one of the colonels of the Nizam-djedid, and who was esteemed a good soldier, and honoured with confidence and friendship by the Bairactar. During the conflict with the Janissaries, an unfortunate body of three hundred Seymens was detached to keep possession of some vast Janissary barracks that then existed near the church of Saint Sophia and the Hippodrome: these the children of Hadji-Beckdash were resolved to take, but being repulsed with slaughter more than twenty times, they employed their favourite and effective weapon—they set fire to the barracks. The Seymens, however, who could expect no mercy, continued to fight in the burning building, until they were smothered by the smoke, or buried beneath its falling walls. But the fate of their gallant chief, the German renegade, was still more unfortunate, for in heading a sortie from the Serraglio, to disengage the devoted Seymens in the barracks, he was made prisoner by the Janissaries, who wreaked their vengeance on him, by cutting him in pieces with their yataghans.

It may be amusing, and even instructive, to contrast the conduct of Sultan Mahmood, at the moment I am writing of, and, indeed, the operations of the last four years of his government, with the reflections with which Monsieur Juchereau De-Saint-Denys, who was an eye-witness of the revo-

lutions he describes, concludes his masterly sketch of the horrible re-action of the Janissaries in 1808.

“Such was the last result,” says Monsieur J. “of the attempts which have been made in Turkey to form a regular army. Reformers now renounced for ever the military institutions of the Franks, which had caused so many evils; an anathema was pronounced against those who should dare to make mention of them; the old order of things was re-established entire; the Janissaries and the Oulemas again possessed themselves of their rights and their political influence. The government, convinced that the abuses which have caused the decay of the Empire, and which must infallibly work its fall, were too numerous to be destroyed, fell again into a system which it had followed for a century, i. e. to shut its eyes to the dangers that threaten, to speak but of the past, to care but for the present, to despise the future, and to await without inquietude the events written in the book of destiny.” Nor were these the conclusions of hasty observation, or of an unphilosophic mind; and they might be justified by the tremendous energies brought into action, as hostile to all innovation, on those two occasions when the attempts were made.* Yet now, what had been deemed utterly impracticable was in part done, and the bulwarks to barbarism and abuse, the opponents that had produced the “last result” were crushed, annihilated beneath the iron-heel of this same Mahmood, whose incipient government was dictated to, and controlled by them as they listed. The prætorian band was no more: its turbulent leaders, or more active members had, to the number of many thousands, expiated, in part, the sins of their order, and the atrocities and rebellions of centuries; the name of Janissary was no longer a rallying word, and a title to impunity, but a sound proscribed and accursed.†

The sons of Hadji-Beckdash were strenuous to prove, not their affiliation to such or such a distinguished oda, but that they had never belonged to the corps at all, or that they were sincere in their detestation of its vices, and in their admiration of the new order of things. If they looked round in the open country beyond Stamboul’s walls, they beheld not one, but five

* Under Selim, and the present sultan, at the beginning of his reign, in the Vizirate of Mustapha-Bairactar: but the second was only a modification of the first.

† The anathema of 1808, being precisely reversed, and pronounced against those that should dare to make mention of Janissaryism.

new barracks; at every step they saw their countrymen drilling like Christians—almost dressed like Christians; and their sultan himself attired as no sultan had ever been attired, riding his horse as no sultan had ever ridden, who might be seen five days out of the seven with a Christian officer at his elbow, exercising and manœuvring, and teaching the Moslems what they had so often sworn they would never learn—the tactics and discipline of European nations. The other usurpers of the power and influence of the empire, so often the co-partners or instigators of the Janissaries in their rebellions—the other advocates for the *statu quo* of things—the Oulemas, still existed, but they too were much weakened by the disunion, and had been brought to consent to strange things.

I should presume, however, that the proper limitation of this overgrown and corrupt body, will still be a work of great difficulty; they have the law and the gospel of the Mahometans in their hands, and the khoran may again become a two-edged sword. According to the most moderate calculations, they possess one-third of the landed property of the empire;* they are the only class in the empire that have succeeded in securing the regular hereditary transmission of property; they have, in fact, erected themselves into a real aristocracy with exclusive privileges, and since the suppression of the great ayans, or feudal lords, they may be looked upon as the only Osmanli nobility. With power spiritual and temporal, and with intelligence and cunning far superior to their defunct coadjutors, who were preparatively duped to their ruin by the craft of the sultan, like blind men or asses, Mahmood will in all probability find the *caouk* of the Oulemas more difficult of digestion than the sleeve and spoon of the Janissaries.† But if his usual success attend him, and he can dislocate the huge limbs of the pampered giant, he will indeed merit the name of a great reformer, and remove the real obstacle to the improvement of the Turkish people.

* One-third is, indeed, the most moderate calculation. I have frequently heard their landed property stated at one-half—at two-thirds. But it appears to me, that in these estimates all the property attached to mosques, and even to imperial mosques, colleges, and hospitals, is included. Now, though the mufti, the head of the Oulema body, be one in commission for the administration of the property belonging to these imperial mosques, &c. he is circumscribed by the association of the chief of the black eunuchs, and the grand vizir, who act for the sultan and for their own interests, so that this portion of the national wealth can hardly be said to *belong* to the Oulemas.

† On parade days the Janissaries wore a huge spoon in the front of their caps, and a pendant bag behind, emblematic of the sleeve of Hadji-Beckdash, the patron saint or *santon* of their order.

One evening, early in the month of June, as I was riding towards Pera, thinking neither of reformers nor reformed, I was near running against the sultan himself. I was galloping in a narrow hollow, under Daut-pasha, when turning a corner of the hill, a few paces before me, three persons, in the uniform of the cavalry of the imperial guard, running equally hard, advanced in the hollow towards me. The path was very narrow ; I had just time to pull up on one side. The officers also drew rein, and as they passed, seeing they looked hard at me, and having been accustomed to show the Christian sign of respect to their class, whom I had always found very civil, I was putting my hand to my cap, when I perceived that the person nearest to me was no other than the redoubtable Mahmood. The etiquette in the royal presence, in Turkey, is to drop your eyes to the ground, or to veil them with your hand ; my salute remained suspended in the air, which was the only compliance I thought necessary. Davide and the Turkish suridji, who were considerably behind me, met the cavalcade as it turned from the hollow in the direction of Dolma-backshè, and the summer serai of Beshik-tash. They had both recognized the sultan. Davide, with his Frank dress and protection, was perfectly unconcerned, but the poor suridji had turned pale : his knees shook in his saddle, and he repeated several times the word Padishah, and the exclamation of Mashallah ! which is generally used to avert the evil eye, or other obnoxious influences. It is a pleasant thing, thought I, for a Turk to meet his king ; and for the sake of the contrasts I love, I recalled some scenes I had witnessed in my own country.

CHAPTER XX.

Brief Sketch of the History of the present Sultan Mahmood II—Sultans Selim and Mustapha—Sketches of the Three Revolutions of Constantinople in 1807-8—Character of Mustapha-Bairactar—Chelibi-Effendi—Halet-Effendi, and his Politics—Long-prepared Plans for the Suppression of the Janissaries—Abrogation of the Rights of the Ayans, &c.—Destruction of Robbers—Uninterrupted Successes of Mahmood—His Triumph over the Wahhabees—Effects of the Russian War favourable to him—Revolt of the Janissaries—Their History and Overthrow—Mahmood's Treachery—Death of Halet Effendi—His Character—New Regulations—Rights of Property—Reform in Courts of Justice—Armenian Intrigues—Privileges of the Caliphs and Oulemas—Reigning Dynasty—Mahmood's Domestic Character.

MAHMOOD the Second, the reigning monarch of the Osmanli people, who has had the fortune and the merit to attract so great a portion of the attention and interest of Europe, was born in the year of the Hegira* 1163, or 1785 of the Christian era. He is the son of Sultan Abdul-Hamid, and the only survivor of a very numerous family of brothers and sisters.† At the deposition of his cousin, Sultan Selim III., he was, as he had been from the moment of his birth, a close prisoner in the harem, confined to the society of slaves, and denaturalized men and women. This abominable system of captivity and demoralization, which was first instituted by Soliman the Magnificent, about the middle of the sixteenth century, to avoid the dangers of revolt and disputed successions, was not, however, rigorously adopted until the reign of the fratricidal monster, Mahomet III.,‡ at the commencement of the seventeenth

* The Hegira was instituted by Omar, the second Kaliph, and dated from the flight of the prophet Mahomet, from Mecca to Medina, or rather sixty-eight days before that evasion, to coincide with the local calendar, and the first of Moharren, or the new-year's day of that Arabian year, which agrees with our July 16th, A. D. 622.

† I have heard the number of the children of Abdul-Hamid (or the servant of God) differently stated:—at twenty, twenty-four, and thirty, male and female.

‡ *Le lâche et cruel Mahomet III. fit perir ses dix-neuf frères et toutes les concubines que son pere avoit laissées encientes, et resta seul de toute sa famille. Par suite de cette politique barbare,*

century. Since that period, the princes of the Ottoman race languish within the walls of the serraglio until death liberates them, or the course of events calls them to a throne, for the duties of which, the whole of their preceding life has directly tended to unfit them. The effect of the system has been, to give to the Ottoman empire, instead of spirited and warlike princes, such as the brilliant and uninterrupted series of their first ten monarchs, a disgraceful succession of imbecile and effeminate sultans—cruel, but cowardly; luxurious, yet barbarous in their very luxury; a compound of the characters of the malignant eunuch, and the sensual, uninformed woman. It is true there have been no more direct revolts and disputed successions, between the princes of the blood; they have been passive tools in the hands of the Janissaries and Oulemas, who have dethroned them, or girt them with the kingly sabre at their caprice; and if a father, a brother has been strangled on his fall, by the imperial mandate, that measure of guilt has been dictated by the ruling will of the sultan's masters more frequently than by his own hate or jealousy. When Selim was deprived of his throne, and returned to his original imprisonment in the serraglio, the imperial stock of the blood of Osman, was reduced to so weak a state as might terrify the Turks who are attached to legitimacy, and consider their political existence as interwoven with the perpetuity of the Osman dynasty, which has given them their names,* and ruled, or at least occupied their throne for the lengthened period of five hundred years. With the exception of the deposed Selim, the son of Mustapha III., † there were but two princes surviving children of Abdul-Hamid, and cousins to Selim. Mahmood, being the younger of the two, was left to share the captivity of Selim; and his brother, the imbecile Mustapha, was called to the throne by the united voice of the Mufti, the Oulemas, and Janissaries. Had the gentle Selim possessed the character of many of his ferocious pre-

tous les enfans mâles nés du mariage d'une sœur ou cousine du sultan régnant avec un des sujets de l'empire, sont condamnés à une mort inévitable au moment de leur naissance. Des actes trop fréquents de cette politique cruelle ont exposé plusieurs fois la dynastie Ottomane au danger imminent de son extinction.—Juchereau de Saint Denys. *Revolutions de Constantinople*. Paris, 1819.

* Osman, (the founder of the dynasty,) hence Osmanlis, or the children of Osman, which is the name the Turks prefer. They indeed consider our word *Turk* as insulting; and I remember seeing a poor Greek well kicked for exclaiming “*τυρκικος*,” where he thought no Turk would hear him.

† The order of succession is not, as in European monarchies, from father to eldest son—but on the death or deposition of a sultan, the eldest prince of the *race*, be he brother, cousin, or son, is called to the throne.

decessors, he might yet have saved his throne and life; for when obliged by his rebellious subjects to take refuge in the interior of the serraglio, he could instantly have put to death the princes his captives, and thus, remaining alone of the sacred race, have secured to himself safety for the present, and full immunity for the future, and the deed might have been excused in the eyes of a sanguinary people, by the natural impulse of self-preservation. But of such deeds, the nature of Selim was incapable; he could not be moved to the bloody tragedy by the cries of the blind, ungrateful mob, who were hailing Mustapha, his cousin, as his successor; and as the mufti, deputed by the insurgents to announce his deposition, approached the strong and well-defended walls of the serraglio, he mildly ordered the gates to be opened to him; he listened with dignified silence to the discourse of the arch-hypocrite,* whose benefactor he had been, and, shrinking at the picture of civil war and bloodshed, he bowed his head to the decrees of fate, retired to his prison, and left his puerile cousin an undisputed throne.

The misfortunes of Selim were productive of the greatest advantage to Mahmood; the deposed monarch who, on the threshold of the throne he was retiring from, is said to have had the magnanimity to advise the dazzled Mustapha, who, with ungrateful eagerness was stepping in his place, and to wish him more happiness on it than he had experienced himself, beguiled the irksome hours of captivity in instructing his youthful cousin and fellow-prisoner, whose mental development had hitherto been favoured or checked by the obsolete science and benumbing dogmas of a Chodgea chosen from the fanatic body of the Oulemas—the only instructor allotted to these unhappy princes.

* In the preceding chapter I have attached some importance to Sultan Mahmood's differences with the sheik-islam or mufti. I might be countenanced in so doing, by the analogy of several portions of Moslemin records; but I will only mention the following.

As long as the head of the hierarchy was an enlightened, liberal man, and attached to his sovereign, Selim's reforms proceeded with little, or no opposition; but as soon as he died, and his place was filled by a different character, obstacles were raised at every step, and the fanatic, intriguing mufti, who had mainly contributed to prepare the crisis, sanctioned the dethronement of his sovereign, by his spiritual *fetwa*. When the vulgar agents of the obscure Cabakchi-Oglu, (himself only the instrument of the chiefs of the conspiracy,) after having hailed Mustapha as sultan, waited on the primate of the church and law, and presented, among other questions, the already answered query, "Whether a Padishah, whose conduct and regulations had been hostile to the religious principles of the Koran, deserved to remain upon the throne?" even while he affected great concern, he aggravated the offences of the sultan, and the weakness of his own spiritual predecessor, and premising that the God he had neglected, had abandoned the unfortunate Selim, he retired and wrote in answer to the question of Cabakchi—"No! God knows best!"

The lights and information acquired from the sagacious Chelibi-Effendi, and the few others of his subjects, who had broken the bonds of Moslemin restriction and prejudice—the imperfect, but still valuable reflex of European thought and civilization, he had sedulously sought after, even in converse with Christians—all the experience and knowledge gained by a naturally intelligent mind, whilst the master of his own actions, and the monarch of a vast empire, Selim might impart to an attentive hearer, and in the midst of the barbarity that surrounded them, the secluded cells of the captive princes might be looked upon as an “Academe,” the resort of wisdom and worth. The decline of the Ottoman empire from its original splendour, and the rapid rise of their Christian neighbours, who had trembled at the Osmanli name; the inferiority of lawless, ignorant, and disorganized bands, to the disciplined troops of their enemies, and all his projects of reform, and all his political views, could not fail of forming a part of the discussions between Selim and his pupil. And in addition to the practical course of instruction which had qualified him to reign and to reform a barbarous people, the mind of Selim had been humanized by the cultivation of oriental literature, and the study of the Arabian poets. He was himself a poet and musician, and from him Mahmood acquired a taste for poetry, and a proficiency in his own and the Arabic languages, which is said, by those who are not his flatterers, to surpass the acquirements of most of the professedly learned of his subjects.* He may have paid more attention to these literary pursuits than it is the usual practice of princes to do: his brother Mustapha, a young man, might reign many years; his own accession was an uncertainty; he might finish life in the prison where life began, and every mental occupation was to be prized in the unvarying monotony and tedium of such a state of existence. But what Selim did not, (for he could not change the fiery nature of the man,) was to infuse into the mind of Mahmood, his own mildness, forbearance, and mercy: the example of his own gentler virtues was lost, and his cousin continued headstrong and violent, and gave indications of a cruel and unrelenting disposition.

* Some of his hatti-sheriffs and state papers are said to have been composed solely by himself, and are cited as models of composition. The poetry of Selim is often spoken of, and there are several little songs attributed to him, in the mouths of all the Turks. I once heard a strapping fellow singing one of these in a public bath. The air, like all the Turkish airs I am acquainted with, was simple and monotonous, but not devoid of a natural pathetic melody. The burden of the song was—“There is no happiness here below;” a fact which the chorister’s circumstances at the moment seemed to deny; for, stretched on a couch, disencumbered of his clothes, and sipping a cup of coffee to his chibook, he was certainly enjoying beatitude—the acme of Turkish bliss.

There was one illustrative anecdote of the captive princes, which affected me extremely. Some trifling act of neglect or omission in an attendant slave drove Mahmood into a paroxysm of rage more than usually violent; he started from the sofa where he was sitting with Selim, struck the trembling offender on the mouth, threw him down, and trampled upon him. "Ah! Mahmood," said the deposed sovereign, reproachfully, "when you have been tried in the furnace of the world's troubles, like me, so slight a matter will not discompose you; when you have suffered as I have, your heart may feel even for the sufferings of a slave!" If tales like this, and there are many such, admit of doubt where authentication is difficult or impossible, their prevalence will at least prove the estimation in which the Turks hold the memory of the injured Selim, and the character of the violent Mahmood.

When Selim, as a captive, undertook the instruction of his cousin, Mahmood was twenty-two years old; and we ought rather to be surprised, that at such an age he should have profited intellectually, so well as he seems to have done, than wonder at his not having reformed the vices of original disposition hitherto unchecked, and now confirmed in the stability of manhood. Those very vices, however, have served him well in his stormy career, as their opposite virtues had been fatal to Selim. The impetuosity of Mahmood has overthrown obstacles that seemed insurmountable to the cooler philosophy of his cousin; his unrelenting nature has enabled him to wade through torrents of blood to his object, without shrinking or hesitation; and remorseless as unsympathizing, he has set human suffering and justice and right at naught, whenever they have interfered with his projects and gratifications. To those who consider success as merit, and look to the end without reference to the means, the partial, yet important reforms effected, will veil the atrocities by which they have been wrought, and the character of Mahmood will be honoured with admiration and applause; but still, those who are so injudicious in this calculating world, as to retain the more amiable feelings of our nature, and to revolt at cruelty and injustice, whatever be their result, will only place him among those moral hurricanes, which, like their physical prototypes, may purify the air and the earth they desolate, but can never become the objects of sympathy or affection.

The reign of Mahmood's brother Mustapha, who had stepped so unfeelingly on the throne of Selim, was destined to be as brief as it was inglorious.*

* The following are the *data* of the rapidly succeeding revolutions and atrocities: Selim was deposed the 31st of May, 1807. Mustapha was deposed after having murdered Selim, the 28th of

The revolution that terminated it, was a political novelty for Turkey, inasmuch as it was not the work of Janissaries or Oulemas, but of a party hostile to both—the operation of gratitude and affectionate reverence. The whole was conceived and executed with astonishing spirit and prudence by Mustapha-Bairactar. This man, originally the captain of a small, but daring band of pirates on the Danube, was purchased by the government, that could not master him, and entrusted with the police or guard of the very river which had been the scene of his *haiduck* exploits. His bravery and services in his new department attracted the attention of the Porte, and ensured him promotion; and when sultan Selim, who had need of such energetic characters at the time, became better acquainted with his merits, he conferred on him the dignity of the three tails, and nominated him to the important pashalik of Rutschuk on the Danube.

The bairactar, though an uncultivated barbarian, had certainly “*la trempe d’un grand homme*,” and some of the virtues of a good man. His gratitude to Selim, his benefactor, which amounted to adoration, seems to have been at first the sole motive of his perilous enterprise to reinstate him on the throne; though afterwards, when the fate of the empire was in his hands, and his beloved master no more, his ambition took a wider range, and superseded all other feelings. An army composed of men devoted to the bairactar, and of thousands of refugees who had fled the proscription of the Janissaries, and were favourable to the institutions of Selim, advanced from Rutschuk to Adrianople, where the army of the grand vizir of sultan Mustapha was duped, or gained into co-operation. Many of the leading men of the capital proffered a ready adhesion to the projects of the counter-revolution; every thing was managed with consummate art; and the day that the bairactar, declaring his intentions to replace his benefactor on the throne, marched into Constantinople, and sat down with his army before the walls of the serraglio, the Janissaries were unprepared and incapable of offering him the least opposition, and the imbecile sultan Mustapha was absent on a *benish*, or party of pleasure, at the kiosk of Gueuk-Sou, on the Bosphorus. Unfortunately for the views of the bairactar, the eunuchs and bostandjis refused to open the inner gate of the serraglio, and an inconceivable want of circumspection proved fatal to Selim whom he came to save; for Mustapha, having intelligence of the hostile movements, returned from his party of pleasure in a common *piadè*; and

July, 1808. Mahmood was girt with the imperial sable on the 11th of August, 1808, at the mosque of Eyoob, and put his brother Mustapha to death the 16th of November following.

no measures having been taken to intercept communication with the serraglio, he entered that mysterious enclosure on the opposite side towards the sea of Marmora ; and while the bairactar was thundering in the outward court for artillery to beat open the ponderous gates, and clamouring for Selim, his benefactor, his lawful sultan, that unhappy prince was murdered by the abominable kishlar-agma,* and the other eunuchs his satellites, at the order of his cousin, whose life he had spared at a similar crisis. After the fatal catastrophe, Mustapha is said to have contemplated the strangled, blackened corpse, with ferocious joy, and then retiring within the sacred precincts of his harem, he ordered the slaves to open the gates of the serraglio, and to give Selim into the hands of the bairactar, who demanded him. As the gates rolled on their tardy hinges and disclosed the horrid spectacle—the disfigured remains of his prince whom he expected to re-establish on his throne—the firm-hearted pasha of Rutschuk threw himself on the ground, kissed the hands and feet of his unhappy sultan, and wept aloud. The presence of mind of Seid-Ali, the capitan-pasha, prevented further horrors ; he roused the bairactar from the stupor of his affliction, and orders were at once issued, and speedily executed, to seize the tyrant Mustapha, ere, to preserve himself and his throne, he should consummate another crime in the murder of his brother Mahmood, now, excepting himself, the sole male remnant of the house of Osman. The sanctity of the harem could not protect the pusillanimous monster ; he was dragged from its recess, and thrown into the apartments where his victim Selim had languished and perished. Meanwhile Mahmood could not be found : his non-appearance caused the greatest consternation, and palsied the arms both of the chiefs of the conspirators and their followers. The latter began to exclaim that Mustapha had already killed his brother ; that the imperial blood of Osman now flowed in no veins but his ; that he must be their sultan after all ! The dilemma was confounding, and a revulsion in the popular feeling might take place every moment. The leaders rushed again into the presence of Mustapha, and demanded his brother. The dethroned prince vowed, in the name of the prophet, that he knew nothing of him—that he had not laid violent hands on him. “ Should it prove you have,” roared the infuriated bairactar, “ I will send your soul to hell, though your race end with you, and the whole empire should follow you !” At length,

* The head of the eunuchs, and sable commander-in-chief of the women of the sultan’s harem, guardian of the princes of the blood, &c. &c. &c.

after a long and most anxious search through the interior of the serraglio, Mahmood, the future sultan of the Moslems, the iron-handed and iron-hearted reformer, at whose name millions were to tremble, was discovered in a dark, neglected corner, and drawn from beneath a heap of carpets and mats, himself half dead and trembling; and it required time to convince him that those who came to place him on the throne were not the emissaries of his brother, despatched to kill him. It is generally asserted that Mustapha had determined to strangle his brother as well as his cousin, and that Mahmood owed his safety to an old female slave, who concealed him at the first violent approach of the bairactar. The events of the tragedy were precipitate—he was not discovered by the kishlar-ahga, when the search was ordered, and in a few minutes the insurgents were masters of the palace, and of the person of Mustapha.

When Mahmood appeared before Mustapha-Bairactar, whom grief, alarm, and sentiments of deadly revenge, had driven to a state of frenzy, he was hailed by the chiefs and all present as their lawful sultan, the worthy successor of the great and good Selim. The bairactar prostrated himself, and kissed the earth at his feet; nor did he rise from that posture of humiliation until Mahmood ordered him so to do, and proclaimed him his liberator and grand vizir.

The manes of Selim were conciliated by the sacrifice of his degraded murderers, and of the parasites of his cousin Mustapha. On the day that Mahmood ascended the throne, thirty-three heads were exposed at the gate of the serraglio; among which, the hideous deformity of the chief of the black eunuchs shone conspicuous on a silver dish, allotted to him on account of the dignity of his office. The officers of the Yamacks, (a division of the Janissary corps that had been peculiarly obnoxious to Selim, and the chief agents in the revolution that dethroned him fourteen months before,) or all that could be seized, were strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus; and such of the women of the serraglio * who had manifested joy at Selim's death, were sewn up in sacks and drowned at the tower of Kiz-Koulessi, opposite the serraglio point. The real murderer of Selim, the despicable Mustapha, remained; but that murderer was brother to Mahmood, and he resisted the vengeance of the implacable bairactar and the advice of his friends, that would have doomed the deposed prince to the bow-string. He is reported to have said, in reply to

* Some accounts state that the women of the serraglio took an active part in the assassination of Selim.

the horrid suggestion, "Mustapha is my brother; I would not have the weight of his blood on my head!"—"But a few hours ago he sought your life, and murdered my benefactor," urged the bairactar.—"What is done, is done; he can seek my life no longer, and he is still my brother."

"But he *may* yet seek your life," argued the assembly of partisans; "we cannot read the book of destiny; we know not but that another revolution may occur—the Janissaries may again hail Mustapha as sultan, and will he then respect the life of Mahmood? His death is your security."

A struggle ensued in the mind of the young sultan, but the distant prospect of danger did not justify in his eyes the guilt of fratricide, and the postponement of the commission of the crime was considered as an effort of angelic virtue.

Mahmood had soon to feel that the possession of a throne does not imply the possession of undisturbed happiness; and in the very commencement of his reign, he was tried in that "furnace of the world's troubles" which his experienced cousin had so affectingly alluded to. The proud and impetuous Mustapha-Bairactar might have been gratefully submissive to Selim, had he succeeded in the project of his restoration; but Mahmood, young and inexperienced, and who had been brought to the throne not by the measures concerted, but by the failure of those measures, soon found in his grand vizir an arbitrator and a master, and discovered that the only part allotted to him as sultan, was passively to sanction the deeds of the bairactar. The mind of Selim still animated his friends—the actors in the new revolution were determined to carry all his reforms, both civil and military, into immediate execution; and their precipitancy, and the pride and violence of Mustapha-Bairactar, were the causes of another revolution, and their own destruction. From the first day of the entrance of the bairactar into Constantinople, an aggravated register of grievances, of Moslemin customs and usages insolently infringed, of religious observances despised, of ancient rights invaded—had been kept in the public mind to appear against the bairactar, on the day of revenge. To this was added, the movements of the faction of the interior,* which the vizir despised, and the machinations of the Janissary corps and their friends, which he neglected; until, seizing an opportunity when he was weakened by having detached most of his own particular troops, on whom alone

* The faction of the interior, or what we might call the court party, is oddly composed of slaves, eunuchs, and women. It can scarcely be said to have existed of late years.

he could depend, to the defence of his pashalik of Rutschuk, they rose *en masse* against him at the capital.

Their rising was dreadful, and compared to the horrors now committed in Constantinople for three days, the revolutions which dethroned Selim and Mustapha sink into familiar and insignificant tragedies. By the instruction of the Oulemas, who were threatened with reforms as great as those of the Janissaries, the latter set fire to the town, near to the palace of the bairactar or grand vizir, and secured the gates of the city, which became the *champ-clos* of a most sanguinary conflict. The Janissaries were animated at every corner by an infusion of the maddest fanaticism the fears and interests of the Oulemas* could suggest, and converting their brother Moslems into infidels, they rushed to the fight with the spirit of devoted martyrs. On the other side, attachment to their bold and liberal chief, the hopelessness of mercy should they yield; a fanaticism of another sort for the cause they had embraced, made the seymens or regular troops, and all the partisans of the bairactar, fight with equal ferocity and resolution.

For some time, the popular *cri de guerre* was only “down with the impious tyrant, the renegade Mustapha-Bairactar!” and so far Mahmood may have partaken in the feeling, as he could not be otherwise than desirous of the fall “of a vulgar and insolent grand vizir, who gave him the law;” but when the Janissaries added to their acclamations, “and let us restore our true sultan Mustapha,” which they were not long in doing, he was impelled to make common cause with the bairactar and his friends. The regular seymens were admitted into the serraglio, and the defence of that place confided to them, and the bostandjis and pages, who kept up a *fusillade* on all who approached the sacred walls.

A sortie of seymens and other troops compromised in the new order of things, and headed by the sanguinary and determinate Cadi-Pasha, drove the Janissaries and popular mass from before the serraglio, from the square of the Hippodrome, and followed them with slaughter through the long streets of the city towards the Seven Towers, the mosque of sultan Soliman, and the palace of the janissary-aga. In this pursuit the massacre was indiscriminate, and helpless women and children were butchered by the soldiery. The

* The chief dignitaries of the Oulema body shut themselves up in their houses, and left to subaltern imams and vagabond dervishes, drunk with rakie and opium, the care of keeping up the popular flame by their spiritual exhortations.

inhabitants, and even such as would have remained peaceful spectators of the struggle, were driven to despair—they set fire to their houses in every direction, they discharged their arms from their windows, and threw stones and boiling oil on the troops of Cadi-Pasha. The Janissaries took breath, and at last rallied. When Cadi-Pasha sought to retrace his steps, he saw nothing behind but burning avenues of narrow streets and falling houses ; and through this material hell he forced his way, followed in his turn by the Janissaries, the flames and toppling ruins respecting neither party, but frequently interrupting their combats, consuming both, or burying them under smoking ruins. I have heard descriptions of the scenes that the vast city of Constantinople then presented, which approach the utmost bounds of earthly horror, and that would exempt the following picture drawn by M. Juchereau, who was at Pera at the time, from any suspicion of over-colouring. “ No one,” says that eloquent author, “ attempted to stay the conflagration, which in a short time made terrible progress. Soon the most popular quarter of Constantinople was covered with a sheet of fire. The cries, the groans of women, and old men and children, attracted no attention and excited no pity. In vain they raised their suppliant hands, in vain they begged for beams or planks to save themselves from their burning houses by their roofs : their supplications were vain : they were seen with indifference to fall and to disappear among the flames. The desire of destruction was the only feeling that then prevailed !” Sultan Mahmood beheld the awful spectacle from one of the lofty towers of the serraglio, but not ‘ like another Nero,’ as some have unjustly asserted—the flames were not of his lighting, and he was anxious that they should cease. He ordered Cadi-Pasha to stop his carnage, and to retire with his troops within the walls of the serraglio, and despatched a hattî-sheriff to the janissary-*agha*, commanding him, as he valued his head, to exert himself to stay the conflagration. As Mahmood was sultan, and from the pledge he had in his hands, was likely to continue so, even when the revolt should end, the janissary-*agha* trembled at the imperial mandate and obeyed ; but the fire was too intense and active to be subdued or arrested, even by throwing to the ground whole stacks of houses : it vaulted over the chasms thus made, and only found “ sufficient obstacles in the public squares and in the mosques, whose vast cupolas and massy stone walls have frequently preserved Constantinople from entire destruction.” *

* M. de Juchereau.

The mob mistook the sultan's commiseration and mercy for weakness and fear. When they saw Cadi-Pasha retire within the walls of the serraglio, they rushed in a mass to the Babhamayun-kapoussi, or principal gate, shouting furiously, and denouncing vengeance on the regular troops, on Cadi-Pasha, and loading their sultan with opprobrious terms. From that multitude of madmen and vagabonds some voices arose, repeating the suggestions of the Janissaries, that it was time to dispose of Mahmood as Selim had been disposed of, and to recall Mustapha. Those voices were Mustapha's death warrant! For three days the fate of that wretched man had been hanging by a thread. Mahmood, who had hitherto rejected the advice of his friends, now trembled at dangers that were not distant but imminent, and listened to those who depicted the ferocity and revengeful disposition of his brother, in a manner which showed that the hour for his becoming a fratricide had at length arrived. As the ominous voices at the serraglio gate struck his ears, he turned to those around him, to give the horrible command—for a brother's murder! By some, who are inclined to take the most favourable view of his character, it is said that the words died on his lips—that he twice reverted from his officers and courtiers who expected the order with impatience, and walked to the loop-hole or window whence he could observe the multitude, and that when at last he was constrained to utter the words, "let it be done, and quickly," he covered his face with the shawl of his turban, and shivering from head to foot, threw himself in the corner of a sofa. Others however assert, that on hearing the cries of the people, he became furious, and rushed himself with the Kisklar-aga, and Capidji-bashi, to the prison of his brother, and presided at the murder.* The facts are buried in the mysteries of the serraglio; but whatever was the mode of execution, or the feelings of nature, the last shriek of the cowardly Mustapha soon echoed through that bloody recess, and Mahmood felt the security of his unity—the inviolability of the sole male relict of the Osman race, and might say with horrid triumph, "I am alone—and there is none but me!"

From this dreadful moment Mahmood may be said to have borne a

* M. de Juchereau says that Cadi-Pasha presided at the execution. My information differs in this point, but agrees perfectly in the rest of the details. "*Le Sultan Moustapha fut étranglé par la main des bourreaux. Ce prince mourut lâchement comme tout les hommes frivoles et cruels. Il était trop peu estimé pour inspirer des regrets. Sa mort parut juste et méritée même aux yeux de ceux qui avaient désiré son rétablissement.*"

charmed life. He felt this: and strong in the peculiarity of his situation, and the concurring prejudices of a whole nation, he undertook and accomplished measures which none of his predecessors dared contemplate, and which would many times have hurled him from the throne had there existed other princes of the blood of Osman to substitute in his place. The birth of sons did not immediately endanger his safety, as the Turks have no idea of regencies, and count their princes as nothing until they reach the age of manhood; yet the sudden death of his eldest son (on whom the eyes of the party adverse to reform and innovation were fixed) in the tenth year of his age, is by many attributed to poison administered by a jealous and unnatural father, though such a crime would have been premature, and it seems more probable that the child died of the small pox.

The death of Mahmood's brother broke the shield and spear of the rebellious party, and when it was ascertained that the dreaded Mustapha-Bairactar* had perished in the flames of the revolution which *he* and not the sultan had provoked, and when the multitude had dragged the insensible corpse of the hero at whose least look they had been wont to tremble, to the open square of the Etmeidan, the great resort of the Janissaries, and had there impaled it, they were disposed to listen to the voice of reason and of him whom destiny had made their sultan, and to cease the civil war which could now have no

* The manner of the Bairactar's death has been incorrectly stated by Dr. Adam Neale, (see "Travels through some parts of Germany, Poland, Moldavia, and Turkey." Longman, 1818—an excellent work,) and by other writers; who say, that after having been betrayed to the Janissaries, he died the death of a hero, by blowing himself up in a powder magazine. The fact is, he was taken by surprise, and when the flames lit by the Janissaries burst from his palace, he was drunk, and in his harem. When he was aroused there was no avenue of escape through the fire, and the furious mass of his enemies that had surrounded his house. At an angle of the viziral palace there was a solid stone tower, secured with double iron doors, and to this he retreated, hoping to be protected from the fire; and that his friends and the seymens would soon come to his release. His friends thought he had escaped at the beginning of the fray—they had abundance of business elsewhere, and his palace was left to the flames, that speedily devoured it. On the evening of the second day, some fellows, with the view of plunder, approached the stone tower, the only part of the spacious building that was not consumed, and forced open a small iron door at its foot—they passed through a corridor within the thickness of the walls, and came to another small iron door: this too they forced open, and entering a small dark chamber or cell, they found three dead bodies, that were afterwards recognised as the terrible Bairactar, his favourite female slave, and his eunuch. They had been asphixiated. By the side of the bodies were bags of gold and cases of jewels. The scene was as characteristic as might be—the Bairactar's *finale* was truly Turkish—gold, a woman, and a eunuch! There he lay with the pledges of his jealousy, his lust, and his avarice, about him!

ostensible object. Nor were their pacific inclinations rendered fruitless by the violence or continued hostility of the seymens and other partisans of the opposite faction. The spirit of the latter expired at the sight of the dishonoured body of the Bairactar, whom they imagined escaped from Constantinople and the flames of his burning palace, and about to return to their support at the head of an army. They discovered at once that they had been deceived, that they had acted sinfully in fighting against the Janissaries—their brethren, the defenders of their common faith—their fury took a new turn, they threatened Cadi-Pasha and their other chiefs with death, and were shortly seen exchanging the kiss of peace, and mixing their dirty beards with those of the children of Hadji-Beckdash, whom for three days they had been rivalling in blood and unrelenting fury—the two factions fighting more like fiends than men in the midst of that symbol or compendium of hell, a burning city.

The conduct of Mahmood, on the cessation of hostilities, has very justly been made matter of praise; for instead of captivating the popular mind by delivering up to their revenge Cadi-Pasha, and the other friends of the Bairactar, he provided for their safety. It may be remarked, however, that the contrary conduct, which was that followed in similar cases by his predecessors, would to him have been of no utility, for the submission of the Moslem people was secured by his peculiar situation; he might dispense with the applauses of their satisfied hate, and though utterly regardless of human life when opposed to his profit or his pleasure, or brought in contact with his own personal dislike or revenge, Mahmood never seems to have indulged in cruelty for cruelty's sake alone.* “The departure of the friends of the new system and of the Bairactar,” says Monsieur de Juchereau, “terminated the most sanguinary revolution that has taken place in Constantinople, since the submission of that great city to the yoke of the Osmanlis. The Janissaries, after having set fire to the magnificent barracks of Levend-

* A few months after, when the existence of Cadi-Pasha endangered his tranquillity, the sultan had him put to death without any remorse; and then, as the gratification of the vulgar tallied with his spontaneous measures, he exposed at the gate of the serraglio the head of the heroic chief to the delighted eyes of the Janissaries for the space of a month. In the same manner, when the lives of the other friends of the Bairactar became obnoxious to him, Mahmood got them into his hands by the most treacherous means, (attracting them to the capital by solemn assurances of a perfect amnesty, and by the promises of high employments and dignities,) and then strangled them.

Chiflik and Scutari, in order, said they, not to leave a trace of the Nizam-djedids, and to stifle for ever all thoughts of re-establishing them, sent deputies to Sultan Mahmood to assure him of their inviolable attachment, and to ask pardon for their late revolt. The mufti went at the head of the principal oulemas to felicitate the sovereign on this new triumph of religion and ancient law, and every thing returned to its accustomed order."

The Janissaries, however, and those who pretended to more wisdom and foresight, were disappointed in their hope and belief, that the dreadful lesson received at the very beginning of his reign, would deter Mahmood from future innovation, and secure him as a *statu-quo-ite* for the rest of his life. Their sultan was not made of such pliant stuff; he was deeply imbued with all the principles of Selim, he had greater intensity of purpose, and more courage than his unfortunate preceptor: that courage too was fostered by the sense of his own security and inviolability which I have several times referred to, and which must never be lost sight of, in our consideration of his bold reforms and unprecedented success. His proud nature was humbled and degraded by the triumph of the Janissary party, although their rebellion had relieved him from a master, in destroying the Bairactar; he treasured up all the torments he had experienced from the day that vile mob had dethroned Selim, to pour them as phials of wrath on their heads, whenever the day should be his, and from the moment that he smiled on them with feigned reconciliation and complacency, in the month of November 1808, until the moment when he annihilated them, in June 1825, or during the course of more than sixteen years, he never lost sight of his plans, nor relented in the prosecution of cruelty and treachery against the odious body.

Besides the society of Chelibi-Effendi, who had taken so marked an interest in the Nizam-djedid, the young sovereign drew around him several other men recommended by the former friendship of Selim, and the comparative cultivation and liberality of their minds. Such society could not but be disagreeable to the two bigoted but corrupt bodies that had been wont to govern the state; the remonstrances of the Oulemas were followed by tumultuary movements of the Janissaries, the town was set on fire, and the sultan was constrained to relinquish the councils of his friends. As soon as the storm had blown over, the pertinacious Mahmood recalled the men he prized, and boldly, perhaps imprudently, appointed some of them to the highest offices of his government. Fresh tumults and rekindled fires occurred; Mahmood

was obliged to exile the obnoxious counsellors and ministers in succession from the divan—but there the rebels stopped: they had no longer one prince to set up against another, and in their madness, they respected the last of the sons of Osman. Each repetition of the persevering reaction but added to Mahmood's already implacable hatred of the Janissaries, and at each time he stooped but to rise hereafter on their ruin. Years bring coolness, and craft has ever been a quality inherent to Turkish rulers. The system of open, front attack was changed, for a slow, insidious system of operation, that might turn the flanks, and by regular but unseen approaches surround the main body, check all its movements, and at last strangle it in the embrace of the contracting circle.

This improvement in the sultan's tactics originated principally in the councils of the astucious Halet-Effendi, who having studied European politics and other arts to some purpose whilst on an embassy at Paris, became a great favourite of the sultan; and though never grand vizir, nor nominally more than nizamji, or keeper of the imperial signet, he ruled his master and the whole empire for several years. Halet openly professed the most heartless and detestable doctrines of the foulest Machiavellism, and his practise corresponded to his professions. The entire subservience of means to the end appeared to him an established point that it was absurd to dispute, and in the iron-hearted sultan he certainly found an apt pupil. "If a man would be rid of an enemy," was one of the arguments of this political Mephistopheles, "and of an enemy of superior strength, he does not declare his hatred and warn him of his hostile intention—no; he lulls him into security until he gets him into a situation that a coffee-cup, or a woman's dagger might do his business!" And it was decided that a system of this sort should be set in action against the Janissaries.

The largesses and honours of government detached many influential men from the interests of the association; others, who were considered less tractable, made a mysterious exit in the waves of the Bosphorus; others of less importance, were induced into offences against the laws, or the jealousy and other feelings of their comrades, by insidious agents, and were executed with the due notice of the firing of a cannon; * dissensions and distrusts of one another were introduced into the body, and in process of time the no-

* By an old regulation, a cannon is to be fired whenever a Moslem's head is cut off in a judicial manner.

mination of janissary-agma, of oda-bashi, &c. only fell on men who had entered into the views of government, and were accomplices in the conspiracy for the destruction of the corps. But all this was done by almost imperceptible degrees : nothing was hurried, nothing transpired to betray the sultan's views, or excite the Janissaries' suspicions. " The mole works in silence and darkness," Halet is reported to have said, with that recurrence to metaphor, without which the Turks never attempt to explain any thing, " but he makes his way as he purposes. The pace of the tortoise is slow, but if he make sure of every ascending step, he at last reaches the hill top. The scorpion conceals his sting, and is a quiet and contemptible reptile, until he can dart it with death into his foe !"

Simultaneously with the deliberate and cautious undermining of the janissary power, means equally specious, and treacherous, and sanguinary were employed to restrict or destroy the power of distant pashas, and of the ayans, or feudatory lords of the empire. The development of these operations of years, would present a picture of almost unparalleled craft and cruelty ; but they were successful, and the losses of the inhabitants of remote provinces who had been happy and prosperous in proportion to the stability and independence of their local governors,* and the complaints of heirs dispossessed of the fiefs their ancestors had held on the tenure of military service ever since the conquest of the country, did not interfere with the satisfaction of Mahmood, or the plans of his counsellor, who from the course of his study and associations, had been led to consider the govern-

* Colonel Macdonald Kinneir and Colonel Leake, the ablest political as well as geographical observers of all our travellers in Turkey, have both remarked the fact stated in my text. The latter gentleman in describing an unusually well cultivated and prosperous district, whose chief had rendered himself to a certain degree independent of the porte, adds, " And this is not the first instance we have observed places in such a state, being more flourishing than others ; whence we cannot but suspect that there is a connexion in this empire, between the prosperity of a district and the ability of a chieftain to resist the exactions of the porte. This is nothing more than the natural consequence of their well known policy of making frequent changes of provincial governors, who purchasing their governments at a high price, are obliged to practice every kind of extortion to reimburse themselves, and secure some profit at the expiration of their government."

Some important improvements in provincial administration, and the nomination of pashas, have, however, recently taken place, as I shall presently describe ; but the partial remedy has followed the evil inflicted on the prosperous districts by the suppression of the powerful ayans, at the distance of many years, and the interval has been filled up by suffering, impoverishment, and depopulation.

ment of France, where the destruction of an ancient nobility, and the drunken liberty of the people, had paved the way to a military despotism—the unchecked will of one,—as the most perfect government of Europe, and the most consonant to the character of his master.

I am no liberal, in the sense most *illiberally* given at present to that word. I have sighed over the downfall of the great and splendid family of the Carasman-Oglus; I have seen with my own eyes the evils that have resulted therefrom, and I predict, that the spirit of the Ottoman people must suffer from the subversion of a body of nobility, agricultural as well as military—a body that stood between a portion of the people and the absorbing influence of the Oulemas and the oppression of the direct agents of the porte.

The deeply calculated plans of the sultan, or of Halet-Effendi, deprived the Janissaries of the capital, of allies in the provinces, that had generally been found in the discontent of powerful pashas and governors. The bands of military adventurers who had been accustomed to follow the fortunes of the pashas who could pay them best, without any reference to the allegiance of their masters to their sultan, were detached by bribes and promises of regular pay, and Mahmood might lay claim to the gratitude of the pacific portion of his subjects, by the prompt suppression of the disbanded troops, who, military adventurers in their own estimation, but robbers in the eyes of others, had for many years infested his dominions both of Europe and Asia. The evil was at its height during the latter part of the reign of Selim, when descending from Mount Rhodope and the fastnesses of Bosnia, these brigands ravaged the provinces at their pleasure, and it was their coalition with the disaffected Janissaries of Adrianople and the rest of Romelia, that induced the defeat of Cadi-Pasha, the most enthusiastic of the friends of the Nizam-djedid, and prepared the fall of Sultan Selim.* As soon as these hordes were isolated, the tardy punishment they had merited, fell on them with accumulated weight and severity. They were butchered in heaps, burnt, tortured, and impaled. “You might have traced your way through the provinces,” said one of my informants, “by those stakes and those writhed and putrid carcasses, as in England by mile-

* The defeat of Cadi-Pasha at Adrianople happened on the 10th of August, 1806—the forced abdication of Selim on the 31st of May, 1807.

stonés !” The effect of these tremendous visitations has been such as I have already described—robbers have been since almost unknown in Turkey.

In this manner, dividing the associations of interest or affection, Mahmood proceeded in his career, his heart hardened by the habitual practices of rigour, and his spirits rising with habitual success. Never treating or compounding as his predecessors had done, with revolted pashas or disaffected bodies, he saw them fall one after another, until none remained with the semblance of power and independence save Ali-Pasha of Yanina, and Mehemet-Ali of Egypt, and they were fain to be regular in the payment of their tribute, and in their testimonials of respect and submission.

“ To him that hath, shall be given ;” and those who have been universally successful for the past, will have credit for the success of the future. The people were convinced of the “ good star” of Mahmood—they saw that nothing could oppose him—he was the man of destiny, and the peculiarity of his situation and good fortune, and even his own superstition, might convey and strengthen the popular belief in the sultan’s mind. But it was the orthodox triumph, under his reign, of the Moslems over the schismatic sectarians of Abdool-Wahhab, that carried Mahmood’s glory to its greatest height, and added to it, for a moment, the lustre of a vindicator of the insulted faith. The Wahhabees, the spiritual and political puritans, the fanatical reformers of the deserts, had, from the beginning of the eighteenth century, set the Ottoman arms and a succession of eight sultans at defiance. They had advanced from the remote Arabian district of Ared, they had foiled or beaten the troops of the most powerful pashas, and the sanctity of the prophet’s tomb, and the long heaped offerings of the holy city, were to them only incentives to more thorough despoliation and desecration. But at length the faith had triumphed, the sacrilegious had been driven back to the scenes more consonant to the austerity and simplicity of their doctrines, and the way to Mecca was again open to the feet of orthodox pilgrims. True it was, that these despaired of successes had been obtained by the policy and arms of the pasha of Egypt; but who was Mehemet-Ali, but the subordinate agent or lieutenant of Mahmood? And thus, *for awhile*, the sultan was strengthened by the accession of that effective ally—religious fanaticism !

If, in the conflict with Russia, the honour of the Osmanli arms was not materially vindicated, yet on the other hand, a seven years’ war (from 1805 to 1812) had made little impression on the empire, and the very reverses of the Turks were valuable advantages to Mahmood.

During the reign of Mustapha III, and the war with the Russians of 1770, the daring Hassan, Capitan-pasha, conceived the desperate project of dislodging the enemy from Lemnos which they were besieging. He was to do this at the head of four thousand irregulars, embarking in caiques, or little boats, with no artillery, while the Russians had a strong fleet at anchor at the island, and had (or according to every calculation ought to have had) some lighter vessels on the look out, the fire of one of which might destroy all Hassan's frail embarkation.* When the project was known at Constantinople, it was deemed to have been conceived in the spirit of madness, but the grand vizir of the day, admitting its absurdity, coolly said, "If friend Hassan's troops be knocked on the head, there will be four thousand rascals the less, and that to us is well worthy a victor!" The circumstances and projects of Sultan Mahmood might well induce him to echo in his heart the vizir's barbarous speech, and no gentle feeling, in a nature like his, was likely to render the bloody prospect an odious one. And, in fact, every battle lost or won, every process of burning, drowning, and starving, only removed from his way so many obnoxious individuals and obstacles to his reforms, whilst each reverse sustained from the superior tactics and discipline of the enemy, might serve as an argument in favour of his measures, and as an impressive, practical lesson to those who, not belonging to the Janissary corps, could look on the change of military institutions with a less jealous eye.

Weakened by the events of the war, the return of peace was no "piping-time" to the Janissaries and other enemies of reform, who, in the continued and emboldened progress of humiliation and sanguinary punishment, might have wished for the danger and license of the camp. The disorganizing influences on the Janissary body, of *espionage*, mutual distrust, and the gaining over of their principal officers, were never interrupted for a moment. Then, in a few years, came the destructive war of the Greek revolution; and though the sultan may have considered the stake too precious to risk its loss by withholding his real force, and misdirecting the different campaigns in Greece, in order to hurry on the destruction of the Janissaries and of the ancient system, (as it was discovered by a pseudo-politician of Smyrna, he

* Though it will appear scarcely credible, it is a fact, that this wild expedition, met with *perfect success*. Hassan's boats gained the island unperceived by the Russians, his adventurers drove the besiegers from before the town to their ships, and the Russian fleet itself weighed anchor, leaving Lemnos to the pistols and yataghans of four thousand vagabonds!

had done,) still the humiliating issues of those campaigns gave fresh proofs of the inefficiency of the old troops, while afterwards the better success of Ibrahim Pasha with his tacticoes, enhanced the value of the new,* and the sum total of the losses sustained during the disgraceful reverses in the Morea, was of a magnitude to flatter the cool calculations of Mahmood with “*autant de coquins de moins.*”

During all these favourable events and cautious proceedings, the regular corps of the topjis, or cannoniers, that had lost a great deal of their discipline and *morale*, since the overthrow of Selim, were purged of their vices, regularly exercised, well paid, and placed under intelligent officers, devoted to the sultan and the new system. In this corps Mahmood had a garrison he could depend on; and the exploits of the French at Madrid, and other examples developed to him, might convince him of the efficacy of artillery in the streets of a town, and against a mob. At length arrived the crisis that had been preparing for sixteen years. A majority of the Janissary officers had long been gained; they signed a written obligation to furnish from each of the ortas a hundred and fifty men, who would submit to the new discipline; and they attached to the obligation in the names of themselves and the corps they belonged to, an unqualified approval of the sultan's measures. Instructed officers that had survived the sanguinary reactions under Selim and the bairactar, and other tacticians, furnished by the pasha of Egypt, were appointed to drill and form the military neophytes, whose prejudices were flattered with the change of a word—the Nizam-attic (or old regulation,) being substituted for the odious appellation of Nizam-djedid (or the new ordinance.) Mahmood had too intimate an acquaintance with the spirit of Janissaryism, and with all its inward workings, to believe that the turbulent body would submit to the restrictions imposed. He knew they would not, and he did not wish they should. He felt that the amputation of the gangrened member alone could restore health to the rest of the body; and the alarms, the sufferings, and humiliation of his early life, still rankled in his bosom, (unsoothed by the partial punishments inflicted in the course of years,)

* According to my friend Doctor Millingen, who had ample opportunities for ascertaining the fact, during his detention with Ibrahim Pasha, the discipline and other merits of the Egyptian troops in the Morea, have been vastly exaggerated. He assured me, among other things, that he hardly ever saw them preserve even the semblance of order, except when marching from or returning to Missolonghi, and that in the field they invariably broke up in the old Turkish fashion.

and called for a great and final revenge. A harsh reproof, a blow struck by an Egyptian officer, were the immediate and visible causes of the Janissaries' last revolt; but their rising had been provoked and artfully prepared by the agents of government, who had calculated the day and hour of the impotent, dying struggle, and knew all the movements of the factious party.

When the Janissaries declared, as usual, their revolt, by reversing their pilaff-kettles in the square of the Etmeidan, and invoking the name of Hadji-Bektach, their sainted patron, the sultan was coolly seated in a kiosk of Beshik-tash, on the Bosphorus, about a mile and a half from the city, with a council composed of all the principal Osmanlis within call; the Topji-Bashi was ready with his guns and grape-shot; the Agha-Pasha of Yenikeui had a formidable body, on whom he could rely, ready to move at a moment's notice; the Bostandjis were under arms within the walls of the serraglio, and the Galiondjis were masters of the port, and could interrupt any communications with the city by sea. The first fury of the insurgents was directed against the Janissary-Agha; but his person was secure in the council, and they found nothing in his palace but a number of old women, a portion of his harem, which, from their low value, he had not cared to remove, and his kehaya, or lieutenant, who, it should appear, had not been admitted to all the secrets of the plot. The first of these inmates (according to precedent, in which age and ugliness were never a protection,) the Janissaries brutally abused; the last, they cut to pieces. They next proceeded, gathering on their way an increase of strength from the mob and their brethren of the new school, who tore off their tactico uniforms, to the palace of the Porte, which they battered to pieces, and pillaged or destroyed whatever was in it. As the papers might contain the abominable registers of their organization, and the history of their disgrace, they condemned all the archives to the flames—producing more light from Turkish records and diplomacy than had perhaps ever before been elicited from their palpable obscurity.

This was the last of their exploits. The topjis landed well prepared, under the walls of the serraglio, from their barracks at Tophana, which are situated at the opposite entrance of the port at not much more than half a mile's distance. The Agha-Pasha descended the Bosphorus, and poured his forces into the city—the Janissaries neglecting to oppose these landings. The sultan and all his grandees, confident in the means of protection, entered the serraglio, took down the sangiac-sheriff, or sacred standard of

Mahomet, and, headed by a number of Oulemas reciting apposite passages from the Koran, proceeded forthwith to the imperial mosque of Achmet, or the square of the Hippodrome, at a very few paces from the palace. Here the Janissaries lost their only remaining chance of success, which would have been to make one general and determined rush to seize the person of Mahmood ; but they were deterred by the apprehensions of his being killed in the attack : his sons were children—infants ; they could not succeed : the life of the sultan and the existence of the Ottoman empire were identified and sacred ; and having no imperial brother or cousin to rally round, they retired to shout Hadji-Bektash, and spit upon the tactico uniforms, and beat their cauldrons, in the “ place of meat,”* where they were speedily to be made meat for dogs. The sultan’s procession in the mean time gained the interior of the spacious mosque, and there removing the envelopes of green silk from the sacred relic, the sangiac-sheriff was displayed, and the sultan, the mufti, and Oulemas in concert, pronounced a curse and a sentence of eternal dissolution on the Janissary body that had existed for four centuries and a half.†

* Et-meidan is the name of the great square where the Janissaries assembled. *Et* signifying meat, and *meidan* square or place.

† The origin of the once formidable body of Janissaries, is perhaps related by no one so succinctly and so well, as by Gibbon. “ Amurath the First marched against the Slavonian nations between the Danube and the Adriatic, the Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Albanians ; and these warlike tribes, who had so often insulted the majesty of the empire, were repeatedly broken by his destructive inroads. Their countries did not abound either in gold or silver ; nor were their rustic hamlets and townships enriched by commerce, or decorated by the arts of luxury. But the natives of the soil have been distinguished in every age by their hardiness of mind and body ; and they were converted by a prudent institution into the firmest and most faithful supporters of the Ottoman greatness. The vizier of Amurath reminded his sovereign, that, according to the Mahometan law, he was entitled to a fifth part of the spoil and captives ; and that the duties might easily be levied if vigilant officers were stationed at Gallipoli, to watch the passage, and to select for his use the stoutest and most beautiful of the Christian youth. The advice was followed ; the edict was proclaimed ; many thousands of the European captives were educated in religion and arms ; and the new militia was consecrated and named by a celebrated dervish. (Hadji-Bektash, so frequently mentioned.) Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in these words : ‘ Let them be called Janissaries ; (*yenghi cheri*, or new soldiers ;) may their countenances be ever bright ! their hand ever victorious ! their sword keen ! may their spears always hang over the heads of their enemies ! and wheresoever they go, may they return with a *white face*.’ Such was the origin of these haughty troops, the terror of the nations, and sometimes of the sultans themselves. Their valour has declined, their discipline is relaxed, and their tumultuary array is incapable of contending with the order and weapons of modern tactics ; but at the time of their institution, they possessed a

To give a colour to the extremities he was determined to resort to, the sultan despatched a promise of pardon to the insurgents, on conditions he well

decisive superiority in war; since a regular body of infantry, in constant exercise and pay, was not maintained by any of the princes of Christendom." Decline and Fall, Chap. LXIV. The causes of the decay of the formidable body, may be stated in a few words. The original Janissaries, being composed of captives, detached in their childhood from parents, friends, and country, were naturally induced to consider the sultan as their father, and to look to his goodwill as the only architect of their future fortune. Although occasional tumults broke out among them, as long as the Ottoman sovereigns retained the warlike spirit of their ancestors, and were more in the field than in the harem, the Janissaries were characterized by good military *morale* and great devotion to their masters. But these qualities were lost of necessity when the sultans shut themselves up in the serraglio, and intrusted the command of their armies to lieutenants, whom, from fear and jealousy and other motives, they changed so often, that the military body could hardly ever tell who was its commander. In process of time, the spirit of the original institution was utterly neglected: as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, the Janissary stock was chiefly kept up, not by fresh and vigorous shoots from the hardy Slavonian race, but by enrolments of Osmanlis, who, born and bred in the faith, had not that zeal of proselytes, which had led the converted captive slaves to such daring deeds, and who, bound with the ties of consanguinity and personal friendship with the body of the people, were deprived of that exclusive devotion to their sovereign, which rendered the original body one vast family—the children of the sultan.

The Christian rayahs had always felt the tribute of their children to the sultan, and their conversion to an hostile faith, as the most cruel of all their oppressions. As the sultan became less warlike, they found means by money and bribes frequently to elude it; and about 1680, during the reign of Mahomet IV., the odious tribute was commuted for ever. By the original laws of the body, the Janissaries could not marry, and this privation, when they were not occupied in active warfare, but left for long intervals in peace and sloth, induced the most abominable and pernicious vices. When they felt their own strength rise with the weakness of government, the rights of nature were vindicated—they married, and by so doing detached themselves still more from the sultan and the discipline of a military life. Their childrens' names were inscribed in the registers of the odas, and by degrees their relations and friends—men the most unfit for any warlike service—were admitted to the same honour and protection—for protection at least it was, in cases of insurrection or oppression of the Porte. In this mode, by a sort of sectarian fellowship or free-masonry, trucksters and artisans, menials and vagabonds, swelled the Janissary list, weakening its military efficiency, and subjecting it entirely to the influence of popular opinion. Rayahs were next permitted to *purchase* the privileges of enrolment and protection; and a despised Jew, the contractor for their dresses, was raised to elevated rank and consideration, in their vile parody of a military association. When the Janissaries insisted on their natural rights, the married men were permitted to live out of the barracks, which thenceforward were deserted by all, except a few miserable wretches who had no means of procuring food and lodgings elsewhere. The diurnal soups or rations were refused to such as were not present at the barracks at the appointed hours; but government was pleased at their non-attendance, as it was so much expense saved. Military exercises were abandoned; they furnished scanty guards and patrols for the city; detachments attended at grand processions and ceremonies armed with sticks, (for it was held dangerous to entrust them with arms in times of peace,) and they never assembled as a body except on pay days, when they defiled two by two before their nazirs or inspectors.

knew they would never accept. When their scornful reply, and their demand for the blood of their enemies and of "the subverters of the ancient usages of the empire" were received, Mahmood ordered a general attack, having secured the mufti's *fetva*, which gave a spiritual sanction to the destruction of all that should resist the imperial arms. The topjis and their artillery, supported by the troops of the Agha-Pasha, hurried through the different narrow streets that open on the Et-meidan square. If the Janissaries had had a few intelligent officers to direct their movements, the final result might have been delayed, and their fate somewhat different; but all such officers had been gained by the sultan, and they were abandoned to their own blindness and stupidity. Instead of keeping open their communications with the gates of the city on the land side, and the country beyond the walls, they suffered themselves to be surrounded in a crowded square. They saw the topjis *deboucher* on the front and the flanks of the square, and point their guns, but they did not move until the artillery was heard rattling over the paved streets in their rear, and when they did move, every avenue was occupied by the enemy. Their tardy movement was however tremendous; it was the rush of a compact mass of thousands; grape-shot might rake that mass with tremendous effect, but the original impulse might carry the desperate survivors over the guns before they could be re-loaded, and there were but two pieces of artillery, insufficiently supported, in the avenue to which they were advancing. When the topjis saw the dreadful wave rolling towards them, and heard their brethren calling on their prophet, and on other objects of common adoration, they wavered—they turned from their guns. This was the awful crisis. A determined officer of the topjis, known by the significant name of Kara-djehennem (or Black Hell) rushed to one of the guns and fired it, by discharging his pistol over the priming. The effect of grape-shot on the solid body cooped up in a narrow street, was horrible; the impulse, even of despair, did not suffice to impel the Janissaries forward; they were thrown back towards the

Without descending to further particulars, these causes may sufficiently account for the utter demoralization of the principal military corps of the Ottoman empire; and as their decay coincided in date with the growing improvements of Christian organization and tactics, we need not wonder at the humiliation of the Osmanlis. The extension of the body over a great mass of the populace, whilst it more and more incapacitated the Janissaries for the field, rendered them however more formidable to government. To check "the plethoric ill," it was necessary to divide them among themselves, and to detach them from the people; and this was what Mahmood and Chelibi-Effendi did with consummate art.

square, and another flight of grape from the second gun completed their rout and discomfiture. These two guns pealed the knell of the sons of Hadji-Bektash, and Kara-djehennem was avowedly the hero of the day.

What remained was of easy execution: the troops rushed from every avenue on the square. The public criers, and other agents of the government scattered through the city to give notice of the decisions of the sultan and the mufti, and to awaken the reverential awe for the sangiac-sheriff, produced a decided turn in the popular feeling, and the peaceful denizens of Constantinople rushed to the scene of action, repeating the anathemas against the Janissaries. The vein of kindred blood once opened, it flowed like a torrent without exciting sympathy, and in a brief space the hearts of gathered thousands were animated with one unrelenting spirit—with one aim—the utter annihilation of the Janissaries. Even those who, in the natural state of their minds, would have retired, in their timidity and aversion to deeds of blood, were now carried on by the general stream; and from the same feeling which throws a pack of whelps on the dog beaten by his antagonist, this mob mechanically added its weight to crush the falling Janissaries.

This day of blood freed Mahmood for ever from the detested corps, and might have satisfied even *his* revenge. Those who fell not by artillery, musquetry, and yataghans, were burned in their barracks. The ample revenge did not however satisfy the mind of the sultan, for thousands of the Janissaries who had retired from or taken no part in the unequal struggle, and concealed themselves in their houses, were afterwards seized, strangled, and thrown into the Bosphorus, while only a few hundreds were condemned to the milder punishment of imprisonment for life in the Bagnio, where I saw a number of them last autumn in a most wretched condition. Although at the moment of the prepared revolt, there were probably from one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand individuals at Constantinople bearing the name of Janissaries, from the effects of the long working system I have described, there were probably not above twenty-five thousand true to the cause, and dangerous to government. The mass of these twenty-five thousand may have been sacrificed during the fight, or in the purgation which followed it.

It was not possible to proceed against all those who had worn the Janissary badge, but for fear of a relapse, the Asiatics, who had enrolled themselves, were arrested and sent from the capital, boat loads at a time, without

provisions and without money ; for government grasped their property, and, as a good portion of their number (the total of which I have heard stated differently at twelve, fifteen, or twenty thousand) were petty dealers and traffickers, the appropriation may have been a valuable item to the “incerto” of the Porte’s coffers. The despoiled Asiatics subsisted on their way to their native homes, at Brusa, Kutaya, Angora, &c., on the hospitality they could find, or they perished by the road’s side, as that resource failed them.

The vices and excesses of the Janissaries were certainly abominable, and called for reform ; their suppression has already been felt as an improvement, and may open the way to the further amelioration of a vast empire ; yet I have not the cold-heartedness to look on treachery without indignation, and on blood and cruelty without horror ; and be the ulterior advantages what they may, the craft and barbarity which prepared their dissolution and accompanied their fall, appear to me amenable to human detestation and divine vengeance.

The subversion of the antiquated system was now complete, and nothing presented itself as a barrier in the way of the general military re-organization, except the poverty of the exchequer, and the latent prejudices of the corps of the Oulemas, who still flattered themselves to find support in the people, though they had consented to the destruction of their allies or instruments, the Janissaries.

The sultan, glorying in the greatness of his exploit, added to his titles that of Gazi, or Conqueror. The agha-pasha, who had commanded the troops in Constantinople, and had been wounded in the conflict, was advanced to the dignity of a pasha of three tails, and honoured with the title of “the Destroyer of the Janissaries ;” *—the treacherous Janissary-aghah also received the three tails. Koul-Kebaya, the intendant of the Janissaries, the second in authority in the corps, and the man who had betrayed all the secrets of the plot, was rewarded ; Kara-djehennem, the brave officer of topjis, was promoted ; and, in fine, all those who had contributed heart and hand to the great work, received fitting acknowledgments of Mahmood’s gratitude. But he who had conceived the system adopted against the obnoxious body, and matured it by art and crime, was no longer within the reach of earthly honour or recompense. The astucious Halet-Effendi, who had been treacherous, un-

* The agha-pasha is now the seraskier Hussein-Pasha. He distinguished himself last campaign against the Russians. The brave Kara-djehennem also gained fresh honours by his intrepid behaviour at Shumla : he was the hero of the camp.

grateful, and implacable to hundreds, had, many months before the *denouement* he had prepared, been sent to respond at a higher tribunal, by the very man for whom he had so soiled his conscience.* And the death of this man, and the mode of his execution, though perfectly in keeping with the ordinary march of oriental despotism, seem to me to cast a black and ineffaceable stain on the sultan's character.

A scarcity of provisions, and an unpopular ministry, of which, though not nominally included in it, Halet-Effendi was known to be the mover, excited the discontent of the Janissaries, who had recently found a suitable counsellor in a fanatic dervish. Halet, who hesitated at no measure which the sultan would approve, banished the troublesome vagabond to Asia; but to make surer of him, ordered him to be drowned on the voyage between Constantinople and Isnimid. His decisive conduct for once proved unfavourable to him, for it was soon ascertained how the dervish had been disposed of, and the Janissaries became more clamorous than ever. Petitions were presented by the Janissaries, but these Halet could suppress, and it was not until after some months that they reached the sultan. The Janissaries stated their grievances, and demanded the dismissal of the obnoxious ministers and the disgrace of Halet-Effendi. Though the moment to strike the last blow to the weakened and divided Janissary association had not yet arrived; though there still remained a few springs to be put in action "to make assurance doubly sure," still the sultan, in the consciousness of his own strength, might have maintained both his ministers and his favourite, and despised the popular discontent. But there was a penetrating clause in the petition—a hint, that it was believed and asserted in the empire, that the sultan had been for years governed by Halet-Effendi—that Halet-Effendi influenced all his operations, and gave them execution—that he could not do without him;—and when Mahmood, stung to the quick by these assertions, renewed his long-suspended incognito perambulations in Constantinople, and heard the opinions with his own ears, that the sultan was nothing and Halet-Effendi every thing, (opinions that were certainly general, and probably expressed on purpose with great warmth by those who, affecting ignorance, could recognize their sovereign in his disguise,) he at once doomed the favourite of many years to perdition. The decision of his offended pride might have been strengthened by the belief that Halet-Effendi, who had so long ruled the state, and disposed of

* He died in November, 1822.

places, must possess immense wealth, which on his death became the prey of the sultan, according to the received usages of centuries. The obnoxious ministers were disgraced and exiled; Halet-Effendi, confident in the affection and gratitude of his sovereign, appealed from the sentence, and obtained an audience, in which he represented his long services, his devotion to his master, and all that he had done to prepare the reform of the state. Mahmood, who had decided that he should die, received him with all his usual kindness; he acknowledged the merit of his services in the good cause, that he was the receptacle of all the wisdom and talent of the empire; he assured him that his favour was enduring, that he merely removed him for a time to satisfy the mob, and that he would speedily recall him, and reinstate him near his person. Halet-Effendi's own perfidy had taught him distrust, and he knew the host of enemies his conduct had been creating him for years. He begged his master to give him a solemn assurance of safety, and a written protection that might arrest the vengeance of those who were his implacable foes, only for his having spiritedly executed the imperial commands or wishes. Mahmood smiled on him, and gave him both.

Thus furnished, and allowed the honour of a numerous retinue, Halet-Effendi retired from the capital of the empire he had indeed ruled, and exempt from dread or doubt, slowly journeyed through Bithynia on his way to Iconium. At the town of Bola-bashi he was overtaken by a capidji, duly furnished with another firman, signed by the sultan, (who had so recently given solemn assurances and his written word for his safety,) demanding the head of the beguiled favourite. The mode of his execution is differently related. Dr. Walsh, with his usual exactness and animation, gives one of the two accounts that have obtained most general belief at Constantinople; the other is, that the governor of Bola-bashi, who was an old friend of Halet-Effendi, to avoid disagreeable discussions with the victim, then his guest, gave him a poisoned cup of coffee, and that after death, the capidji cut off his head. Whatever may have been the precise means adopted, they could have been of slight import to the sufferer—of no extenuation to the falsehood and treachery of the sultan. The head of Halet-Effendi was exposed in the first court-yard of the serraglio, where he had previously exhibited the head of Ali-Pasha, whose fall was principally the work of his art and perseverance. The treasures of the favourite were seized, and his Jewish seraff or banker tortured until he disgorged the last piastre.

From my connexions at Constantinople, I had the means of learning many things concerning the character and history of Halet-Effendi, and having traced his power, his politics, and miserable end, it may be amusing to the reader to record the humble circumstances in which he began life. In his youth, Halet-Effendi was employed by an Armenian merchant, the father of my friends Messrs. Serpos, of Constantinople, in the capacity of hamal or porter, and for several years the dormitory of the embryo-favourite of royalty and reformer of nations, was the kitchen of the Serpos family. His activity and intelligence procured him in time such advancement as the confined establishment of an Armenian merchant could admit of, and he was treated with affection by the members of his employer's house. While in this low capacity, he attracted the notice of an Osmanli of consideration, who had dealings with the Armenians, and he shortly emigrated from the Serpos' to the serrai of the effendi. Being once on the road to preferment, his natural talent and superiority of manners made his progress rapid; and such was the estimation he was held in, that when it was deemed expedient to send an ambassador from the Porte to conciliate the rising ascendancy of Buonaparte, he was declared to be the proper person. In his brilliant success Halet-Effendi had neglected his early benefactors the Serpos, who in the mean time had been visited by misfortunes. When he was appointed to his embassy, he was however reminded of them by his want of a drogoman, as his acquirements had not yet extended to the French language; and the tardy and the sole sign of his gratitude was his choosing, as his interpreter, his old master's eldest son, who spoke French and Italian. Serpos accompanied the Turkish diplomatist to Paris, and was the medium of his communication with Napoleon, who, with his usual tact, insured the affection of the eastern *philologue* by praising the correctness and elegance of his French. The poor Armenian has been now lingering for several years in obscure poverty and sickness, but from his brothers I learned many interesting facts of Halet-Effendi. From these and equally authentic sources I have drawn my estimation of the character and actions of that wonderful man, and have, I trust, explained what has hitherto been a mystery—the easy overthrow of the Janissaries.

Since his triumph of 1825, the sultan's life has been completely changed; dressed almost like a European officer, (as I have described,) he has been seen day after day drilling his troops, and taking more exercise during a week than his predecessors took in the whole course of their lives. His attention has

certainly hitherto been mainly directed to the improvement of the arts of war, and this of necessity, for it is only by the organization of an army that his other projects can be executed, or the integrity of his empire maintained. But Dr. Walsh is not quite correct in saying that Mahmood is unmindful of the arts of peace, as the following recent transactions will prove.

Convinced by the representations of some provincial Osmanlis of the ruin and impoverishment entailed by the frequent change of governors or pashas, he has checked the efficiency of bribery, paid attention to real merit, and to the qualities that fit a man for his post; and thus changes have lately become much less frequent. During the last year (1828) there was only one removal, and that from an obscure Pashalik. This measure, though perhaps it has come too late to restore prosperity to the desolated countries, is still a valuable civil benefit.

In the beginning of last year, in full council, (at which he now very generally presides,) he dictated a firman, importing that no pasha, mutzellim, agha, or other governor or man in authority, should punish a subject of the empire, (Osmanli or Rayah,) with death, whatever might be his crime, without a judicial sentence from the mollah or cadi deliberately given, and regularly signed and sealed. Cases are moreover provided in which execution is not to be hurried, but time allowed to the person or persons condemned, to make an appeal to the Cadileskers,* or even to the sultan himself at Constantinople. I know that these instructions have been disregarded in many instances, and that it will be long ere poverty and insignificance will be able to struggle with wealth and power, or the barbarous practices of old times be corrected in remote districts, but still the declared good intention is honourable to Mahmood.

The sultan has, moreover, passed laws to secure the regular and hereditary descent of property; and has waived in word, though not yet in deed, his right to whatever a minister or servant of government may die possessed of. Besides the justice of this measure, which some theorists, who would change the whole composition of society, and of human feeling, will place as matter of dispute, there is a vast political advantage to be derived to himself and his empire by its adoption, which cannot admit of doubt.

* The Cadileskers are of the Oulema body, and next in dignity to the Mufti. There are only two, the Cadilesker of Roumelia, (or of the European provinces,) and the Cadilesker of Anatolia, or the provinces of Asia. They appoint all the cadis or judges of the empire.

The body of the Oulemas secured to itself, at an early period of its existence, the right of inheritance, and soon contrived to place the whole of its fast accruing property under the protection of sacred laws of its own promulgation. By degrees the Oulemas found it their interest to extend this protection to the property of other classes not appertaining to their corps, and this on terms highly advantageous to themselves. For instance, a pasha or a minister might during his employment and prosperity amass great wealth, but as by the very acceptance of a place under government he becomes the sultan's slave,* and the sultan becomes his heir, whenever he chooses to strangle him, or whenever, in the natural order of events, he departs this life, the pasha's or minister's children would, by the seizure of the property, be left in beggary. But, if during the pasha's or minister's life-time certain landed or other property be made over to the Oulemas, by an instrument called *vakouf*, its enjoyment is secured to his children, subtracting a fixed annual tribute from it to the Oulemas. The annual rent is, however, not the only, nor indeed the principal advantage derived by the Oulemas from the compact; each time the property is transferred, they keep to themselves a heavy tax; if the father survive his children, on his death the property devolves *in toto* to the Oulemas; and by a felicitous refinement in their code of succession, grandchildren do not inherit from their grandfathers if their grandfathers survive their fathers: and this, because the defunct could not transmit to his children a right which he himself had never enjoyed, having died during his father's life-time. I have chosen the example of a pasha or minister, as the property of such men has hitherto been most exposed; but though in the classes of simple subjects the right of succession, and even the proportions in which a father's property shall be divided among his children, is scrupulously established by the Koran itself, and thus entitled to respect; yet parents will often feel inclined to take a bond and a security against despotism and wrong, and as the Oulemas, wisely for their own interests, do not hesitate to take the property even of Rayahs and Ghiaours, (who are naturally much less pro-

* The prophet establishes that the property of a deceased slave shall devolve to his master, but the conversion of vizirs, lieutenants, and ministers into slaves, has a less remote and less sanctified origin, in the despotism and avarice of the sultans themselves. It was once indeed the custom to draw the servants of government chiefly from the slaves of the serraglio, but their promotion should have enfranchised them, and the practice has been almost entirely superseded. At the present day there are scarcely any of the pashas or other of the sultan's servants, who were ever his slaves, or the slaves of his predecessors.

tected than the Osmanlis,) into their holy keeping, the continual accessions to their wealth and influence may be easily conceived. In fine, by this *vakouf*, which seems to be entirely in the hands of the Oulemas themselves, and by two other *vakoufs* comprising legacies left to the mosques and hospitals, &c. attached to them, (both of the latter *vakoufs*, however, under the separate surveillance of the kislár-aga and the grand vizir, united with the mufti, the head of the Oulema body,) an immense proportion of the landed property of the Ottoman empire is invested in the Oulemas, or is more or less under their control; and as long as the causes for the accretion exist, in the uncertainty of succession and the depredations of injustice, this proportion will go on increasing.* Powerful as “possessing like the priests under the Jewish theocracy, the oracles both of law and religion;” for, notwithstanding the mistake of Thornton, the Oulemas *do* possess both: they are rendered trebly formidable by a third oracle—that of wealth; for in Turkey, as in every other country under the sun, wealth is power.

By rendering, as he proposes in his laws, the inheritance of the property of all classes regular, secure, and sacred, Mahmood would strike a death blow to the aggrandizement of the Oulemas; if he himself acted up to these laws no further *vakouf* investments would take place; the next step would be to enable the inheritors to withdraw the estates already in their vast sinking-fund, and he might thus gradually commence the reform and reduction of the overgrown body. But unfortunately his conduct has not yet been such as to inspire confidence.

The sultan has also devised regulations for improving the notoriously corrupt courts of justice, and the vices of the other branches of administration. Bribery is denounced, extortion and violence anathematized:—but here again his own example is strongly against his precepts, and in a state where corruption and extortion are general, example will be more effective than precept. A few of Mahmood's transactions since he has assumed the character of a civil reformer, will bear both upon the questions of justice, and of the proposed inheritance of property, and at the same time explain and justify my implications.

* The plague is a valuable ally to the Oulemas, in clearing off the descendants of those who have invested their property in *vakoufs*, or as M. De Juchereau says,—“La peste par ses ravages, qui éteignent en peu de temps des familles entières, semble destinée à favoriser l'avarice des prêtres d'une religion qui défend de s'en garantir. C'est ainsi qu'on voit tomber tous les jours, dans le gouffre des possessions immense des mosquées, tant de propriétés qui n'en peuvent plus sortir.”

The Dooz-Oglus were a wealthy Armenian family, who held the offices of master of the mint, and seraffs or bankers to the court and other grandees. It is probable the Armenians have not always been able to resist the temptations to finesse or positive dishonesty, which so often proved fatal to their predecessors in office, the Jews; and that a portion, at least, of the Dooz-Oglus' wealth had been unfairly obtained. But this cannot justify the fate that befell them. When they were considered fattened sufficiently for sacrifice, and the sultan had need of their coffers, without any accusation being laid against them, without any form of justice, or a moment's warning, the three unfortunate men were barbarously executed, and not a part, but the whole of their property seized by Mahmood. The Dooz-Oglus had been at the Porte only the day before, and there, according to the infernal treachery and mockery universally adopted by the government towards its victims, they had been treated with extraordinary kindness and respect, and had found nothing to warn them of their approaching end. Their death produced an appalling sensation, and my friend W——, who was very intimate with them, has often described the horror he felt, when on ascending the Bosphorus one afternoon, he saw the Dooz-Oglus whom he had left a few days before the richest, and to all appearance, the most favoured rayahs of the sultan, suspended by their necks on the outside of their residence, with a crowd of Turks gathered round, wondering at the workings of destiny.

Eminent posts are imminent dangers in Turkey, as I have before had occasion to remark; and yet with a clear knowledge of this, and innumerable, and even recent instances before their eyes, there are never wanting ambitious fools to step into the "deadly breach," or to intrigue for the perilous places. To secure their point, these men will resort to the most nefarious means against their brethren who may occupy the employments in the gift of government, or may be candidates with them; they will pursue them "even unto death," though by so doing, they establish another precedent in the eyes of the Turks, for their own destruction, when they in their turn shall be ripe for the sickle. This insidious system of bribery and intrigue results from the vices of the government, the indolence of the Turks, and the venality of men in power.

The magnitude of the Greek intrigues of the Fanar, whose object was nothing less than principalities, diverted the eye for many years, from the

observation of the smaller play of other parties, but that play has always been vigorously prosecuted, and by all classes. The family that had intrigued against the Dooz-Oglus, was another Armenian family (of the Catholic church) by name Tinghir-Oglu, nearly related to my friend Madame S——. The Tinghir-Oglus stepped into the palaces of the head of the mint, &c., that had been vacated in such an atrocious manner, and were assiduous in the heaping up of wealth, which was equivalent to the hastening on of their own destruction. Their crisis arrived a short time after my arrival in the Levant, in the summer of 1827.

Without any stated complaint or examination of parties and of accounts, their immense wealth was suddenly seized for the imperial *haznè*, and a receipt in full was given to them, not however by a rope, (for the sultan had in this instance improved his practise so far as not to add murder to robbery,) but by perpetual banishment into the interior of Asia Minor. The Tinghir-Oglus' ruin had been hastened by the intrigues of an Armenian of the Eutychean or real Armenian church. This man, called Cazes-Artine, succeeded to the mint; he was in high favour when I was at Constantinople, but his fate is problematical to no one; when he is ripe he too will be cut down.

I have heard certain persons, whose feelings of justice and mercy have been somewhat blunted by a long residence in the Augean stable, and a familiarity with its abominations, seek an excuse or a justification for these arbitrary proceedings, in the fact, that the sufferers are the servants of government, and show by their speedy acquisition of wealth, that they must betray their trust; but their arguments, bad as they are, cannot apply to the case of a wealthy Jew, a certain Shapdji. This man had acquired in trade and in banking transactions an immense fortune; but he had never been in the service of government either as director of the mint, or in any other capacity. At the time he was reposing on his laurels or his sacks of sequins, and seems to have retired, in a great measure, from the dangerous arena—for nothing in Turkey is so certain a danger as the gaining of money. Of his wealth he made the most noble use; his generosity to the unfortunate secured him the title of “father of the poor,” and this from the unanimous voice of Constantinople; for, superior to the restricted spirit of his caste, he gave to all, and whether the sufferer was Christian, Turk, or Jew, was disregarded by his universal philanthropy. Popular sympathy was strong in

favour of such a man; and even the tenets of the Koran (fertile in its inculcations of charity) sanctified and defended him.* But to the eyes of Mahmood, instead of Shapdji's charity covering a multitude of sins, his wealth covered all his virtues!—Money was wanted, money must be had, and he unrelentingly ordered the murder of the good man, and the confiscation of his property. The executioner and some chiaoushes were despatched to the Jew's residence: the latter advanced and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened by a servant. The chiaoushes desired to speak with Shapdji: the servant requested them to enter. They declined doing so, and said that Shapdji must descend to them, as they were bearers of a message from the Porte. The charitable Jew was confined to his bed by sickness; but he sent down his brother to hear the business, or to invite again the messengers to ascend. The chiaoushes repeated that they must communicate personally with Shapdji—that he must come down—that their business with him would not occupy a minute. The sick man, nothing doubting what awaited him, rose from his couch, threw on his *benish*, and supported by his brother and a servant, went down to the door. His foot had scarcely touched the threshold, when the executioner who had hitherto remained concealed, rushed upon him, and passing the fatal cord over his neck, strangled him, without giving him time to offer up a prayer to his God. Shapdji's brother fell senseless into the street: the myrmidons of despotism turned the domestics out of the house, and put the imperial seal on its doors. The immense wealth was presently secured and conveyed to the *haznè*, and a donation of 100,000 piastres, or about £1800 to the victim's brother, to keep him from starving, was *generously* made by the sultan. When I was at Constantinople, the tragical tale was still in every one's mouth, and even Turks grieved for the fall of the good Jew, and regarded this proceeding of the sultan with horror.†

During my stay at Constantinople, and so late as October 1828, Mahmood showed that the laws he proposed were not to bind *him*, and that he still was the inheritor of the property of all such as fell under his displeasure, or possessed an amount worth seizure; and I repeat, his conduct

* The stages to heaven are thus divided by the prophet. Prayer carries a man half way, fasting the rest; but it is charity that gains him admittance to the society of the hours.

† It would be tedious to multiply details, but there are many other recent instances of Mahmood's injustice and cruelty.

has not yet been such to inspire a confidence that might detach the nation from Oulema influence, or to enforce by example the execution of improved justice.

By the original institutions of the Mahometans, the successors of the prophet were considered as the heirs of his spiritual as well as temporal power, and the caliphs, as jealous of the exercise of the one as of that of the other, continued to perform all the duties and ceremonies of religion themselves, and to hold themselves as first Imam, or head of the church. But the Osmanli emperors, of Tartar origin, could pretend to no lineal descent from the noble and holy blood of the Koreish; their only right to the caliphate, the right of the sword, might admit of dispute in orthodox minds, and their warlike spirits intent on conquest, were peculiarly unfit for the exercise of the judiciary and sacerdotal functions. The sultans abandoned them to muftis, mollahs, and sheiks, and hence originated the power of the Oulema body, which by degrees usurped the spiritual authority of the monarch.* But a further abrogation of authority awaited the degenerating Padishahs, and arose from causes directly contrary. The military spirit induced the voluntary renunciation in favour of the Oulemas; and the decay or annihilation of that military spirit gave birth to the power and abuses of the Janissaries, and the temporal authority became vested in their body, sometimes separately, but generally in alliance with the Oulemas. Thus despoiled of *kitab* and *kilitch*, or of the gospel and the sword, Mahmood ascended the tottering throne of Osman:—it has been seen by what bold means he has regained possession of the one, but we have yet to see whether and how he will grasp the other. I have ventured to express my expectation that he will find the Oulemas more dangerous antagonists than the janissaries. The inviolability of Mahmood's person will be weakened as his sons increase in years; and should they by natural or violent means be removed from the stage, the expounders of the law and gospel may substantiate rights for another dynasty, and wean the public mind from the expiring line of Osman. Mustapha-Bairactar, the boldest of all Turkish revolutionists after the death of Selim, and the beginning of his differences with Mahmood, seriously contemplated a measure like this. “He publicly complimented and sent rich

* If the sultans had not reserved to themselves the right of electing and of changing the muftis as often as they chose, it may be doubted whether the Osmanli dynasty would have lasted so long as it has.

presents to Selim-Gueray, the lawful heir of the last khans of the Crimea, to let the world understand, that if the princes of the Ottoman house, whose lives were then in his keeping, should embrace the party of his enemies, he would find in the descendant of Gengis-Khan, a protector for himself, and a new master for the empire."

The Tartar race of princes, the descendants of Gengis-Khan, is now extinct; but it is a fact, that during the late misfortunes and discontents in Turkey, the people, either from their own impulse, or the suggestions of others, have turned their eyes to look for a substitute; and this, many fancy they have found in the family of the Mollah-Hunkear, or priest-king.

The Mollah-Hunkear, I had heard to be a personage of great sanctity, wealth, and influence, whose habitual residence was at Iconium in Asia-Minor; whence, on the accession of a new sultan, he was summoned to the capital to bind on the imperial sabre—a ceremony corresponding to our crowning. But on my arrival at Constantinople, I was much surprised to hear asserted by many (Osmanlis as well as rayahs) that this priest-king descended like the reigning dynasty from Osman; that it was a collateral branch of the same family, and that its members were legitimately eligible to the throne. All my recollections of Turkish history were opposed to this belief, and I took considerable trouble to ascertain how the opinion had originated, and what was really the state and origin of the Mollah-Hunkear. If my researches did nothing else, they certainly afforded an astonishing conviction of the ignorance even of their own annals that prevails at Constantinople. All the Turks from whom I had enquiries made, (and they were many, and among them some pretenders to literature and historical erudition,) agreed on the brilliant origin of the family of this mollah, and even on the rights that it had to the throne; but they knew nothing more—they could give no explanations. A Mevlewi Dervish, considered as an invaluable depôt of oriental lore, and to whom we were recommended, as to one who could unfold the enigma, confirmed the vulgar opinion in the most positive terms; and was ready to swear by his holy order that Sultan Mahmood, and the Mollah-Hunkear, were of one and the same family. Where effendis and dervishes were ignorant, I could hardly expect information from the rayahs; and several otherwise well-informed Greeks of the Fanar repeated the vulgar opinion. In short, after months of enquiries, no explanation could be obtained; and it is since my return to England, that I have received a letter from an intelligent Fanariote, containing the following information:—

“ After having continued my researches with the same unsatisfactory result that attended our exertions whilst you were here, I was about relinquishing further enquiries in despair, when I met by chance an old Turk, a man of extensive oriental learning, with whom I had had friendly relations in the days of my prosperity. He assured me at once, that it was a vulgar prejudice to confound the reigning family with that of the Mollah-Hunkear, and that nothing was more incorrect. The chief of the latter family, Djelal-ud-dinn-Mewlana, surnamed Mollah-Hunkear, and Sultan-ul-Ullama, who was the founder of the religious order of Connya, (Iconium,) and who died in the year 671 of the Hegira, was born at Belih, a city in Persia; and Soliman-Sultan, the father of Ortogrul, and grandfather of Osman, (the latter, the founder of the present dynasty,) came to Connya, not from Belih, but from Mahan, another and a distant town of Persia; so that there can exist no connexion of blood between the family of the Mollah, and that which is on the throne. The mistake has originated from a coincidence of circumstances; Djelal-ud-dinn-Mewlana and Soliman were both powerful men in the country whence they emigrated; they both came from Persia, they both appeared at Iconium at the same time, (that is, during the wars of Gengis-Khan,) and the vulgar thus agreed to give them a community of origin—an error that has been of late years trumped up, and made current, by whom or for what purpose, the Effendi *pretended* not to know. My old friend contradicted another vulgar opinion. People, said he, have carried their extravagance about the family so far, as to assert, that the Mollah-Hunkears are in possession of the right, to gird on the new sultan’s sabre on the day of his elevation to the throne; but this, too, is utterly false, for that high function rests with the nakip, or mufti of the day.

“ I am obliged, sir, to your curiosity on this point, for having drawn me from the participation of a common error, which, although general, was still shameful to a man, who believes it a duty to be informed, at least of the most important heads of the history of an empire in which fate has condemned him to live.”

I cannot but consider the prevalence of the error relating to the Mollah-Hunkear race, as a circumstance highly important in itself, and capable of being turned by a powerful party (should that party be reduced to extremities,) against Mahmood with great effect. As, however, I have probably already

tired my reader by this long chapter, I shall reserve my speculations, and hasten to conclude my sketch of Mahmood's reign and character.

After the facts I have stated, and the cruel executions of the Fanariote Greeks, (with and without proof of their having been privy to the insurrection of their brethren,) after a review of the acts proceeding from the sultan himself, and not committed by a fanatic mob, it appears to me folly to deny (as it seems the fashion to do) that Mahmood is a treacherous, cruel man—that the vaunted reformer of the Turks is still a barbarian. If, however, we turn from his public to his private life, the picture will be more favourable; he is said to be an affectionate father, a warm and familiar friend, (as long as his friendship lasts,) and a mild master to his servants and immediate attendants; but be it remembered, we have scarcely an instance on the records of cruelty and crime, of a man's wholly divesting himself of the feelings of humanity; but we always find some corner, however confined, in which affection is deposited, and that even Nero (with whom it would be an exaggeration to compare Mahmood) left friends who wept his fall, and strewed his grave with flowers.

His affection as a father (and the feeling seems general among Turks) is confined to his sons, on whom, I have been informed by those who have access to his palaces, he passionately dotes. He is often seen to join in their sports, and to excite them, by his example, to deeds of address, and to manly exercises; and a scene was once described to me, in which, on his hands and knees, he was enacting the part of a horse, which might recall a passage in the life of an amiable and affectionate French monarch, who was not ashamed to be detected in a similar situation with his children.

Having heard that there was a young Italian, attached to the Sardinian Embassy, who was clever at taking likenesses, the sultan, despising the prohibition of the prophet, became anxious to have the portraits of his two handsome boys. He sent for Signor G——, and last summer that clever young man made two miniatures of the Ottoman princes. Dr. C., who frequently saw the two boys, described them very favourably. The elder was nearly ten years of age, the younger about six. Since my return to England, I have read in some newspaper a report of the death of one of these promising children, which I can neither certify nor contradict, though a letter I received from Constantinople about the time the melancholy event is said to have taken place, mentions nothing of it.

We should scarcely expect facetiousness and a love of coarse humour and drollery to exist in a mind like Mahmood's, yet a hundred well-attested stories tend to prove they really do. All the Turkish witticisms I ever heard were so gross, that they would scarcely bear repetition in an English ale-house; and I regret to say, that the sallies attributed to the sultan, are marked with the general character,* nor can I select from a considerable number (for my particular friend, Mr. Z., was fertile in these matters, and knew every turn, equivocation, and double meaning of the Turkish idiom,) more than one anecdote free from the unsavoury taint. But the following may be mentioned.

A late Bostandji-Bashi, a hot-headed, coarse, plain-spoken fellow, was a great favourite with the sultan, who was pleased, as is not unusual in despots, with his bluntness and freedom of expression. Mahmood used frequently to commune with him, and purposely turn the conversation in such a channel as might elicit the fellow's particular humour, and he is said to have been seen dying of laughter at the Bostandji's account of his adventures in his official capacity as head of the police of the Bosphorus, and its crowded villages.

One of the duties of the Bostandji-Bashi is to take the rudder of the grand state barge, when the sultan goes to mosque, and the boat and the twenty-six oars-men are under his immediate direction. Mahmood had observed, that invariably during these devout aquatic progresses to prayers, the Bostandji, confident in his privileges as a favourite, whenever any thing went a little wrong in the boat, would curse and swear at the boatmen, in the most unsanctified manner, and without at all caring for the imperial presence. "It is very odd," said he coolly one morning, "that you can never get from Beshiktash to Tophana point without a thousand oaths."

"These fellows are so stupid, so provoking," said the licensed brawler; "but if the words of his slave are offensive to his Highness, he will swear no more."

"You swear no more!" rejoined the sultan with a laugh, "why, you

* Perhaps the reader will excuse my registering one of these *in a note*. It was reported to me by a person present. One day, at a review of the regular cavalry of the imperial guard, poor Calosso, the Italian instructing officer, who was commanding, and who knows but little of the language, in translating *en avant* unfortunately confounded the Turkish adverb with a substantive somewhat resembling in sound, but which signifies what Mr. Morier, in *Hajji-Baba*, has *cleanly* translated by the English words *dirt* and *abomination*. The sultan, who was at hand, heard the mistake: he laughed heartily, called on Calosso to repeat the word of command, and laughed more heartily still at its repetition.

reprobate, you can't do without it ;” and he offered him a bet that on the following Friday, with a whole week's preparation before him, he would not command the barge to and from the city, without repeated oaths. The offer was eagerly seized by the Bostandji, who felt confident he could check the foulness of his tongue, if there were any thing to be got by so doing. On the appointed day, the sultan instructed the boatmen to act in the most unskilful manner possible in the course of the *trajet* to the mosque. The Bostandji, quite in the dark as to the trick, took his wonted post at the stern of the barge, and off they went. They had scarcely glided from the scale, when two of the boatmen dropped their oars into the water. This was abominable, unprecedented ; but the Bostandji, remembering his stake, threatened the delinquents without swearing. Presently, there was a terrible want of equilibrium in the boat ; but still the Bostandji was firm, and merely said, without a single oath, that the dogs deserved the bastinado. Anon the boat again lost its trim : one man pulled his oar out of time ; then another and another, until the barge rolled and zig-zagged in her course in such a way as had never before met the eyes of Bostandji. This was too much : he could bear it no longer—he leaped to his feet, and poured forth such a continuous stream of curses on the boatmen, on their mothers, and sisters, as was only interrupted by his want of breath. The sultan then burst into a hearty laugh, and, assuring the Bostandji-Bashi he knew he could not check his wicked practices, told him he had lost his wager.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sultan's New Troops—The Imperial Guard—A Turkish idea of Dress—Exercising, &c.—Number of regular troops in the Turkish Empire at the beginning of the Campaign of 1828—Russian Policy—The New Bands—Effect of hearing an old English air played by the band of the Sultan's Guards—Thoughts on Music, and the Character of the Turks—Regular Cavalry of the Imperial Guard—Calosso, the Italian instructing officer, and favourite of Sultan Mahmood—Anecdote of the Sultan—Uniforms, &c. &c.

FROM a natural fondness for the very artificial mystery of *soldiering*, and from a desire to ascertain the progress of Sultan Mahmood's new troops, I took frequent opportunities to attend drill at Constantinople.

I have described a portion of the tacticoes at Smyrna, in the beginning of this work, and though their brethren of the capital were generally somewhat more advanced, most of my early details may apply to both. The uniform, with a variation of colour* for the jacket, was the same, except a great improvement in the article of *chaussure*, which seemed, however, almost confined to the imperial guards, who wore christian-like shoes, clasped over the instep with a small buckle, instead of the loose, shuffling papooshes. Stockings, however, were scarce even with them.

I have said that the want of stock and stocking, and bare legs and bare necks, give a dirty, forlorn look, to the tacticoes in the eyes of a European; and were I inclined to further cavil, I might find fault with their wide, baggy trowsers, which, confined above the knees, hang about the "nether man" in a loose, slovenly manner, and should seem to impede the freedom of motion. But the Turks have always been attached to an amplitude in that portion of their toilette,† and are accustomed to call a shabbily dressed fellow "tight

* Some wear Turkey red, some blue, some brown; but when I arrived at Constantinople they had put on their summer dress of white cotton, the regiments being distinguished by the cuffs and collars.

† There is a curious exception to the general taste in the practice of the Zebecks or Moun-

breeches." Great reforms cannot be carried at once, and the sultan satisfied himself by curtailing a few feet of the ambitious diameter.

The regulars of Smyrna I have described as an ill-looking set of fellows, unlike Turks; and in my third chapter I have attempted to account for the physical inferiority, which struck me equally at Constantinople, except in a portion of the guards, that were picked men. A humorous friend of mine would maintain, that the only difference that struck me arose from the change of dress. "In their Eastern and orthodox attire of loose robes and ample turbans," said he, "the Osmanlis impose on the eye, but peel them, 'strip me the monsters to the skin,' like Colman's ghosts, and what are they?—neither more athletic nor better favoured than these poor recruits."

But wit here, as usual, was not argument, and I still maintain that the tacticoes are generally "short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill-visaged." The good-looking Stamboolis certainly were of my opinion, and wondered where the sultan had collected such a set of scarecrows. Such as they are, however, they almost universally possess a valuable quality in a military view, which the rest of the Turks seem deficient in. They are extremely active, and quick in all their movements. I several times saw them perform evolutions with a rapidity that astonished me, even with the *vitesse* in manœuvring of some fine European regiments fresh in my memory. These, it is true, were not done neatly or symmetrically, but the result was obtained,—lines were changed, squares, solid or hollow, formed, and the troops again deployed with celerity; and if their style of step and march would not satisfy the critical eye of an English or a German serjeant-major, there was nothing to be said against the promptness and regularity of their fire.

I am speaking, it will be understood, of the troops of the oldest standing, and more especially of the imperial guards. There were, at the time, from two to three thousand men at the capital in this advanced stage, the rest were bad indeed.

At the breaking out of the present war with Russia, the total of the grand signior's regular troops was rather below than above thirty thousand,

taineers of Asia Minor, who, as I have described, wear nothing but scanty drawers of a most indecorous cut. These half-naked fellows attracted as much attention at Smyrna, as our Highlanders are said to have done among *les belles de Paris*. A fair Smyrniote once directed my attention to the unbecoming garment, and told me that they were very indecent, to which I assented, wondering at the same time where *her* decency might be.

in which must be included all those raised in the Asiatic, as well as European provinces, and raw recruits, and half-instructed tacticoes, must have formed a considerable portion of this whole. As the fact is important, and different statements have been made in Christendom, I feel called upon to justify the positiveness of my assertion. Both at Smyrna and at Constantinople I took every opportunity of consulting persons likely to be informed on the subject. From different Turks I heard the whole number stated, as twenty, five-and-twenty, thirty, but never more than five-and-thirty thousand. Signor Calosso, the instructing officer of the sultan's cavalry, who possessed the means of acquiring information, assured a friend of mine, that he should feel inclined to give twenty-eight thousand as the nearest approximation; and my friend Mr. S——, (whose modesty must excuse my publicly calling him an intelligent and talented young man,) who travelled last year from India by land, and after traversing the Asiatic part of the empire arrived at Constantinople during my residence there, calculated that the tacticoes, including those of Bagdad, Smyrna, &c., from what he had seen and heard, could not exceed thirty thousand. The major portion of these were not indeed in a condition to take the field with much effect; detached from their old system, and not yet initiated in the new, composed of striplings, and headed mostly by beardless officers who knew nothing of war but what they had seen on the drill ground, they were scarcely to be accounted for much, but still here was a valuable nucleus created, and the sultan might reasonably indulge the hope of accretion and rapid improvement.

Every sign of amelioration, however imperfect, is calculated to lay hold of the feelings of one who interests himself (though merely as an idle observer) in the development and progress of the human mind. I could not help regretting that the Russian invasion should force my friends, the tacticoes, to the field before they were properly prepared, or rather, when they were in that dubious state which might peril the respectability and consideration of the new system, in the eyes of the irregular barbarians gathered for the campaign.

A conversation I and my friend S. had at Smyrna, with a Russian *diplome*, after the departure of the ambassadors, but previous to the publication of the sultan's Hatti-sheriff, and several months before the Emperor Nicholas' declaration of war, may throw some light on the feelings and real motives which induced the cabinet of Saint Petersburg to a fresh attack on Turkey.

“Do you think,” said this gentleman, “that Russia can stand by as a quiet spectatress, whilst Turkey is thus raising armies on every side?”

“But Russia has no right to interfere with the military, any more than with the civil organization of a country that owes her no allegiance. The sultan is only replacing with better materials the troops he has suppressed; he is not as yet raising armaments that might awaken the jealousies and apprehensions of his neighbours.”

“We will waive the question of abstract right, and look to circumstances as they stand. Russia has grievances of which she may sooner or later be constrained to seek redress from Turkey: now, is it to be expected that she can see with complacency the progress of measures in Turkey that must render the obtaining of that redress more and more difficult—would it be prudent for the Emperor to wait, like a hero in the list of chivalry, until the sultan shall have put on all his arms and appointments, and shall throw the gauntlet in his teeth?”

Substituting expediency for right, there was, indeed, nothing to be advanced against the argument, and Nicholas was *prudent* to seize the moment he did.

I return to the tacticoes. I remarked at Constantinople as well as at Smyrna, a want of a sufficient number of well instructed non-commissioned officers and subalterns; a deficiency which threw too much of the business on a few superior officers. This was not so obvious in the guards, but it existed even among them. Another defect, in part consequent on the former, was, that there was not a sufficient gradation of respect and subordination. To the eyes of the troops, the Bimbashi or colonel, with his scarlet cloak and diamond crescent, seemed, indeed, a great personage, and was properly honoured; but the subalterns, dressed little better than themselves, and perhaps, generally, not much superior in condition, education, or manners, were treated with great familiarity. For instance, a fellow in the lines would call or make a sign to his officer, and on his approach, whisper in his ear, or talk and laugh with him aloud; and this I have seen many times during drills.

Another fault I could not help observing, was a too general neglect of cleanliness of dress and person. The imperial guards wore, during summer, a uniform composed of strong, coarse, white cotton stuff, which too frequently betrayed the marks of powder and gun polishing, mixed with the stains of the pilaff-kettle and its contents. The idleness of the Turks would be delighted

with our sensible plan of bronzing muskets, but it has not yet been introduced ; and theirs appear mostly in a dirty condition. Some of the defects, which are trifling, and perhaps merely such to the eye, may be traced to the French school in which they have been formed.* The cartouch-box is slung too loosely, and hangs too low ; and what is more striking, when on the field, little or no attention seems paid to what we call “ the dressing of the line ;” for the shortest man of the company will be found flanking the tallest, and the fattest the leanest.

I have mentioned hearing, shortly after my arrival, a band of the tactico regiments practising a piece of Rossini’s music ; but these were now common sounds at Constantinople, and the band of the imperial guard could already play several little things in a very respectable manner. It was agreeably striking to stand alone in the midst of these Turks, and to listen to well-known strains, that recalled Italy, and many pleasant scenes, and dear friends ; but this was nothing to the delightfully melancholy sensations I experienced one morning when the band of the guards struck up an old English air I had not heard for many years, but which I immediately recognized as having been familiar to me in early life. I could not recall the places where I had heard it, but it must have been in my own country, and in the society of my earliest friends ; it sounded to my ear like the voice of one of those friends, and it brought before my eyes “ the familiar faces” and the kind hearts of my childhood, and the faint, dubious reflex of many a scene in Scotland and England. I am describing nothing new, for the ears of most people have been startled and delighted by the unexpected repetition of an old and half-forgotten melody, bringing with it a confused crowd of associations and early reminiscences ; but in a foreign and a barbarous land, with no countrymen near me, absent as I had been for many years, and predisposed to susceptibility by the languor of a lingering illness, the trifling circumstance affected me more than I will attempt to describe. When the band changed the music, I would have given I know not what, for them to have continued the air. I could have listened to it the whole day.

On the first introduction of European music, the Turks, from its contrast

* In stating these trifling defects, I have no desire to detract from the excellence of the gallant French infantry. I have heard several officers of high rank in Napoleon’s army admit the defects mentioned, and confess that for neatness of *tenue* and for a *tout-ensemble*, (to the eye,) their best regiments were surpassed both by the English and Austrian line.

to the primitive simplicity, and monotony of their own compositions, hardly knew what to make of it ; it was a riddle of sounds to their ears, and I may quote the example of their feelings in support of an opinion (obvious enough) given by Hume in one of his essays, i. e. that uninformed organs will be more delighted with a plain, unornamented melody, than with the intricate graces of the Italian score. The Turks preferred the English march that so much touched me, (but certainly not from the beauty of the music,) and such things as “ *Vive Henri quatre*,” and “ *Malbrouk s’en va-t’en guerre*,” to the magnificent marches of the Semiramide and Moseo. From a slight affinity of character they have with their own music, and from their melancholy and extreme simplicity, some of our old Scotch and Irish melodies, would be great favourites with the Turks. Their passion for music, particularly in the women, is indeed unbounded.* An old Italian charged with the instruction of one of the bands, told me, however, that the Turks themselves had not much aptitude for learning it, and that most of the musicians were Armenian rayahs. The sultan afterwards placed a few of the younger ichoglans or pages, under the maestro’s instructions, and these were making some progress when I left Stamboul, as they were docile, and could be kept to work like mere schoolboys as they were. The love for music will do much ; for with the Turks, the great difficulty is, to awaken an interest in their minds for any art or science. From what I have seen and from what I have heard from old observers, I should not think the Turks a naturally stupid race, but they are naturally an indolent one. In matters that touch their interests and passions, they can be, and generally are, artful and acutely subtle, wary in their actions, but quick in their conceptions ; and they will bring to the accomplishment of an object extreme patience and unremitting application. But this object must be tangible, and as it were, forced upon them. Their supreme pleasure is the “ *dolce far niente*,” and from every thing that implies abstraction and research, and that does not carry its immediate *cui bono*, distinctly written on its front, they are sure to turn with listlessness, or to ask, like my host the Turcoman of Sardis, “ What’s the use of all this ?”

The regular cavalry of the sultan’s guard consisted only of three squadrons. Two squadrons of disciplined horse had marched for Shumla before my arrival, but they were the *cadre* of a regiment of the line, and, I was told,

* In the autumn of last year a Genoese vessel arrived at Constantinople from Italy with a cargo of musicians, music, and instruments, for the sultan and his troops.

had been instructed by other officers. These three squadrons of the guard, were Mahmood's special favourites, and it was his delight and pride to command them in person. I never saw him on the field with them, but Calosso said, that as far as a squadron went, the sultan could manœuvre it, as well as any European major or captain of long standing. The corps had been instructed almost entirely by Signor Calosso, who by his superiority of manner rose rapidly in the sultan's favour, and cast a clever French officer named Gaillard, (if I remember well,) completely in the shade. The history of this Italian adventurer is curious: Calosso, a Piedmontese, had served in the Italo-gallic army under Beauharnois and Bonaparte, and at the time of the overthrow of the imperial system had reached the rank of a captain of cavalry.

He continued in the same service and rank under the restored house of Savoy, until the imprudent childish revolution of Piedmont in 1821, in which, with many other young men discontented with the change from active life and hopes of rapid promotion, to a state of monastic tranquillity which was likely to keep them *toujours capitaine*, he participated in an active manner. The basis of the military revolt (for except as slightly regarded a weak collusion with Carbonarism, the revolution of Piedmont was nothing more) was as narrow and unfixed as the cord of a rope-dancer, and those who had established it were brushed from it like puppets, after the dearly-bought capers of thirty days.* The effects of the freak were to necessitate Austrian interference, which the old king, Victor Emanuel (who with all his defects had a strong national spirit) had been intensely desirous of preventing, to draw down ruin on the heads of hundreds of families, and to retard the course of political improvement, if not to disgrace the cause of liberty itself. Calosso fled with a host of other impatient and imprudent men. Without fortune, without any resources, he wandered in misery, I know not where; and at last in misery reached Constantinople. He had not a readily available profession like my friend of Magnesia, the Neapolitan exile; he knew nothing but how to ride or break in a horse, and how to command a troop of cavalry, qualifications likely to serve him little in his applications for employment among the commercial Franks of Galata. I may venture to assert, from observations made in their own country in the course of years, and from an intimate ac-

* For a good account of the late revolutions in the Italian peninsula, I may refer the reader to the work of a dear friend—"Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century," by A. Viesseux. London, Charles Knight, 1824.

quaintance with persons of all ranks, that the Italians are naturally a humane, charitable people, and less disposed than any other race I know, to consider misfortune as crime, or even crime as inexpressible. But, unfortunately, the *mercanti* of Galata were nearly without exception of the least generous caste of the Italians; they were Genoese, who besides have a strong prejudice against their *now* countrymen, the Piedmontese, and their penurious and illiberal spirit could not have improved during their sojourn in the most selfish, paltry place in God's creation. It was only in the sympathy of a few poor Italians, that Calosso found the means of keeping body and soul together, and my friend Z—— has often described to me the miserable, despondent plight in which this gentlemanly looking fellow used to be seen for months, walking those vile *unchristianly* christian suburbs, with scarcely a shoe to his foot. At last Calosso found employment, and of as odd a nature as his position. A speculative Swiss, a very identification of *l'homme aux projets*, thought to make his fortune, of all the means in the world, by establishing a brewery at Constantinople! It is true, it had never been found that men were addicted to the decoction of malt and hops, where they could get the generous juice of the grape much cheaper. But the Genevese knew as much of the koran as told him, that the Turks are forbidden to drink wine, and that the prohibition does not extend to beer; hence they could not but be grateful for the introduction of the northern system of *bacchics*, nor fail to drink his beer wholesale. He forgot in his calculation, that the Turks are remarkable for “a sweet tooth,” that all their potations are sherbets or syrups, and that they detest every bitter except that of coffee, when they are too poor to afford sugar. Having secured funds from a credulous and wealthy merchant, Signor G——, to work the Swiss went forthwith at his vats and butts, in a large house, more fitting for a kiosk and the summer residence of elegance and beauty, situated on the Bosphorus at Therapia, and adjoining the magnificent *bosquets* of the French palace. Poor Calosso went with him, and the dashing captain of light horse, fain to hide his virtues in his necessities, was here seen giving an eye to the promising concern, and bottling up undrinkable and never-to-be-drunk small beer. I do not give these details with the intention of humiliating the Piedmontese exile, on the contrary I think them honourable to him; he was willing to do any thing to gain his bread, and in the days of his greatest distress, he was never known to commit an incorrect or dishonourable action.

The Swiss projector soon found that he had once more lost "the sure road to wealth;" the Turks would not drink his beer—they declared it an *abomination*, and as to the foreign merchant-vessels on whom perhaps he had counted for a consumption, the sailors swore it was hard enough to be obliged to drink beer, when they got to Taganrok or Odessa in the Black Sea. The establishment descended "to the grave of all the Capulets," to join the ghosts of a thousand-and-one projects already defunct; the merchant and the Swiss went to law about their mutual folly, and poor Calosso was again adrift on the world. Fortunately at this moment the sultan was fostering projects more congenial and more elevated; and an Armenian recommended Calosso to a Turk of consequence as being a person duly qualified to instruct the tacticoes. His appearance may have struck Mahmood, and a trifling circumstance recommended him at once to favour. An unruly horse mastered the dexterity of all the imperial equerries—the Piedmontese officer took it in hand, and throwing off the cumbrous Turkish saddle, mounted, and presently reduced it to proper order.* The sultan was delighted; he would immediately learn to ride from Calosso; Calosso was the very man to form his regular cavalry, and in a few days the unfortunate exile was exalted to the dignity of instructor of the sultan, and of his favourite troops. Under his guidance Mahmood, who had hitherto been accustomed to the oriental saddle, from which it is almost impossible to fall, now changed his mode of equitation altogether; and as he persisted in going through all the routine of our cavalry instruction, he began by mounting on the bare back. One morning being rather too confident of the progress he had made, he attempted one of his master's most difficult movements, which attempt would have brought his sublime person in rude contact with the earth, if Calosso had not been by, and caught the falling monarch in his arms. Mahmood however persisted until he became what I have described him, and what he certainly is—the best horseman, *à l'Européenne*, in his regular army. Little accidents like those just mentioned, and the opportunity of being a great

* I never saw a man ride better than this Piedmontese; except, perhaps, another Italian military man, my friend, the Prince D'I——. Davide, who was an enthusiast in these matters, and a connoisseur, having been among horses a good part of his life, and having accompanied a present of Arabians to Napoleon at Paris, used to say of Calosso, "*Monsieur il monte à cheval comme un ange!*" Where he, Chaldean as he was, had seen angels on horseback, I do not presume to determine.

deal with the sultan, a dignity and a grace of manners, with other striking qualities on the one hand, and a quick perception of these merits on the other, have raised Calosso to an unrivalled degree of favour—a favour that is certainly not divided with any other Frank.* His appointments are liberal, and as his favour is notorious, and he has daily access to the imperial ear, they are regularly paid, (which is not the case perhaps with any other man in the Turkish service.) The sultan has given him several fine horses, and shortly before my arrival, had made him a present of one of the best houses in Pera, which had belonged to an exiled Catholic Armenian.

The services of the Christian officer are confined to that of an instructor, Mahmood having thought it proper to agree with the Moslemin prejudice of having none but men of their own faith to command them, and Calosso (who I am told was never even invited so to do) having no inclination to place himself in the dubious position of a renegade. When on duty he wears the simple uniform of the cavalry guard; but at other times he dresses as a Frank, and he dresses well. Indeed, at the time, he was almost the only gentlemanly attired European at Constantinople. Every thing I saw and heard of this Italian was much in his favour; and a handsome manly person, a fine military *tournure*, and an easy elegance of manners, were calculated to prepossess at first sight. I never saw him in his plain clothes without being reminded of Sir Richard Church, whom (though rather taller) he resembles both in person and style of deportment. If he knew the general, Calosso would consider the comparison a flattering one.

During his misfortunes, the degraded and destitute revolutionist could not obtain a nod from the valet of his sovereign's minister; but now things had changed, the favour of royalty had washed out the foul stain, a man fresh from familiar intercourse with the Ottoman monarch might approach without communicating jacobinical contagion; and Monsieur le Marquis and Madame la Marquise felt their table honoured by the presence of the favourite. As to the underlings of the Sardinian legation, the “retailers of second

* I have already mentioned that an incorrect idea as to the number of Christians in the sultan's service has obtained. Foreign journalists, who know nothing of the matter, have spoken of the skill of the Turks in their last campaign—of the excellence of their works at Shumla, &c., as resulting from the experience of European officers and engineers. I *know* there was not a Frank engineer in the camp of Shumla; the only Franks there were two or three doctors, and one of them (a Frenchman) was sick of the service, and retired while I was at Constantinople.

hand airs," they were all sycophancy and obsequiousness to the man they had sneered at in the streets; and it was their pride to be seen strutting arm in arm with Colonel Calosso (for *they* had made him a colonel) through the long narrow lane of Pera, and the cheering promenade of the Turkish burying grounds. But the drogomans and "other small deer" of the embassy were positively in a quiver of reverence whenever they met him, and would have kissed the dust of the feet of him whom a few months before they would have voted to get sent out of the country as a troublesome vagabond. This fortuitous change might well awaken melancholy and unfavourable reflections; and had Calosso consulted his own dignity and his interest, (for the Turks will be sure to watch his intimacy with the Franks with jealousy,) he would have spurned their advances to familiarity. But it is difficult in a foreign land to reject the society of one's countrymen who may happen to be in it, however little they may have, except their accident of birth, to recommend them. (I speak from experience, sometimes dearly bought. Poor Calosso speaks but little Turkish, and even if that language were as familiar as his mother tongue, a European can never fit himself to the cramped form of Moslemin ideas, or find a resource in the company of Turks; and, besides, the Piedmontese are particularly distinguished for their sociable and *bon-vivant* dispositions, as every body who has travelled in their beautiful country, or seen any thing of them elsewhere, must have observed.*

* Here, also, I speak from my peregrine experience; but these are delightful reminiscences. Among many pleasant scenes which prove the frankness, sociability, and hospitality of the Piedmontese, I will mention one.

In the autumn of 1819, I arrived at the pretty provincial town of Asti, the birth place of Alfieri, and descended at a comfortable little hotel, that pleased me the more for being very like an English country inn. It was two o'clock, and the dinner of the *tavola rotonda* being just ready, I went and took my place at the well covered board. The company consisted of about a dozen manly looking fellows, who had met there by chance from different parts of the little kingdom—some merchants, some farmers, and two or three military men. It appeared that hardly any of them were previously acquainted; but they were at once free and communicative with each other, and as the influences of a really good dinner and some excellent wine were felt, a cordiality and jovial spirit prevailed, that would have led one to believe they were the members of an old established club. To me, as a stranger, as an Englishman, both hosts and guests paid the kindest attention; though my personal equipments at the time were of such a nature as would, *perhaps*, have barred my ingress into a "respectable" English inn, and *certainly* have provoked the comments of the whole establishment, from Mistress to Boots. I had come alone from Genoa, by the mountains of the Bocchetta, in a curious desultory manner, slowly progressing, sometimes on foot,

It was curious to see this gentlemanly Italian riding into the Christian quarter from the barracks above Dolma-Bakshi, or from the sultan's kiosk at Beshik-tash, in his simple Turkish uniform, and followed by a sedate Osmanli, as his orderly man. As the faces of grooms, by living constantly with horses, are said to contract an equine cast, so had that of Calosso, (to whom I should not give the credit or the discredit of being naturally a very solemn personage,) from his frequentations assumed the broad unexpressive gravity of the Turks. His exposed situation, however, the precariousness of Mahmood's favour, and many other considerations, may perhaps be calculated to check gaiety. I never saw him thus without feeling an interest for him, and rarely without recalling the fate of another Italian favourite, a doctor, who, at the revolution against Selim, was atrociously murdered by the people in a beautiful villa he had created at San Stefano, on the sea of Marmora.

at others by any rustic conveyance I met with. I had torn the skirt of my frock coat on dismounting from a pack-horse, and the rent had been arranged on the road by a village tailor. In short, I was in such a state, that any given "dear friend" would have cut me before decent company. But had I been attired in "Stultz's best," and with a livery servant to vouch for my respectability, I could not have been treated with more consideration. I was first helped to the dishes at table, my glass was filled every minute, and I was unanimously declared to be the prince of good fellows, because I praised the *vin d'Asti*, spoke Italian, loved Italy, and admired their countryman Alfieri's tragedies. Good humour was general—it was a pity to interrupt so choice a meeting; and when dinner was over, instead of rising immediately as Italians do, they called for a few bottles more of the choicest wine, and there we sat, hob-nobbing, and talking of God knows what, as if we had all been intimately acquainted for years. A hearty respectable old gentleman, who looked like an English farmer, sat on one side of me. He was a native of the place, he had known Vittorio in his boyish days, he was particularly delighted with my weak praise of his townsman, and at once offered to introduce me to the Marchesa Cumana, Alfieri's sister, who was residing at Asti in the house where the poet was born. Unpresentable as I was, wine had "made me bold." I went, and was politely received by the noble lady, the aged and gentle survivor of an impetuous brother. On my return to the inn, I proposed proceeding on my journey, but my jolly companion, backed by several of the dinner party, insisted that I should stay and help them to make a merry evening of it; and so I did, and a merrier evening, and a more convivial and finer set of fellows withal, could hardly have been found in "Christendie." When the party broke up, I received an invitation from half a dozen of them in a breath, to give them a call should I ever pass by their homes. Such is the general character of the Piedmontese gentlemen. The Milanese are perhaps equally hospitable, but they have not such a good *ton*—they are coarser, more rustic, and have not half the spirit and vivacity of their neighbours. I have wandered a long way from Constantinople to exemplify the national character of the sultan's favourite, but I can never refer to my pleasant days and wanderings in Italy, without being carried away with the fertile recollections.

The cavalry corps that Calosso instructed were lancers, and composed of the finest young men in the new army. In spite, however, of the Turks' fondness for horses, and their reputed good horsemanship, I did not think they were as yet equal in their way, to what part of the infantry (more especially part of the guards) were in theirs. The fact is, they were in an unnatural position, with their low saddles and long stirrups. The seat we take on horseback is natural, or intrinsically habitual to us, (which is much the same thing,) for we sit on chairs with our legs extended or pendent; but the Turks, on the contrary, double their legs under them, and sit on their heels;—their own mode of riding, with the leg contracted towards the groin and their feet, supported with broad shovels of stirrups, drawn under the body, was in accordance with their habits, and easy to them, though most inconvenient, and insupportable for any distance, to one of us. For myself, I can say, that the few times I rode on a Turkish saddle I was in purgatory, and once, after a short journey of twenty-four miles, I thought my legs and back were broken. I conclude, that our saddle and our posture must be equally painful and *généant* to the Turks, and I indeed saw that hardly any of the lancers had a good firm, close seat. Calosso had the greatest difficulty to make them keep their stirrups at the proper regulation length—they were always for tricking them up, so as to approach what I must call their natural posture; and I several times saw fellows despatched from the barracks, dismount as soon as they were out of sight, and take in “a point or so” to make themselves comfortable. Accustomed moreover to saddles, from which it is impossible to fall, (except with the horse,) they do not feel confident in Frank saddles, from which a descent is easy enough, as they often exemplify in their own persons. These difficulties may be overcome, particularly by the young, and have been overcome by many, but their seat will be unnatural to them, as long as they persist in sitting like tailors as they do. I would recommend the sultan to introduce chairs or stools of christian-like elevation into their barracks, and to punish them whenever they are found sedent in any other way than upon them. To speak seriously, it will be found difficult to change the habits of Turks, and until they are changed, the Turks will not shine as light horse *à l'Européenne*. This corps, however, such as it is, and although it was certainly not in their own light cavalry, which has always been esteemed, but in their infantry, that the great inferiority of Turkish armies was felt, is the favourite corps of the sultan, and that to which he used to devote most time

and attention. Their uniform was simple and good : they wore a close blue jacket, with a little embroidery in yellow worsted, blue cossack trowsers, and black leather boots with spurs screwed to the heels. Their cap was the same red skull-cap with a blue tassel, as worn by the infantry—a decidedly bad *coëffure*, if only as relates to sun, and wind, and weather, and a poor defence against a sabre cut, should an enemy get within their lance. Among the officers there were a few really elegant young fellows, who wore their uniform of good materials, and set off with superior embroidery and a diamond crescent on the breast, in a smart dashing manner that would not misbecome a juvenile of our own gallant lancers. But for the stupid skull-cap, and the open, unbuttoned throat, there was nothing to distinguish them from European officers. Some of them, in imitation of their neat instructor, positively got Christian shirts * made, and wore them with low collars tied round with a black ribbon. This great improvement to their appearance made the Turks stare, and wonder what in the prophet's name they should come to next. The lancers, however, could not meddle with the skull-caps, which was a pity. The men were but too generally dirty and slovenly like the infantry : their blue cloth dress seemed nearly always to require beating and brushing, nor were their lances, their sabres, (straight like ours, and made in France,) their bits, bridles, stirrups, &c., kept in better order. But even among them there were some military dandies who prided themselves in their equipments, and gloried in “ the ringing of the knightly spur.” I was one morning in a shop at Galata, kept by a little fellow, half English, half Italian, where British hardware goods are retailed. Three young lancers came in to buy some spurs. Stampa, who had sold a vast number he had received from England, and had hardly any left, handed them a few pairs of modest calibre. “ These will never do, my friend,” said they, “ they are too short ; and ”—ringing the solid rowel, “ do not make half enough noise.” Indeed, it seemed one of the chief pleasures of these boys to strut about in their boots, and listen to the music of their heels. Another morning, when walking near the barracks, accompanied by my phlegmatic Chaldean, two laughing, frolicsome lads of officers, invited me to sit down on one of their twelve-inch high stools, and

* The invisible shirts worn by the Turks are made of a curious, yellowish-coloured sort of gauze, of mixed silk and cotton : they are loose and shapeless, like sacks. In general, like their benishes, they never change them until they are worn out ; and Thornton says the Turks are a clean people !

smoke a pipe. One of them was a marvellous genius, for he spoke a few words of French. I remember that the very first subject they entered upon was boots and spurs, and that the linguist putting out (a most singular rarity in Turkey) a well-blackened boot, and varnished military spur, asked my opinion as to their being correct or otherwise. I assured him they were "quite the thing,"—thoroughly Frank. On which he smilingly rose, said, "*Bien, n'est-ce pas bien ?*" made his rowel ring, and looked at his spur, with all the complacency of a Charles Goldfinch.*

* "Charles Goldfinch not a gentleman!—why, d— me, look at my spurs."

Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Foreign Minister's Audience of the Grand Vizir—Strange Scene at the House of a Perote *diplomate*—Mode of proceeding to the Porte—An angry Drogoman—Sultan's Guards—Reception by the Vizir—Distribution of Pelisses, &c.—Character of Mehemet Grand Vizir—Reflections—Baron Strogonoff the Russian Ambassador—Eve of the Courbann-Bairam, &c.—Sultan's magnificent Procession at the Courbann-Bairam from the Seraglio—The Seraskier Ursef-Pasha, &c. &c.

EVERY reader of travels is probably acquainted with the Turkish mode of receiving the visits of Christian envoys, as nearly every traveller, from the able Dr. Clarke to the most obscure visitant, has given a description of that singular scene. I have avoided, or at least have endeavoured to avoid, treading in the steps of my predecessors; but in noting the novelties of the present improvements of the Turks, even without giving importance to the singularity of the minister's being a Perote, I have matter of my own, which may still bestow an interest on the account of an audience.

The Baron de — had been raised from the diplomatic *grade of charge d'affaires* of one of the minor northern courts, to that of minister, and had to pay his visit of ceremony in his new capacity. The 16th of June was the day appointed by the grand vizir for his public reception. As ministers are generally anxious on such occasions to have as long a train, as many Franks as they can get together, to represent their *nation*, I was included without difficulty, and accompanied by a kind old friend, I went to the ministerial residence about ten o'clock in the morning. The houses of Pera, with a few exceptions, are as bad as those of Smyrna; and that of the Baron de — was certainly not among the exceptions. In a paltry, uncarpeted room of narrow dimensions, I found assembled the illustrious *cortege*, principally composed of sprigs of the *drogomaneria*, pert and mean Perotes, who, incapable of feeling the disgrace implied by the donation, were anxious for the

mantles, or pelisses, given away at the Porte on these grand days. They had not even the decency to conceal this anxiety; and it was evident that a tenderness for the credit of their fellow citizen, or their countryman (I hardly know what term to apply to the accident of being born together in a place where there is no country and no citizenship) the minister, had less to do in their attendance, than the said pelisses,—value about one pound ten shillings sterling each. A little coxcomb of pure Turgiman blood, was at the moment boasting of the number of audiences he had attended, and the number of pelisses he had thus got for nothing; and turning round with the very spirit and expression of an old clothesman, he offered to sell the garment that was that morning to cover his honourable shoulders. On one side of the crowded apartment was a sofa, and on it, in isolated majesty, reposed Madame l'Ambassadrice; (for as people here always rank themselves a step above what they really are, such this, not fair, but fat Perote, had now become.) Her attitude was the usual one: her back reclined against the cushions, one leg was decently crossed under her, and the other hung pendent over the sofa's edge. An English lady would have wondered what business she could have, alone of her sex, among a crowd of men; but there she sat, stately in a cotton-print gown, and with undressed hair, and slippers down at heel, as a mark for the Perotes to bow at as they entered the room. Opposite to her, and most uncomfortably seated on a chair, resting his arms on a shabby table, was the Chiaoush-Bashi, despatched by the vizir to conduct the procession. That sturdy Turk, wedged in a corner, not knowing what to do with his legs, deafened by the scraping of feet belonging to the *bowers*, and the confused tittle-tattle of some thirty Franks, did not seem to be in a very good humour. I watched his eye once or twice as it glanced round the beggarly apartment, and the insignificant figures that occupied it, and I saw or fancied an expression of surprise mixed with contempt. In the midst of the important assembly a dirty little urchin, a boy of the house, was running about with his shirt escaping the bondage of his trowsers, wondering at the unusual splendour of papa's red coat, and the condensation of the essence of Pera society. I shall perhaps be accused of exaggeration, of ill humour, of a species of ingratitude, in painting such a scene as this. On my honour, however, it is what I saw, and no caricature. If a traveller who aims at describing society and manners, be so very good natured as to cast a veil over the foibles and the ridicules that present themselves, his

pictures must be incomplete and tame. As to the weightier charge of ingratitude, it can hardly be brought against me, I never spoke to the worthy minister either before or after; the only answer a compliment elicited from his spouse was that stiff and eternal Perote formula of "*Monsieur vous nous faites honneur.*" And besides, in my attendance, I conferred as great a favour as I received: I added one to his train, and was, I believe, with the exception of a French gentleman and an Austrian officer, the only man present born and bred out of the sultan's dominions. In fine, the scene made an impression on me at the time: it is at once characteristic of Pera, and derogatory to the dignity of a civilized court that entrusts itself to such a representation, and so I give it a place where it is.

At last, after a most fatiguing and annoying hour of waiting, we set off for the water's side. Pera is on the ridge of a hill, and the descent thence to Tophana, where we were to embark, is extremely steep, and paved and slippery. Nobody ever thinks of riding down such a break-neck declivity, but on high occasions like the present, it would be most indecorous to be on foot. We, all mounted on hack-horses, rode through Pera-street to the amusement of numerous spectators at the windows, and down the perilous steep, much to our own personal uneasiness. Save the solitary case of a tiny drogoman that slipped over his horse's ears, we reached the *scala* at Tophana without accident, and there embarked in boats to cross the Golden Horn. The minister and his secretary accompanied by the Chiaoush-Bashi and his suite, preceding us in a six-oared barge, in whose prow was unfurled the banner of the country on which it seemed to me we were heaping a deal of dirt.* The minister's train followed his barge in any caiques they could pick up, and we shot across the port like minnows in the wake of a triton.

Near a rotten wooden pier or landing-place, called the Vizir's Scale, we found a troop of the regular lancers of the imperial guard drawn out to receive us, and a number of horses oddly caparisoned in waiting to carry us on our journey. Before we proceeded, however, the minister and his secretary had to smoke pipes, and take coffee and sweetmeats with the Chiaoush-Bashi, which interesting operations were performed in a vile stable-loft of a place (the chiaoush was in this more than quits with the elchi) near the water's edge.

* The force of this common Turkish, as well as Persian expression, "to heap dirt," &c., will be understood by all who have read "Hajji-Baba"—and who has not read that delightful book?

The *boute-de-selle* was decorous and dignified to suit the rest of the piece. Three horses, with gilt stirrups and velvet embroidered housings, were held to the elchi, his secretary and drogoman, the rest of the suite helped themselves as best they could, and there was such pushing and scrambling for the *montures*, that I was near abandoning the expedition, being too ill at the time to make the violent exertion that seemed necessary to secure a horse. A friend secured one for me. We were about to begin our march, when I perceived that there had been one horse *minus* furnished, and a man in the long dress, who had been very busy in arranging the procession, left on foot. This was no less a personage than the second drogoman. He ran his eyes indignantly along the line of the mounted train—he rested them on an unfortunate shoemaker in the rear. “Get down from that horse,” cried he to the ‘smirked artisan;’ “don’t you see a drogoman of his excellency on foot.” Crispin did not feel inclined to relinquish his steed, and to lose the sight, and it was not without a violent quarrel with him that the drogoman got into his seat, and rode on, leaving the pedestrian looking very foolish, and muttering something about *superbia*. As we traversed the narrow streets of Constantinople, the Turks stared at us (and well they might) from their open shops and the windows of their dwelling houses. I heard a stifled titter or two, but that was all—there was no insulting language, no spitting, no jostling in the streets, or any other disagreeable testimonials of hatred and contempt with which similar processions, even when got up for the representatives of the greatest nations in the world, were invariably honoured in the days of the Janissaries. When we reached the gate of the Sublime Porte, we saw a regiment of the imperial guards drawn up in double lines within the spacious square on which the viziral palace and offices of government are situated. As the square gently ascends from the outer gate, and the troops were placed in a curved line from the entrance to the foot of the main door of the palace, the effect was good. The band of the guards played an Italian march as we rode along their line. On entering the palace, we crossed a spacious lofty hall, neatly painted, and with an attempt at landscape delineation in fresco on one of its walls; we then ascended a good broad staircase, and rushed into another hall (spacious though smaller than the first) on the first floor of the building. I say *rushed*, because the train had been followed and mixed up by a crowd of naked-legged, vulgar Turks, curious to see the exhibition, and the whole was propelled forward by the impulse of those in the rear. As we crossed the hall

from one side, the vizir entered at an opposite door, and the lieutenant of the sultan and the agent of the king were near jostling together in the middle of the room, so violent was the press on our side. The grand vizir, in his robes of state, and wearing the badge of his dignity, a curious shaped white cap, with a broad stripe of gold running across it diagonally, walked, or was rather carried into the room by two of his officers, who held him under the arm-pits. At the rencounter of the dignified personages, the minister waved his hat and feathers in the air, the vizir crossed his arm over his breast, and a string of attendants ranged on one side of the room set up a chorus of salutations that began with *Selam-alekim, ve alekim Selam*, and ended with the shout of *Hu! Hu!*—the whole loud, wild, yet monotonous, and of such a length, that I thought the choristers were going on to “the crack of doom.” It will be understood, that these were the Asiatic greetings of peace and good will, but they sounded to my ear much more like an Indian war-whoop.

The vizir took his seat on a sofa in a further corner of the hall, between two windows, and the minister sat down on a chair opposite to him. Then followed a salutation from the vizir to the envoy, and a repetition of the shouts or whoops. The secretary next produced the letter of his Majesty of — from a fine gilt portfolio; the minister read the letter aloud in French, the drogoman of the Porte translated it to the vizir; the vizir gave an unusually long and flattering reply, which the drogoman of the Porte translated to the minister in very indifferent French, and the business finished in a quarter of an hour by the distribution of the coveted pelisses. These were handed over a high board, not much unlike the counter of a mercer’s shop. The one given to the minister was of gold cloth lined with ermine; the secretary got a glittering but shabby brocade, that looked like tarnished tapestry, and the “happy elect” of the procession were wrapped up in common shalloon undecked with fur.

I was delighted when I felt the stream ebbing towards the door, for I had been closely wedged in a mass of dirty, perspiring Turks, and almost equally dirty Franks, (no care having been bestowed to prevent the ingress into the ministerial hall of a crowd of vagabonds,) and almost annihilated with heat, and the odours of garlic.

When we mounted in the court, and moved off in the same order in which we had come, the band again played European music. It is a point of etiquette to wear the pelisses during the return procession; and as it was a

sultry day, (the wind being southerly,) those who had received the *honour* of investiture, were almost overcome by the heat. Some of these pelisses were light-blue, some yellow, and some a clear fawn colour; and as they dangled from the shoulders of our party, contrasting so oddly with the rest of their attire, I thought they added to the burlesque of the march, and gave to the whole the appearance of a troop of mountebanks.

And yet this audience, paltry and ill-managed as it was, showed great improvement of manners on the part of the Turks, when compared with former ones. I have mentioned the important difference displayed by the passive respect, or at least *silent* contempt of the people; but there was more than this. The vizir recognized the envoy, and saluted him before he took his seat, which used not to be done formerly; he did not keep him waiting several minutes on his chair in awkward silence; in all his conduct there was an evident attempt at courtesy, and his reply was, as I have said, unusually long and flattering.

If the hall were crowded to suffocation by his menials and other fellows whose presence was in no way respectful to the person of a foreign minister, still all was mild and gentle, and there were no ruffians like the Janissaries, to insult and even beat the persons of the suite.*

The grand vizir was a short, stout man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, with a solemn, yet vulgar face. There was nothing very striking about his person, but the diamond-set handle of his dagger, (a magnificent toy,) which was stuck in his girdle. Despite of his homely appearance, however, he was a man of considerable talent, of which no better proof can be required than the fact of his having maintained himself in his dangerous post for the extraordinary length of time of more than six years, and that too under circumstances of almost unparalleled difficulty. At the time of the Greek insurrection, headed by Alexander Ypselantes, in the principalities, Mehemet was pasha of Silistria, and it was he, or rather his kehaya, that mainly contributed to settle that precocious and ill-arranged attempt entirely to the satisfaction of the sultan. Mehemet's prudence and talents had long been celebrated, and he was soon named to the highest office of the empire. Among the good things he did while vizir, both Turks and Rayahs

* My kind friend B—— was once severely cudgelled by a Janissary at one of these audiences.

enumerated his having frequently checked the violence of his master, and all agreed, that in his nature, Mehemet was mild and humane.

After rising superior to innumerable intrigues and perils of office, the hour of his fall arrived a few months after this audience. But at least, he might flatter himself with the duration of his high honours, (unprecedented of late years,) and he must always have seen degradation and exile, or even a violent death, as their natural termination. After the capture of Varna, in October last, the sultan was seized with a fit of frenzy, almost equal to that with which he heard the loss of his fleet at Navarino; he recalled and dismissed his vizir, but did not strangle him. His property, however, was confiscated, and I have heard that he has since been exiled into the interior of Asia Minor.

As Mahmood was too seriously engaged to think of devoting any time to the reception of the minister of an unimportant power, I had no opportunity of witnessing what improvements may have been introduced in the modes of an imperial audience. One thing however was certain. The foreign envoys would no longer be delayed and disgusted by the shouts and violence of the children of Hadji-Bekdash, running and scrambling for their pilaff and pay. But there remain many other insulting proceedings, and in giving my praise in anticipation to what slight improvements may be expected by the next ambassador who may have an audience with the sultan, I still object as an Englishman, (as the native of every civilized country must do,) to these public audiences and humiliating ceremonies *in toto*, and earnestly desire that on renewal of intercourse with the Turks, our government with its Christian allies, will insist on the reception of ambassadors or ministers being conducted in such a manner as not to derogate from our rank as nations; so as not to render us objects of ridicule and contempt, as we have always been for centuries, to those who are in every respect our inferiors. Some men, affecting a cynical philosophy, may laugh, as Napoleon is said to have done at Saint Helena, at people's stumbling at such trifles as the performance of the disgusting and degrading ceremony exacted by the celestial Emperor of China; or, (for this is a less significant difficulty,) the humiliation of submitting to the disgusting fiction of having one's nakedness clad, and one's hungry belly filled; (the original typical signification of the paltry pelisses thrown over ambassadors and their suites, and of the dinner served to them at the seraglio;)

of being left to take coffee and pipes with the chief executioner, of having the sword worn in the presence of one's sovereign, snatched from the side, and one's arms pinioned when advancing to the imperial presence, by a couple of vulgar ruffians. I confess I have none of this philosophy, and I see a real and serious evil resulting from the 'gratuitous abasement. The Moslems possess in their fanatic religion and institutions, motives sufficient for contemning and spurning all Christians; they are the elect people, to whom all are inferior in a spiritual sense; by regaling them with scenes of our humility and passiveness, they conclude in their ignorance, (for what do the mass of Turks know of us?) that our temporal inferiority is equally decided, and that in every point of view, we are things to kick and to spit at. In proportion as the Turks have been beaten and their lofty pretensions set aside, (rather than from any progress in civilization,) they have become tolerant and complacent towards ghiaours. For proofs of this, we have but to consult the accounts of different travellers from the time of Amurah IV. the last of their conquerors, down to our days. There will be found a gradation of civility as regular as the stages of their decline, though the present general improvement on all the past, is certainly mainly attributable to the suppression of the Janissaries.

Baron Strogonoff, the Russian Ambassador, whose whole mission was a reign of terror to the Turks, would never submit to the humiliation of these audiences. What was the consequence? The porte gave way, and a pleasant kiosk on the Bosphorus was appropriated to his interviews with the vizir and the reis-effendi.

"We cannot conceive a case," says the Quarterly Review, with proper national spirit, in reference to Lord Amherst's Chinese embassy, "where the representative of the sovereign of Great Britain should submit to a degradation, which the representative of the Emperor Alexander had peremptorily resisted." And so say I with reference to Turkey.

Whatever may be the other merits of the religion Mahomet preached to a barbarous, idolatrous people, whose previous faith was a tissue of superstitious observances, imperious and complicated, we cannot but admire the extreme simplicity of its rites. An annual fast, diurnal ablutions and prayers, are the only *material* observances prescribed, and all spots are pure and adapted to the performances, and to the worship of the one God. The unseemly

types of blood and sacrifice were condemned for ever, and the vicarious medium of a priesthood was dispensed with, or never established by Mahomet as essential to the faith. With a reservation of religious respect for the prophet which established a spiritual primacy, of which his successors, the Caliphs, made an inheritance, every man sufficed in himself to the practices of Islamism, and with the Koran in his hand, was his own priest. It would be highly amusing and instructive to trace the gradual complication of a system so explicit and simple (for D'Ohhson is wanting in this;) but in the meantime we can generally account for it by the natural dispositions of mankind in the mass. But though the naked truths and abstract dogmas of Mahomet have been cumbrously clothed and materialized—though a vast and potent hierarchy has been founded—though bodies of dervishes, the very imitators of the childish rites of Paganism, which the prophet cursed, have risen to mystify the Moslems—though many superstitions, hostile to the spirit of Islamism, have been introduced, and prevail, the Turks still celebrate but one fast, and two religious festivals during the year;* an advantageous contrast to the ever-recurring fasts and feasts of the Greek and Roman churches.

The first of their festivals, which lasts three days, is the Bairam, called also *Id-fitr*, or the breaking of fast, because it succeeds the privations of the Ramazann; the second is the Courbann-Bairam of four days, denominated *Id-ad-hha*, or the feast of sacrifices, celebrated about seven weeks after the Bairam. During both these holidays, the Turks, dressed in their best attire, visit each other, make an interchange of presents and compliments, and indulge in an unusual manner in the pleasures of society and hospitality. At Constantinople, the grandees repair to each other's houses in great state, and infinite are the ceremonies that ensue among them. This, and from mere worldly motives, independent of religion, and the annual expressions of goodwill, is particularly the case at the Bairam; for at that important period, the pashas and other ministers of the Porte, are confirmed or removed, a nomination to any high post being never extended beyond one year at a time.

* There is, indeed, another holiday, the *Mevlut*, or nativity of the prophet; but this fête is considered as confined to the court. It is celebrated like the two Bairams, at the mosque of Sultan Achmet: the principal personage in it, is the chief of the black eunuchs, who does the honours of the fête, being dressed *en grand gala*, whilst all the rest are but *en demi gala*; he is followed by all the black eunuchs of the serraglio. In the mosque, a sermon, or panegyric on the life, miracles, and death of the prophet, is delivered.

In the comparative obscurity of the Asiatic provinces, I lost the splendour of the first of these festivals; but at Stamboul I saw a good deal of the second. A few days before the Courbann-Bairam, as I was wandering in the streets of the capital, I met the mufti or Sheik-Islam, in high canonicals, mounted on a fat horse, with splendid caparisons, and followed by an immense train of Oulemas, Imams, and domestic attendants. He was going to the Porte to pay his visit of ceremony to the grand vizir, and uninterrupted or unnoticed, I followed him to the steps of the palace. The mufti dismounted in the square, and was supported to the stairs by two men, with enormous caouks, who held him under the arm-pits. As he advanced, the grand vizir, in his robes and insignia of office, issued from the principal door of the palace, supported also by two men, and, timing his pace, he reached the last step of the open staircase as the reverend foot of the mufti pressed upon it. The collision of the heads of church and state, or of the sultan's spiritual and temporal delegates, was precise and formal as it well could be; there was a crossing of arms on the breast, a short wagging of beards, and up the steps they went, the vizir keeping a little in the rear of the mufti. There was a halt at the door. The vizir changed his high braided cap for one that appeared, at a distance, still more splendid, and with his foot on the threshold, he again turned and saluted the mufti, who advanced with his hand on his breast, and a slight vibration of the beard. They walked within the palace together. All this was done with a wordless stillness, and a mechanical precision that made me smile; it was, in fact, like an exhibition of automata. The rich caps, the lofty caouks, the snow-white muslin turbans, the dresses of bright and various colours, produced a pleasing medley; but though there were some fine oriental heads and beards in the groups, the two principal figures were far from imposing. I have described the short vulgar figure of the vizir; that of the mufti was worse; he was a dwarf, shrivelled and bent, and seemed buried under the magnitude of his *coiffure*, and the amplitude of his robes. The visit was of short duration; for in about a quarter of an hour, I saw the mufti again in the streets, on his way home.

On the eve of the Courbann-Bairam, which fell this year (1828) on the 22nd of June, the usual illuminations took place at Constantinople. Doctor Clarke may be correct (and if he lived in these days of gas and improvement, he *certainly would be correct*) in saying that the "suburbs of London are more brilliant every night in the year, than the boasted illuminations of Con-

stantinople;" but there are accidents in the situation of the latter city, and favourable peculiarities in its architecture, which London can never pretend to, which give an ærial, poetical character to the imperfect essays of the Turks, and which *might* contribute to a scene of unrivalled beauty. The seven hills of Constantinople, or New Rome, presented a real and physical affinity to its Italian matron; and on those hills the city still stands, thus throwing out its edifices to the view, as they rise amphitheatrically above each other, and offering a succession of graceful bosomy outline relieved by the sky. The lofty and slender minarets of the mosques shoot up at the bases of these hills, on their acclivities, and a few, though inferior, on its summits; and the reader may imagine the magical effect of festoons of lamps hung between these minarets, and of torches or lanterns displayed round their elevated galleries close beneath the diminishing arrowy cones in which they terminate. Though what I saw was said to be far inferior to the exhibitions of former years, though the lamps of the mosques were not so bright, nor the lights in the houses so numerous as I could have wished, though the whole was immeasurably distant from the brilliant scene pictured in my imagination, still I found it exquisite, and gazed at it from Pera till a very late hour. There is one small, detached portion of that night's scenes, which frequently recurs most delightfully to my recollection. Immediately beneath the windows of the rooms I occupied lay the suburb of Tophana, and a purely white mosque (recently repaired) with two tall minarets; the festoon of lamps suspended between these was varied in colour, and unusually brilliant; being near the water's edge, it reflected its lambent rays on the waves of the Bosphorus, and as the night breeze slightly agitated the connecting curve of the lamps, an uncertain, playful undulation of light, was produced in the air and on the stream—an effect I have never seen surpassed. Beyond the dark channel of the Bosphorus was Scutari, with several illuminated mosques, and far up its right bank was a beautiful miniature of a messdjid, with its low grey dome, and the gallery of its almost invisible minaret garlanded with white and rose-coloured lamps, the hues of the fair rivals of the fairest and sweetest of flowers. And there were the dusky mountains of Asia, and the opaque streaks of cypresses stretching before me; above me a sky unusually transparent, and the moon, and the glittering stars, that seemed to smile in their eternal and divine loveliness at the feeble attempts of mortality; and around me were hushed silence and motion-

less repose. I shall never cease to rank the enjoyments of that scene, and the recollections of the eve of the Courbann-Bairam, among the brightest treasures I have secured in the course of my travels, which, though scarcely meriting the name of extensive, have principally laid in regions so rich in beauty, and romance, or classical connexions, that they have made me difficult to please, and, perhaps, somewhat fastidious in my taste.

The following morning I left Pera an hour before sun-rise, to see the grand procession of the sultan from the serraglio to the mosque. The brief morning dawn burst upon us as we were crossing the tranquil waters of the Golden Horn. By the scale on the Constantinople side, where we landed, we found a number of elegant piadès, or barges, belonging to Turks, whose rank or employments entitled them to figure in the sultan's train; but I was surprised, on advancing in the town, to find every thing still and unanimated as if nothing extraordinary were to take place. In a narrow street, half in ruins, which leads towards the walls of the serraglio, we met a yellow-faced bilious-looking effendi, (an Oulema by the shape of his caouk and turban :) his early rising or something else, had put him in a bad humour, which he vented upon us in the usual disrespectful expressions, relating to our poor mothers. A young man who accompanied me, picked up on the way a pert, inquisitive little Frenchman, a *commis voyageur* of Lyons, compared to whom, the Birmingham button-maker of Anastasius was a model of intellect and gentility. As we went along, his questions were so numerous and ridiculous, that he completely tired our patience. He fixed on my Chaldean Davide, as a responder and drogoman; and when he heard the morning salutation of the surly Osmanli, and turned to the old levantine, and asked with extreme eagerness, *qu'est ce qu'il dit*, it was amusing to hear the *sang froid* with which Davide replied, *qu'est ce qu'il dit, il dit Monsieur qu'il*,—and translated the whole of the naughty oath, affixing Monsieur and the possessive pronoun in such a manner, that the whole applied directly to the Frenchman.

When we reached the Babamayun-kapoussi, or the grand gate of the serraglio, we found the infantry of the imperial guard drawn up in lines on each side of the street, from the walls of the serraglio to the hippodrome, and the entrance of the imperial mosque of Achmet, where the Courbann-Bairam namaz was to be offered up by Mahmood and his court, to the one God and to the prophet Mahomet. It was formerly one of the duties of the turbulent Janissaries to line the streets during these processions; their

quaint costume and arms would have been picturesque as compared with the ill-cut uniform, the dirty white cotton stuff, (for even on this great occasion the *élite* of the sultan's regular army looked slovenly and dirty,) and the tarnished muskets and bayonets of the imperial guards; but the contrast of behaviour was all in favour of the latter. In the days of the Janissaries we should have seen, and very probably experienced on our own persons, a great deal of violence and driving and beating of sticks, but the tacticoes were quiet and even respectful: they stood in tolerable order to their lines, permitted us to pass and repass them without annoyance, and it was over their shoulders that we saw the pageant as it passed.

I had been astonished on my way at the silence and emptiness of the streets; but the population of Constantinople might have flocked to the exhibition of the splendour of the empire—to one of the two grand annual festivals of the Mussulman religion. There was scarcely a Turk present in the open square before the serraglio, in the street leading therefrom, or in the hippodrome; the greater part of the spectators were groups of Jewish women, veiled, booted, and slippered; there were not more than eight or ten curious Franks, and the whole scene struck me as being singularly deserted. I know not whether to account for this fact, by the natural indolence of the Turks and their lukewarm devotion to their religious ceremonies and to their sovereign, or by the existence of an apprehension which was said to prevail, that some popular discontents and disturbances would break forth on the occasion. I believe, however, that these apprehensions had their source in nothing more serious or decided than in what had taken place in the city a few days before. The grand vizir had summoned to his presence the *esnaffs*, or heads of trades and crafts, to enforce the furnishing of their quotas to the army. The *esnaffs* are said to have replied to the reproaches and threats of the vizir, that they and the members of their respective bodies were unfitted by their previous modes of life for the exercise of arms; but they had all wives and children living on the fruits of their daily labour, who must starve in their absence; it was true, as Osmanlis, they were bound to fight for their religion and empire—but then the grand signior had changed the order of things altogether; he had created a regular army to fight; *they* paid taxes unknown to them before, for the support of that army, and so considered themselves exonerated from military service. Though these were certainly the opinions entertained, it may admit of doubt, whether the *esnaffs* had dared to give so bold an utterance to them before the vizir; and whatever

were their discontents, the destroyer of the Janissaries could have little to fear from those unwarlike denizens of his capital.

At the point of day, at the moment the munedjim or astrologer, announced that the sun appeared in the horizon, the procession began to issue from the serraglio gate. The reader will find the order of the procession of the Bairam, which is much the same as that of the Courbann-Bairam, and has suffered little change, in Dr. Clarke's Travels; and as I endeavour to avoid repetitions, I will merely state, that the sultan appeared about midway in the long cavalcade, with some of his ministers and courtiers preceding him, and some following him. He rode a magnificent Arabian, whose housings and trappings were richly embroidered, and studded with gold and jewels; he wore a high white turban, with a straight plume fastened in front, with a large diamond aigrette; his pelisse was scarlet, lined with sable. He neither turned his eyes to the right nor to the left, but looked straight before him, and as if his eyes were fixed on vacancy. From the glimpses I had of his countenance, I thought it wore an expression of melancholy or ill-humour; but it was difficult to see him through the high waving feathers of the chamberlains and pages that marched around him on foot. He certainly looked better and more manly in his plain cavalry costume, as I had often seen him; and I fancied he might feel disgusted with the oriental luxury and finery, the feathers, silks, and shawls, and other effeminate trappings that surrounded him; but which, it must be said, produced a rich and splendid effect to the eye. Next to the sultan, the most conspicuous figure in the procession was the Kisklar-agma, or chief of the black eunuchs; his attire was most sumptuous, and it seemed to be his duty to make *salams* for the sultan and all the rest, for he turned to the right and to the left as he passed, and laid his hand to his breast, muttering something between his thick black lips.

The grand vizir, who rode at some distance before the sultan, looked insignificant, in spite of turban, robes, and diamonds. All the grandees were on horseback, and most of them on beautiful horses, with long housings. There were bostandjis, (many of them with burnished helmets,) baltadjis or cooks, zaims, or messengers of state, chiaoushes, eunuchs, black and white; and I know not how many classes of attendants in this singularly constituted household, on foot. As the procession slowly emerged from the serraglio gate, mostly in a single line, the effect was beautiful, theatrical, and eastern as the imagination can conceive; it was so long, and passed so deliberately, that it was a quarter of an hour or more in defiling through the square where I stood.

To my eye the horses were decidedly the finest objects in it. There were many fine creatures led in the hand by grooms and pages, and they stepped along proudly, or pranced under their costly furniture as if they had been conscious of their own beauty, and the ornaments they bore; but the finest among these were the sumpter horses of the sultan, that bore the ancient armour, the Greek bucklers and shields, (some of which seemed of gold, and were splendidly embossed and set with precious stones,) the carefully-guarded trophies won from the fallen eastern empire, which never meet the vulgar eye save on great occasions like the present.

There was one figure wanting in the gorgeous pageantry, which, like the absence of Brutus's bust on the Roman holiday, (though it spoke not of departed patriotism,) might remind one of great events and changes. This was the Janissary-agma, who was wont to ride foremost in the train, with a burnished helmet, covered by enormous plumes.

There were many impressive figures among the Turkish grandees, but I was struck with none so much as that of the lively old seraskier Usref-Pasha. His rather thin person, and sharp features, the varying expression of his countenance and the youthful, sparkling vivacity of his eye, formed a strange contrast with the obese bodies and the unvarying stillness and dreamy solemnity of his colleagues' bronzed physiognomies. From the rubicundity of his face, he might be suspected of indulging in forbidden draughts; but there is no longer any serious danger in exciting such a suspicion; the sultan himself is exposed to it: and what Turk is there but drinks wine, provided he like it, and can get it good? This extraordinary old man, who has long been in possession of one of the first offices of the empire, of "a voice potential" in the divan, and of the esteem and confidence of the sultan, was, like the celebrated Hussein Capitan-Pasha, by birth a Georgian and a Christian. Like Hussein, he was sold when a child, as a slave; and, like him, had the good fortune to be enrolled among the menials of the serraglio. When Hussein emerged from the solitude of that palace or prison, he remembered his cotemporary and friend, and secured Usref an employment near his person. On Hussein's advancement to the post of capitan-pasha, Usref became his secretary and the keeper of his signet—a situation in which he gained experience and wealth. Under the present sultan, Usref was successively named to various employments of importance, and at last to that of capitan-pasha, about eight years after the death of his patron Hussein. He maintained himself in the enviable post of high admiral of the Ottoman empire during the long period of six

years; but a short time before the Greek Revolution, the intrigues of his enemies were successful; he was displaced, and even sent into exile. His disgrace, however, was of brief duration, and he was appointed to the pashalik of Trebizond. He continued in that important government until Sultan Mahmood had organized his plans for the final suppression of the Janissaries, and felt the necessity of summoning around him those men who were esteemed for their prudence and experience, and known to entertain liberal views. Usref was recalled to the capital, and again named capitan-pasha. He foresaw the gathering storm in 1827, and judging, from the obstinacy of the sultan, and the demonstrations of the allies, that a fatal conflict might take place, he petitioned for his dismissal, representing his long services and his advanced age, which rendered him unfit for active employment. His request was granted, and he escaped the disgrace or danger of being at the head of the Turkish navy, at the time of the battle of Navarino. The Turks, however, who entertain a very high opinion of his merit, say, that if Usref-Pasha had been there, the catastrophe would have been avoided. The sultan immediately made him seraskier, or military governor of Constantinople—a new office, instituted after the suppression of the Janissaries, whose agha formerly discharged its duties.

Thus, there are now two seraskiers—Usref and (a very different character, the commander-in-chief of the forces in the field,) Hussein-Pasha, commonly denominated Hussein the Janissary-slayer. The Turks consider Usref as one of the best heads in the divan, and regret that his prudent counsels are not always attended to. He is said to be like all pashas, like all Turks in power, fond of money, and rapacious, but he has never been accused of cruelty, which is generally the accompanying vice. He is fond of Christians, and even friendly to the Greeks.

Whilst the sultan was in the mosque, I was amused with the dandyism, loquacity, and gaiety of some young tactico-officers, who came into the Turkish coffee-house where I was reposing. Mahmood is very quick at his prayers, and the procession soon returned to the serraglio again in the same order in which it had left it. Hitherto it had been customary to amuse the Moslems on this day, with the exhibitions of djerid combats, bear-baiting, and wrestling; but these orthodox amusements are now reprobated by the sultan, who would efface from the minds of his subjects, all recollection of the old order of things. He regaled them in the afternoon with a review of his regular troops at Beshik-tash. I should have liked to see a display of the djerid

players, as I had never seen any thing that was supportable in that way ; but still I thought the sultan's change an improvement. It had also been the practice to prohibit the appearance of females abroad on these days of festivity, when the Turks, and particularly the Janissaries, were wont to be warmed with a stimulus more potent than that of religion, and to be insulting and dangerous to the sex. I do not know whether it had been considered necessary to give the usual order for keeping the women at home ; but certainly it had not been so to comply with the order if it had been given, and the women went about in groups, and collected in festive crowds without annoyance or fear. This, too, though a trifle, may be numbered among the improvements at Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Turkish Navy—Capitan Pasha at Buyukderè—Turkish Seamen—The English Steam-boat—An Imaginary Exploit—The Fortifications of the Bosphorus, from the Boghaz to the Golden Horn—State of Defence of Constantinople at the time of Admiral Duckworth's Expedition—Nature of the Country between the Black Sea and the Forts on the Bosphorus—Anecdotes of the Capitan-Pasha, the Defender of Varna—Asiatic Cavaliers—General peaceful Conduct of the Troops on their March—Fortifications hastily thrown up in the neighbourhood of Constantinople—Departure of the Grand Vizir—Proceedings of the Caimacan—Egress of the Sultan with the Sangiac-Sheriff—Encampment at Daut-Pasha—Improvement in Martial Spirit—The Arsenal—The Prison of the Bagnio—Russian Prisoners, &c.

HAD the ships of war that bore the crescent in the Mediterranean in 1827 existed, and been employed in the Black Sea in 1828, the Russian campaign would have been even more unsuccessful than it was, and the important position and town of Varna might have been saved. But the Ottoman navy was annihilated at the battle of Navarino, and only four ships of the line, two frigates, two sloops of war, and three brigs, were afloat.

On my arrival at Constantinople in May, the capitan-pasha was lying off the port, with the four ships of the line, and a frigate. It appeared at this moment, that the Turks did not only apprehend an hostile attack by the Dardanelles, but (what would be an easier enterprise, with an efficient force, as the current is favourable from the Black Sea) a descent by the Bosphorus. The weak semblance of a fleet sailed up the channel in a few days, and came to anchor at Buyukderè, near the entrance into the Black Sea, where it remained without moving all the summer and autumn of last year. A brig was kept on the look-out beyond the Boghaz, to give warning of the approach of any Russian ships of war.*

The ships of the line were arranged along the European shore, and their

* I generally saw this brig at anchor in an inlet on the Asiatic coast, where she could have but ill done her duty as a scout.

broadsides might have supported the fire from the land-batteries and castles on the Bosphorus. A bold and skilful enemy, impelled by the force of the current, and the northerly winds, which blow uninterruptedly, and sometimes very violently, down the narrow channel during summer, might however have rushed through the crossing fires without great loss or injury ;* but the Russians, as seamen, are neither bold nor skilful, and their fleet in the Black Sea was, perhaps, weaker than that of the Turks in the Bosphorus. There was once a talk of sending the capitan-pasha into the Black Sea to check the naval operations of the enemy. It strikes me it was better they did not ; for three of his ships of the line were in a very bad state, decayed, and what sailors call *hogged* ; two, indeed, were scarcely sea-worthy, and there was room to doubt that if even they were called into action, as stationary batteries on the Bosphorus, whether their first broadside would not shatter them to pieces.

The crews were as bad as the ships ; composed of Turks, who knew nothing of the sea, and of a few Greeks detained among them, who might possess some skill, but whom it was considered dangerous to trust. Every ship was crowded, but their very numbers would have told against them in the confusion and carnage of a battle. The pasha had stepped into the dignities and duties of an admiral without any previous naval service or instruction, not many months before, and might be supposed to know as much about managing ships as a soldier of our horse-guards may know. But this is the prevalent mode of the Turks ; and when we consider the small number of their leading men who have been capable of appreciating European science, when we reflect on the antipathy of the Moslems to obey Christian orders, and moreover on their general sluggishness, we can hardly be surprised at their constant defeats at sea, or at their dreaming voyages of three months from Constantinople to the Cyclades.

The sultan, not discouraged by the events of Navarino, was said to have resolved, whenever his finances should permit, to raise regular corps for the sea, as he was doing for the land service. He will find it much more difficult to form sailors than soldiers ; he may call Europeans to his aid, but different from the troops these men, as merely instructing officers, will be of little use : to do any thing they must command ; and to make the Turks

* I should feel inclined to qualify this opinion. If the attempt at the passage were *sudden*, I think a fleet would pass without great loss, through the crossing fires from each side of the narrow channel ; but even then, it would have to sustain a tremendous battering at Constantinople

obey Christians will be a long and difficult process. I myself witnessed a curious scene, which may explain the inaptitude and unwillingness of the Osmanli seamen. The English steam-boat purchased for the sultan was employed to tow up a Turkish frigate from the Serraglio Point to Buyukderè. The English engineers and the master had been retained with the boat ; the latter was a clever man, but he only managed the engine, and was submitted to the orders of a Turkish capitan, who took from twenty to thirty men (that were always sleeping about the decks) on board with him. When the steam-boat had, not without difficulty, towed the heavy vessel against the strong current near to Therapia, the shape of the coast, and a particular direction of the rapid waters, necessitated a change in the manœuvres ; the Englishman, through an interpreter, gave the necessary instructions—they were not obeyed with sufficient promptness, the current mastered the force of steam, and the frigate was carried aback, dragging the boat after her. The Englishman called out to the frigate to let go one of the hawsers by which he held her in tow, that she might bear upon the other more lightly and veer about. The Turks on board the frigate had no idea of this—the boat was to pull on like a horse in traces—what did the Ghiaour want? What could he mean? They would not let go the hawser, and the consequence was, that the frigate narrowly escaped striking on the rocks ; nor could anything have saved her from destruction but the skill and celerity of the Englishmen. Another apposite fact is, that two young Turks, selected for their superior capacity and docility, who were placed on board the steam-boat to learn the nature of the machinery and the management of the vessel, remained there three months without going into the engine-room more than twice during the whole time. They protested that the thing was magical, far too abstruse for their intellect ; nor could the English master, who was really a superior man, rouse them from their apathy and the unworthy resignation of their ignorance. The steam-boat was indeed a riddle to the Turks ; the difficulty of an explanation to men totally ignorant of the elements of physics will be readily conceived ; the Turkish language offered no medium for the conveyance of novel ideas, nor were the mechanics and idiom of an English watch-maker (who from many years' residence in the country was supposed to know all the terms that Turks know) of any use on the subject. The Greeks would puzzle themselves and be uneasy until they approached the arcana, but the Turks (and I speak of some of their first heads) resigned themselves with a mashallah ! and went

their way, protesting that if they tormented their brains a thousand years, still they should know nothing of the mysterious matter.

I return to the fleet at Buyukderè. As long as the capitan-pasha (a thorough Tartar) remained on board, there was considerable order and discipline, enforced by a quantum of severity and hard beating, rare among the Turks. The crews went through such manœuvres as could be done on board of ships at anchor; they were drummed to quarters, and exercised their limbs every day in manning the yards, to the great amusement of the Turks on shore, (only a few paces distant,) some of whom compared them to monkees, and others to rope-dancers. The capitan-pasha was but an ill-qualified master; his activity and rigour, however, enforced what he knew, or what had been suggested to him. But in Turkey, as I have before observed, so much is personal—so much depends on individual character and spirit—he had scarcely turned his back to go to the defence of Varna, where his courage and perseverance obtained him the highest honour, than the discipline of the fleet relaxed, the exercises were abandoned, and the usual stagnation of listlessness and indolence ensued. The capitan-bey, who succeeded to the command, was an indolent fool; and knowing, as I did, the state of things on board, and watching the ships by night from the neighbouring village of Therapia, where I occasionally resided, the thought frequently suggested itself that the success of one of those desperate attempts which have often signalized British seamen, and which have sometimes brilliantly made up for the deficiency of the Greeks, would be very probable, and that the whole fleet might be destroyed before the Turks should wake from their watchless sleep. Two or three small fire-ships might have concealed themselves by day behind one of the contiguous capes of the Black Sea; a headlong current, a leading wind, and a dark night, might carry them unperceived beyond the two castles on the mouth of the Bosphorus, and two batteries, and then there they would be *aux prises* with the Turkish ships closely moored. Nor would the exploit have implied the inevitable destruction of those engaged in it; in the confusion they might have thrown themselves on shore, between the battery and the castle, either on the European or Asiatic side, and have found their way in a few hours through a wild uninhabited district of country to some creek beyond the Boghaz, where boats or a ship might await them.

The Turks have confused (as several European nations not essentially maritime also do) the discipline and character of a soldier with those of a sailor. The crews of the ships in the Bosphorus used to be landed by companies at a

time, and forming into rank and file, they were marched from the quay to the open valley of Buyukderè, there to wash their dirty clothes, and to take exercise. Their dress was much like that of the tacticoes, and had nothing to distinguish them as sailors; and abroad or on shore, indeed, every thing seemed *à la militaire*. While on the Bosphorus, and after having said, as I have, that its passage would be easy compared with that of the Dardanelles, (where the current is for ever, and the wind for six of the finest months in the year opposed to the approach of an enemy,) it may be worth while to state what are the defences. On the Boghaz, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, which thence assumes the character of a river, there are two old castles, too distant from each other to cross their fire, and a little within them are two modern castles, (built in 1773,) which are sufficiently near to each other, but weak and badly planned; about two miles in advance there are on each side a few loose uncovered guns; about a mile farther, or near to Buyukderè, there is a strong battery protected with earthen banks, and epaulements of earth and fascines, with another similar battery opposite to correspond; at the distance of another mile, or near to Therapia, is another battery with fourteen long guns, and a battery on the Asiatic bank corresponds to it; a mile and a half farther there are two other heavy batteries; two miles farther, the European and Asiatic castles* of Mahomet the Second; thence to Constantinople, a distance of four or five miles, there is no artillery, but at Tophana Point I generally observed from fifty to sixty guns *en batterie*. There is a battery on the opposite side by Scutari, and a strong battery on Serraglio Point, which with Tophana Point, commands the entrance of the port of Constantinople, and the Golden Horn may moreover be raked longitudinally by a battery of a few but very heavy guns on a rock† in the Bosphorus, opposite to the Golden Horn. At this part the Bosphorus is not more than half a mile in breadth, and at the time of Admiral Duckworth's expedition, the activity of the Turks in the immediate presence of an enemy brought, on the very first day of his appearance, three hundred pieces of cannon to bear upon him from different points; and according to Monsieur Juchereau de Saint

* These castles are mere towers with slight walls round them, weak and insignificant; but there are some heavy guns in their front.

† On this rock there is a little Genoese tower, called by the Franks of the country, "La Tour de Leandre;" but the Franks never make use of a classical name except to misapply it. Near Dumuzderè, and the mouth of the Black Sea, there is another old tower, to which they have affixed the name of "La Tour d'Ovide," *et Dieu sait pourquoi!*

Denys, who was present, and assisted sultan Selim on the occasion as an engineer, twelve hundred pieces of artillery of different species were ready to repel the British fleet within three days. All these works on the Bosphorus, like those on the Dardanelles, may be said to be almost destitute of defence on the land side, and if left to themselves, might at once be taken in the reverse by troops landed at the nearest points of the Black Sea on the European and Asiatic sides, but they never *would be left to themselves*, unless taken by surprise; and the tract of country the invaders would have to cross on either side, is a thick, hilly wilderness, admirably adapted to defence, and to the habits of Turkish warfare. A regular army would be lost in the pathless wild, and every tree and every bush might conceal and protect an enemy.

Towards the end of July, a small vessel or two of the weak Russian fleet in the Black Sea occasionally appeared off the mouth of the Bosphorus. It was apprehended that an attempt to land might be made, and the sultan sent a considerable number of irregular troops, that continued to arrive daily from Asia, to Karabournou on the Boghaz, whence they were disposed in a manner to cover the line of coast between the Balkan and the Bosphorus. The exploits of the Russians in that part were, however, confined to the burning of a wooden coffee-house on the shore near Eneada.*

When the capitan-pasha was on board the fleet at Buyukderè, I saw him several times, but though I admired his activity, I did not pay that attention to him that I should have done had I foreseen his gallantry at Varna. His appearance struck me as savage and coarse. This man, however, (Mehemet by name,) was even then allowed by all to be one of the most efficient

* Among many striking scenes I witnessed about this time, I may mention the following:—The sultan repaired early one morning to a beautiful villa at Therapia, which he had recently seized from an Armenian family, (the Mattos,) whom he had exiled into Asia. He was accompanied by his favourite, the selictar or sword-bearer, and the band of the imperial guard followed him in another barge, playing European music. He received at the villa several great Turks. The day was passed in festivity, and the amusements were prolonged far into the night. At about twelve o'clock, as I was looking from the upper part of the village, which commanded a view of part of the interior of the lovely garden, and was listening to a familiar air of Rossini's, I was startled of a sudden by the noise of heavy guns, and turning towards the mouth of the Black Sea, I saw a number of blue lights sent up. A Russian ship of war had come into the Boghaz, and was amusing itself by creating this nocturnal disturbance. It did not, however, disturb Mahmood, nor interrupt the music.

When the imperial party left the villa, and descended the Bosphorus towards Beshik-tash, the sounds of the music floating over the moon-lit waves, and on the stillness of night—the beauty of the night itself—the softened grace of the scenery—produced on me one of those delicious impressions which I wish, and hope to be lasting.

officers in the grand signor's service,—indefatigable, enterprising, and courageous; but the gentle blood which he can vaunt, (for he is, what few of those officers are, the son of a pasha, and a *gentleman born*,) seems not to have exempted him from the barbarism and ferocity of Turkish men in power. I heard several stories of his violence and cruelty; and it was an authenticated fact, that he once cut off with his own hand the head of one of his wives or slaves, whom he surprised one evening, at an open window on the Bosphorus, looking at a company of Franks that were passing in boats. Mehemet was little distinguished until the system for the suppression of the Janissaries was organized, and then he was promoted to the rank of a pasha of two tails, and to the command of the Asiatic bank of the Bosphorus.

His services in the important reform were valuable, and he was well rewarded. An anecdote which I heard from the physician who attended him, may afford a good idea of the narrow ignorance and superstition of a distinguished Turk. The physician found it necessary one day to recommend that he should be bled; the poor Armenian operator, confused and terrified probably with the thought of drawing blood from the veins of a great pasha, made a bad incision in the right arm; the physician wishing to avoid scarifying the arm, told the barber to remove the bandage to the left arm, and bleed him there. “No, no!” said the capitan-pasha, “bleeding me in the left arm would be of no sort of use, for, as every body knows, there is no soul in the left arm.”

In the course of the summer, the fleet in the Bosphorus was strengthened by five or six fire-ships, and Tahir-Pasha, the hero of Navarino, lay in the Dardanelles, near the Asiatic town, with a frigate, a sloop-of-war, and thirteen fire-ships—a force I found there, in my voyage from Constantinople in October. One of the Turkish sloops-of-war that had ventured out of the Dardanelles to escort some vessels with supplies that were much wanted, was driven on shore near Assos, by the Greek admiral Miaulis, in the “Hellas.” The sloop-of-war, however, was got off, after material injury, and towed up to Constantinople by the steam-boat.

During my excursions on the Bosphorus, and my residence on its European bank at Therapia, in the months of June, July, August, September, and even as late as October, I continually met Asiatic levies, crossing that narrow strait to repair to the seat of war, or to the corps of reserve at Adrianople, &c. These fellows generally came over in small bodies at a time, by tens or by twenties; but as the thin stream never stopped, the total number at last

accumulated in Europe must have been immense.* I have already described their equipment. How they would stand the inclemency of the winter in the climate of Roumelia, I confess, puzzled me. I hardly ever saw a cloak among scores of them; their legs were bare, and the drawers they wore were only of thin cotton stuffs. Besides their generally defective arms, they seemed to have made no provision for the campaign, but a portable pipe, and a tiny black coffee-pot. For some time they migrated in very bad humour, but by the end of August, the Turks had recovered confidence, and were pretty generally animated by the dauntless spirit of their sultan.

If the financial condition of the government had not been so low, it would have been practicable to instil and support a degree of military ardour that has not animated the Osmanlis for many years; and, indeed, later in the season, this partially was induced by the conduct and failure of the enemy. But Mahmood had to feel, and will still have to feel, with increased bitterness, that exaction produces exhaustion—that the violence that may ensure a supply for present want or abuse, will narrow and choke the resources for the future, and that he has undertaken the *expensive* system of a reformer, and has to sustain a war against a powerful enemy with the reduced means, (both in finance and population,) of a country desolated by the misrule of his predecessors, and even by his own tyranny. It fortunately happens, that if Turkey is poor, Russia is not rich; but still, from what I have seen and heard of the state of the former country, I do not conceive that she, if left to herself, can support a lengthened struggle with the latter, or a hastily repeated series of hostilities.

Among the Asiatic hordes of men on foot, there were mixed troops of horsemen, generally badly mounted and armed, from different parts of Anatolia, but occasionally I saw *small* bodies of cavaliers of a very superior quality, cross the Bosphorus to Europe. These were seldom more than twelve, fifteen, or twenty together; but one morning my eye was delighted and my imagination was warmed by the sight of about sixty of these Eastern cavalry, with splendidly caparisoned horses, long lances, and bright arms, (and many with helms and corslets,) embarked in three large flat boats. They recalled to my mind the passage of the crusaders at the same confined frith, and their appearance might be described in the very words of Gibbon:—

* At the same time troops were crossing almost daily from Asia, at the straits of the Dardanelles, and marching to Adrianople, the Balkan, &c.

“The chargers saddled, with their long caparisons dragging on the ground, were embarked in the flat *palanders*, and the knights stood by the side of their horses, in armour, their helmets laced, and their lances in their hands.” There was, indeed, the important difference of country and faith, but though not crusaders, such might have been the opponents of Europe’s chivalry, the horsemen of the heroic, and sometimes generous Saladin.

Another morning, in the beginning of October, when in the coffee-house at the vale of the Sweet Waters with my friends H. and D. I saw a troop of fifteen of these obsolete but romantic and knightly-looking Asiatics, mounted on beautiful horses, ride up the valley, a “clump of spears,” a real scene of the days of chivalry, which on this occasion set us all quoting Sir Walter Scott. It was impossible not to be deeply impressed with these rare and beautiful appearances, contrasted as they were with our European costumes, and with the paltry, vagabond display of the mass of the levies that were then following a green flag and a cracked drum. In recording the good and the evil of the present day in Turkey, (which I hope I have done impartially,) it is a duty to state the improvement on the past in the conduct even of the wild levies. On former occasions, their excesses on the road were tremendous, and the districts through which lay their march for the defence of their country, too often felt that the progress of an inveterate and conquering enemy could scarcely be more fatal. But now they went quietly on their way, without rapine or violence, and the dreadful punishment of those who had disobeyed the orders of the Porte might tend to confirm them in their good habits. A body of Zebecks, from the interior of Asia Minor, on their passage through Brusa and other towns in Bithynia, feeling the warlike spirit busy within them, flourished their yathagans, discharged their pistols, broke the windows and doors of many rayah houses, and killed three or four defenceless individuals. On their arrival at Constantinople, where the news of their exploits had preceded them, this riotous band was positively decimated—about five-and-twenty of them, (some said forty,) being strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. While this continuous stream was flowing over from Asia, our tranquillity at Pera, or at the beautiful villages on the Bosphorus, was never disturbed; and in both places I have seen crowds of Franks during the moonlight nights of summer, promenading and enjoying themselves to a late hour.

The most singular of all the military movements I witnessed at Constantinople, was the enrolment and departure of about two thousand artisans, shopkeepers, and serving men of Stamboul, for the army. The troop would

have done honour to an eastern Falstaff, and as their spirit was unconcealedly low, it was thought fit to revive it by the application of spiritual unction dealt out by an old Imam. But, alas! these smirked denizens, mourning over their exile from their crafts, from their wives and children, and the repose of home, were as senseless to the voice of religion as our own militia-men were to that of poetry: the effect indeed seemed much the same in both cases, for as our red coats fell fast asleep to poor laureat Pye's translation of the animating verses of Tyrtæus to the Greeks, so did these coats of many colours nod to the nasal adjurations of the Mahometan orator.*

Constantinople is supplied with water from bents or artificial reservoirs in the Forest of Belgrade, about twelve miles distant, by means of stately aqueducts (three of which were built by the Greek Emperors) and subterranean conduits. A project, which the Turks pretend the Empress Catherine once seriously entertained of suddenly landing a number of troops at Dumuzderè at the mouth of the Bosphorus, who were thence to march to the reservoirs, a distance of only five or six miles, might yet be attempted; and the easily executed destruction of the bents by a brief incursion might deprive the capital of water.

As early as the month of June, three redoubts were raised to command the approaches to the reservoirs, the regular troops on the coast near and above Dumuzderè, communicated with the fortified positions, and could prevent surprise, whilst a body of troops at Daut-Pasha, were held disposable for the support of the redoubts. These hastily and slightly formed fortifications (a shallow ditch and sand banks) were contemptible to look at, and not very well placed for the object proposed—they were entirely abandoned, with all apprehensions of the Russian attempt, before the month of September.

* My venerable friend Mr. Matthias' "Pursuits of Literature," once so popular, being now almost forgotten, and in the hands of few—it may be necessary to explain the allusion in my text by one of his notes. "Mr. Pye, the present poet-laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among the militia in particular. Several of the *reviewing* generals, (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical,) were much impressed with their weight and importance, and at a board of general officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs, by the adjutants, at the head of five different regiments at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or verse-shot, dropped their arms suddenly and were *all found fast asleep*."

I may tire the reader with military details, but the following operations are of importance, as they tend to prove the sultan's determination, that should the Balkan be forced, and the plains of Thrace overrun, the war should not finish but at the very gates of Constantinople.

These operations were, the drawing of a line of defence from Ramed-Pasha-Chiflik to the shore of the sea of Marmora, about one half of the breadth of the isthmus, which attaches the capital and its suburbs to the continent of Thrace. This line of batteries began at Ramed-Pasha-Chiflik, between the suburb of Eyoob and Daut-Pasha; its right protected by the deep valley of the Sweet Waters; its left resting on the sea-coast, and the village of San-Stefano. By this disposition, communication could be maintained with the Port of Constantinople, and the whole line of the walls of the city on the side of terra-firma would be covered, (that is supposing the batteries properly disposed and in sufficient number,) but a part of this line, is commanded by the superior heights of Daut-Pasha, and the important suburbs of Pera and Galata, on one side of the narrow port, are left exposed. To defend them, it would be necessary to extend the line of works directly across the Isthmus to the Bosphorus, to about the spot, where Mahomet the Second landed his galleys to drag them across the neck of land, and to launch them in the Golden Horn under the walls of Constantinople, which were then weak on that side, and now do not exist. In the month of August there was much bustle made about this partial plan of defence: for many days the Turks seized every rayah they could lay their hands upon in the streets, forcing them to the hard and unpaid labour of dragging artillery up the steep hills from Tophana, of digging trenches, making gabions, &c. ; and though it was a cruel predicament for the sufferers, yet it was laughable to behold fat Armenians and meagre Jews, toiling in these unwonted military avocations. By the beginning of September, the Turks being pretty sure that the Russians were not destined to have a sight of Stamboul, the well-defended, that year, the works were given up.

The grand vizir left the capital for the camp at the end of August. His duties at Constantinople were assigned as usual to a Caimacan, who, to show his activity, and to prove to the people the interest the government took in the scarcity which was felt, though slightly, as soon as the Emperor Nicholas' ukase prohibited exportations to Turkey from the ports of the Black Sea, went round the city examining the bread and other provisions, and arbi-

trarily fixing the price of commodities in the hands of the merchants and shopkeepers. He left curious sign-posts to show the way he had passed ; sundry trucksters were nailed by the ear to their own shop-doors, a common Turkish punishment for false weights and measures, for adulteration, and for exorbitant prices. In Pera alone, I saw three shopkeepers in this painful but ridiculous predicament. I enquired into the case of one of them, a Greek ; he had sold caviar and salted anchovies, (articles already scarce,) at a certain number of paras the okka above the usual tarif. I may here mention, that before I left Constantinople last autumn, the corn, which is all in the hands of government, and by it dealt out to the millers and bakers, was excessively adulterated.

I was prevented by ill health from seeing the important procession at the end of September, when the Sangiac-sheriff, or sacred banner of the prophet, was removed from its mysterious recess, and the sultan left the city for the field. It was a splendid sight and witnessed by many Franks, who on former times would have been stoned or torn to pieces by the fanatic mob. Not many years ago, indeed, an Austrian envoy and his suite who ventured to be present at this most holy of holy expositions, were assaulted and nearly killed. But now not an insult or a menace was heard. I saw from Pera, where I had just returned from the Princes' Islands, the long and gorgeous cavalcade ascending the hills without the city walls. The prophet's banner and his vicegerent, the Sultan Mahmood, were to be deposited in the comfortable lodging of Daut-Pasha, nor did either of them proceed further last year.

A picturesque encampment of white, blue, yellow and green tents, was formed on the heights round the barracks ; and my eyes and ears were delighted whenever I walked or rode in that direction, with the sight of the thick cluster, and the distant sounds of the trumpet and the Asiatic drum. As the sultan was gone to the wars, or at least was "*censé d'être en campagne*," and had the sacred banner with him, his return to the city from which he was only two miles distant, was inconsistent with Musselman prejudice and usage. Thenceforward the council met to transact the business of the state at the barracks ; on the Fridays the sultan went to the mosque of Eyoob, beyond the walls of Constantinople ; and for his domestic convenience his harem and family were transferred to a suburban palace. I once saw near the encampment a fine body of Asiatic horse, commanded by the chief of the Tchappan-Oglu family, and comprising many gallant, knightly-looking figures, such as I

have recently described. In October, when I finished my observations and quitted the Turkish capital, the military ardour which I had found so languid in May, was decided and vivacious, though many an Asiatic might tremble at the idea of an inclement winter, and at the prospect of the slight provision of shelter, food and clothing, with which he would have to encounter it. The desertions, which had been very frequent, had now ceased ; and the barbarous mutilations of the butcher of Acre, (such as the cutting off of ears and noses,) which had been practised on run-aways at Adrianople, were prohibited by the sultan who had himself ordered them.

I had frequently passed the arsenal and the bagnio, (and had looked in vain for the high terrific walls of the latter, as described by Anastasius,) but it was not until the month of October, a few days before I left Constantinople, that through the kindness of the English master of the steam-boat, I was admitted with my friends H—— and D——, within the forbidden enclosures and perambulated through all its recesses.

In point of locality, there is not perhaps in Europe so fine a dock yard and arsenal, as the *Tershana* of the Ottoman capital ; it is situated on the right bank of the Golden Horn, opposite to Constantinople, and the waters that lave its front are smooth and deep, like a magnificent artificial canal, and admit the largest ship of the line to lie with her broadside a span's distance from the land, or with her bowsprit or projecting poop hanging over the shore. An esplanade, about three quarters of a mile long, between the port and the hills, offers convenience for immense operations, and it might be considerably lengthened. The substratum of the soil is a sort of *tuffo*, compact, yet easy to cut ; and though there is but one dry dock excavated in this most suitable of materials, it would be easy to add three, four or five others. The beauty of the port, and of the hills in the back-ground covered with habitations mixed with cypresses and other trees, the neat aspect of the divan-hanè, of the serai of the capitan-pasha, and of other kiosks within the enclosures, form altogether a delicious picture. But if we except the dry basin, the excellent work of a Swede,* our praises must be almost confined to the aptness and the picturesqueness of the spot. All the works were confused and slovenly. The rope-

* The reforms in the Turkish arsenal, began by the loquacious Baron de Tott, were continued by this Swede, whose name escapes me at the moment, and by two French engineers, Messrs. Le Roy, and Le Brun. I saw evidences of an intelligent direction, but they are almost obliterated by Turkish carelessness and disorder.

walk, though long and level, was dark and abominably dirty; the smiths' forges were enclosed in long but paltry wooden sheds—heaps of iron were thrown among heaps of timber—coils of ropes were rotting among copper sheathings, and all the numerous arts and mysteries of a dock-yard were jumbled together in the most unseemly and inconvenient manner. I observed that the far greater portion of the artisans at work, were Christian rayahs, Greeks and Armenians. All the smiths were Armenians, but among the carpenters there were a good many Turks, who did not seem deficient in address and activity. At the time of my visit they were working with extraordinary ardour to make up in part for their losses at Navarino. They were almost rebuilding a three decker of enormous dimensions, but of a very fine mould, (originally constructed under the eye of a Frenchman,) in the dry-basin, which is only calculated for the reception of one ship at a time. They were in a forward state with her. The hulk of an entirely new seventy-four was nearly finished. The repairs and refitting of a seventy-four were all but completed. They were next to proceed on two old three-deckers and a corvette, (all dismasted and in a bad plight,) that were afloat in the harbour, but the operations of the arsenal were sadly checked for want of money; they could not at the time pay for trifling purchases of tin, iron, &c. which they stood in need of; and the poor people labouring in the dock-yard, or on board the ships, not only seldom touched their pay, but were insufficiently supplied with provisions. A gentleman I was well acquainted with, the agent for an English house, had the greatest difficulty, (and he succeeded at last only by a finesse,) in obtaining payment from the Tersana-emi or commissioner, of the small sum of two-hundred pounds, due for tin furnished a year before.

The empire is rich in copper-mines, and from its abundant supply, and the greater ease of cutting and working it, the Turks persist in the disadvantageous practice of making their artillery of that metal; but yet I remarked that all the fastenings and bindings in the ships which ought to be of copper were put in of iron, to be speedily corroded by the sea-water.

The Bagnio or dreaded prison of the Turks, is within the enclosure of the arsenal. I have said, I had looked in vain for its high terrific walls which figure with such effect in Mr. Hope's sublime picture of these regions of woe. There is nothing of the sort; the walls are low, weak, and paltry, presenting a barrier, neither more lofty nor more formidable than the well remembered walls of the play-ground of a school, which I often crossed to steal ap-

ples. On entering, I was painfully disappointed, (the reader may smile,) to find, instead of a scene sublime from its horrors, a vile, common-place mass of vulgar and every-day filth—a display of suffering familiarly disgusting; in short, a terrorless, insipid prison-scene, whose equals I had seen in Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

The less heinous offenders, who were not at work in the dock-yard, were lying sleeping, or walking about singly with a slight fetter to one of their legs. But the more important sinners, among whom were many Janissaries, were attached by short and massy chains in pairs,—an abominable collision, as the one could not move nor perform even the most revolting offices of life, without dragging his associate with him. I particularly observed one of these unwilling couples: one of them, emaciated and enfeebled by disease, could scarcely crawl, and his more fortunate companion, a sturdy fellow, pulled him along on the ground when he wished to change his position. Around the by no means spacious enclosure, and under the walls, were low wooden sheds, the dormitories of part of the prisoners; the body of the prison, a confused heap of building, chiefly of wood, stood in the midst, its lower apartments being occupied by culpable or unfortunate rayahs, and its upper parts by the Turks. Through the body of these buildings, there ran a long, narrow passage converted into a sort of bazaar, where such as had the means might purchase some of the necessaries of life, in the catalogue of which were both wine and raki. This passage was as dark as night: the dealers in the little open shops, sold their wares at noonday by the light of lamps; and this part of the bagnio might perhaps approach the grand style of the mysterious and horrible—the passage ended at the door of a Greek church which was equally obscure. It may appear a stretch of toleration, or a generous consideration for the spiritual concerns of Christians to allow them a place of worship in such a prison, but this, for further convenience, extended even to the Catholics, who had also a chapel in former times. They might have had it still, but for the dissensions of the Greek and Roman priests, which induced the Turks to declare that they were all unclean beasts together—that one sty was enough for them, and to shut up the minor establishment.

Among the prisoners, I observed some dozen of Jews, three Greek priests, and two Franks, or men with hats sent there by the consuls, whose protection they had enjoyed; but the most singular group consisted of a number of poor cossacks, that had been taken in a former war, and had been

treated (I know not why) as revolted subjects of the Porte. Their light-blue eyes, their almost white hair, contrasted singularly with their swarthy fellow-prisoners. They were apart from all the rest, almost naked, and apparently half famished: some of them were employed in destroying the vermin that were revelling in their miserable clothing and on their persons; and four, still more wretched, were stretched out in the sun on something more filthy than a dunghill, shivering in the cold fit of an intermittent fever.

On the arrival of the first prisoners taken in the campaign of last year, they were thrown into this abominable prison, and the officers were lodged for several days in a separate room, which, though the best in the bagnio, was small and foul. But this treatment was not consonant to the refinement of the sultan; they were speedily removed to Khalki, one of the Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, and quartered in a large deserted Greek convent, where the rest of the prisoners followed them as they arrived. There were no Turks, except a guard of tacticoes, placed over them in that beautiful little island; they were kindly treated by their co-religionists, the Greeks, and some European residents or visitors were enabled to show attention to the officers. They enjoyed at first considerable liberty and comfort; but these were afterwards restricted; and the last time I went there I was not permitted to speak to any of the Russian officers. These unlucky fellows were destitute of every thing, and the Turks were indignant at the proposal of a European envoy to furnish what they wanted: they said they knew how to take care of their own prisoners. The officer of the highest rank I ever saw at Khalki was a major of light horse, who had been wounded in two parts of the body, through and through; he owed his life to the skill and humane attentions of my friend, Dr. L., a Swede, who has been for some years settled at Constantinople. One of the officers, a lieutenant of the corps of engineers, a fine young man, conversant with the French and German languages, spoke with bitter mortification of the mismanagement of the Russian campaign. He attached the greatest blame to the commissariat department, and said that not a man among them had been taken *au feu*, but surprised by strong detachments of Turkish cavalry, when employed in bringing up the tardy supplies, or detached in out-posts, or on reconnoitring expeditions. When I left Constantinople, the number of Russian prisoners that had been forwarded there, did not exceed six hundred men.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Scenery—Views of Constantinople—The gallery of Galata Tower—Views of Constantinople compared with those of Naples—A bright remark—Pera Society—The *Drogomanerie*—Armenians—Anecdotes—The Turks of the Capital—The Greeks—Project for the improvement of the Greek People—Greek Literature, &c.—Illness and Private Affairs—Climate of Constantinople—A Persian Gentleman—Departure from Constantinople and return to England.

IN the course of this volume, I have avoided luxuriating in scenic description, but not without great difficulty, and doing frequent violence to my feelings; for the part of travel which is most difficult to convey with the pen to a distant reader, is precisely that which most interests me, and in the course of composition, my own taste has but too frequently turned my thoughts from the contemplation of men's actions to the spots where those actions took place—from politics and war, and the sultan and his reforms, to the sublime scenery of Asia Minor, and to the less grand but more beautiful pictures of the Bosphorus. The dreamy diversion has lost me many an hour. I have not however frequently obtruded it in my pages, and before leaving Constantinople, an excuse would be necessary for the omission rather than for the insertion of a few remarks on the scenery of that remarkable place and its neighbourhood. I will, and indeed must be brief. On my first arrival in the Golden Horn, (for the approach by the European coast of Marmora is not advantageous, and it is not until you turn the projecting point of the serraglio that the eye takes in the novel picture,) though struck with a panorama truly magical, I was on the whole somewhat disappointed with what I saw. The city of Constantinople did not present itself in that vastness I had imagined, the silver coloured domes of the mosque appeared rather of the dull hue of lead, and the gilt and resplendent spires and crescents of the minarets, with one or two exceptions, seemed to be of tarnished copper, lustreless and heavy. Stamboul's seven hills were not clustered so happily as those of the "eternal city," the ridges

of Pera and Cassim-Pasha owed all their beauty to artificial arrangement and the mixture of red painted houses with dark cypresses, or the gayer verdure of other trees. The picture though vast, was little in its details—the Bosphorus was a river between bold banks—the Golden Horn only a stupendous canal, and then, over all and through all there was wanting the brilliant, spotless canopy of a southern Italian sky, and the Neapolitan transparency of atmosphere, through which the objects of material nature seem to live and breathe like sentient beings.

My impressions were more favourable, when on the second evening after my arrival I ascended to the circular gallery on the summit of the Galata tower. From that elevated apartment, which should seem to have been erected on purpose for the enjoyment of the lovers of scenery, I could take in as a vast whole, what in the level of the port had broken itself into minutiae, and could discover an infinitude of objects that were there concealed from the eye. I could embrace the whole length of the city from Serraglio Point to the quiet suburb of Eyoob, could range for a considerable length along the base of Constantinople's triangle, marked with its ancient walls and thickly set fortresses, and reach across the city to one of its angular terminations at the castle of Yedi-Kouléler, or the seven towers on the sea of Marmora—an immense space, filled with edifices picturesque from their very defects, and broken with mosques and minarets far too numerous to count. The walls of the serraglio, which occupy the lines, and are supposed to retain a portion of the ancient fortifications of Byzantium; the aqueduct of Valens striding across the hollow left by two of the seven hills; the proudly swelling domes of Saint Sophia, and the still more lofty and imposing elevations of the mosque of Sultan Achmet on the square of the Hippodrome, were immediately before me, as I stood at one part of the tower gallery, and with other objects of different periods and different governments, of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Moslems, might well fill the mind with ideas still vaster than the scene. By moving somewhat in my confined orbit, I could trace nearly the whole length of the port, could catch the heights and the barracks of Daut-Pasha, glance over the houses of part of Pera, and repose on the wavy outline of the wild and heathy Thracian hills; whilst by turning my eyes a little to the left, they could traverse the broad expanse of the Propontis, and gaze with holy delight on the snowy summits of the Bithynian Olympus. By taking a few steps in the circle, another casement of the gallery offered me the sombre mass of the Turkish

cemetery, spread like a crest, (death's coronal,) on a hill behind Pera, and the heights and barracks of Dolma-bakshi; and by still revolving a little in the circle, the stately Bosphorus, with each shore a continuing lengthening village, burst on my sight from where it elegantly winds above the lovely hills and kiosks of Kanderli, to where it joins the sea of Marmora, and is lost like a playful infant in the amplitude of a mother's embrace. From the same point, the white walls of the romantic little "tower of the maiden" on a rock in the interposing channel; the new barracks; the mosque of poor Selim; and an elegant and imperial kiosk on the eastern bank of the Bosphorus; the whole of the immense and loosely scattered suburb of Scutari, and the village of Cadi-keui, (the site of the ancient Chalcedonia,) were distinctly visible, and, as it were, within touch; and retiring from the eye, were the solemn, mysterious recesses of Scutari's interminable cemetery, the romantic acclivities of Bulgurlu, and the solitary mountains of Asia Minor, along whose line my imagination would often fly to the sublime chain of Taurus, to the depths of the "old continent," the nursery of the inconceivable race of human beings to which I belong—the cradle of an infant world.

The first time I saw these scenes, which mock the power of language, whilst their soul-moving essence eludes the skill of the pencil, the sun was setting behind the hills of Thrace, and the atmosphere was unusually clear. Hundreds of light *piadès* (the most elegant of boats,* the prettiest works of man's hands, after the minarets, that we see at Constantinople,) were glancing rapidly across the Golden Horn, or (close to the European shores to avoid the force of the current) were ascending the stately channel of the Bosphorus, to the fairy-looking villages on its verdant banks. The immense inclosure of the serraglio, (in itself a picture, and a fine one,) showed itself at that moment with admirable effect. The walls of the buildings scattered within its circumference are kept purely white; their contrast, with the dark masses of cypress and other trees with which they are mixed, adds a double opaqueness and gloom to them, while these make the white walls appear of an almost unearthly pallor and purity. The domes and shelving roofs of the edifices are of a sober grey, a tint admirably adapted to soften the other con-

* The rich Turks have beautiful boats—the sultan's are the finest things of the kind I ever saw. These magnificent barges, the principle equipages where carriages are almost unknown, are of two sorts—the *Kachambas* with the long straight prow, (as represented in the plate,) and the *Sandal*, with an elevated curved prow, finishing in a scroll.

trasting hues, and to harmonize the whole with the placidity of the surrounding scenery, and of the overspreading heaven. Across the mouth of the Bosphorus, and nearly opposite the Serraglio Point, is a lovely tongue of land, called Fanar-Bakshi, (which I could include in my panorama from the gallery,) jutting out from the Asiatic coast, and made picturesque almost beyond imagining, by a group of stately plane-trees which surround a fountain, by a ruined mosque overgrown with ivy, a few scattered cypresses, and an ancient lighthouse on a rock.

The tower of Galata, whence these magnificent views are commanded, stands on the ridge of a hill between Galata and Pera. It was built for purposes of defence, by the Genoese, when those energetic traders occupied the important suburb of proud Stamboul, and in my enthusiasm, I have blest the souls of the founders, who have left such an enduring observatory, such a favourable point of sight for the enjoyment, the rapture of all who have eyes to see, and hearts to feel. It is now occupied by the Turks, who maintain a guard of two or three men, by night and by day, to give the alarm in case of fire breaking out, which they do by beating a tremendous drum suspended in the upper gallery. The round tower is solidly constructed; a most fatiguing sort of staircase winds within the thickness of the walls, nearly to the top, but the last flight is a crazy wooden ladder, which hanging over the dark, deep, void abyss of the interior of the tower, is perilous to behold. As long as I was capable of supporting the fatigue of the ascent, I went there frequently and studied the scenery under the varied effects of morning, noon, and sun-set, of clouds and sunshine. A few paras given to the lofty tenants not only gained me civil admission, but a cup of coffee and a pipe in the gallery, which I could at times consider as my special drawing-room. The Turks became obligingly familiar, and I fancied at last, that even the little blue turtle-doves, (which in countless multitudes occupied the interior of the tower,) began to regard me with the eyes of old acquaintanceship, as did most undoubtedly a society of disowned dogs, with their prolific offspring, that lodged by the great Turkish cemetery, another of my daily haunts.

It has been customary among travellers, to declare Constantinople and Naples the most beautiful situations in Europe, and to establish comparisons between the two places, which have been awarded favourable to the one or to the other, according to the difference of tastes. To my eyes it appears that no comparison between scenery so different, can be properly instituted; it must be matter of preference, and I unhesitatingly give the preference to the

older of my two friends, to the bay of Naples. The beauty of Constantinople depends much on art—on mosques, minarets, towers, and aqueducts, on the villages on the Bosphorus, and the contrast of buildings with cypress and other plantations. By destroying what man has done, the picture would lose more than half its charms; but the beauty of the bay of Naples would be unimpaired were desolation and solitude to extend over all its shores: you might destroy its proud city, its villas, its hoary fortresses, and mountain monasteries; you might burn every tree, root and branch, and still the picture would remain lovely and sublime. The fortuitous course of human events can do nothing on that glorious outline—on that assemblage of mountain, hill, vale, dell, and sea; it cannot obscure the lifefulness, the brilliancy, the transparency of that sky, which I feel convinced is such a one as must canopy the blessed in an immortal world.

The atmosphere of Constantinople, I have said, is less favourable: it is indeed immeasurably so; and the clouds and vapours that constantly float down from the Black Sea, not unfrequently give it the gloom and dullness of northern climates.

The mountains of Thrace, in the background, are neither lofty nor picturesque; the European and Asiatic hills on the Bosphorus are of inconsiderable elevation; and the sublime, poetical Mount Olympus, does not form part of the view of Constantinople; at more than twenty leagues distance, with the sea of Marmora between, it is but rarely seen at sun-set, and then you must turn your back on the city, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn. Nor in embracing the view of Constantinople, the channel and the port, from the most favourable point; (the hills behind Scutari,) do the pretty islands of Prinkipo, Khalki, Antigone, and Protè, enter into the picture: they are behind you in a nook of the Propontis, close in to the Asiatic shore. This is a different and inferior arrangement from that which I have dwelt on for months, for years, with an overflowing heart at Naples; where a magnificent champaign “*che l’Apennin parte, e il mar circonda*” is bounded by stupendous mountains which meet you whichever way you turn, where Vesuvius rises stark and isolated, where the coast is bold, and rich in high romantic capes, and the island of Capri, the most picturesque rock that was ever moulded by nature, forms an intrinsic part of the panorama, which, in some positions, may be enriched by the accession of the populous island of Procida, and the majestic volcanic peaks of the island of Ischia.

The scenery of Constantinople is certainly more curious, and there is an

oriental, novel air about it, calculated to strike the European. Of a hundred travellers, perhaps ninety would extol it above that of Naples, but the remaining ten would be such as had intensely studied nature, and had been penetrated with the true pictorial and poetic essence. A Dutch painter, charmed with the details before him, would at once "pitch his desk" at Stamboul, but a Claude Lorraine would, after the comparison, return with increased adoration to the southern parts of the Italian peninsula.

I enjoyed a smile one evening at the table of the ———, when an opaque baron from the north of Germany, entered on the hackneyed comparison of Constantinople and Naples;—a ridiculous comparison, rendered doubly so by his awkward mode of treating it. He gave a decided preference to the Turkish capital, but finished by regretting that Stamboul did not possess a volcano. "*C'est la seule chose, matame l'ambassadrice, la seule chose qui manque a cette fille, c'est un Mont Vesuve!*" The amiable lady might have thought that Constantinople had already volcanoes enough, (I mean of a moral kind,) and that the picturesqueness of such an unamiable neighbour, would hardly compensate for its inconveniences. *Mais passe pour celà*, the baron knew nothing of scenery, when he cited Vesuvius as the finest feature of that of Naples.

I must reserve my description of the Bosphorus from the "blue Symplegades" and the Giant's Mount to the basin of the Propontis, my sketches of the sylvan regions of Belgrade, the solitudes of Bulgurlu, and the gay retreats of the Princes' Islands, with much other matter for another "*fitte*." I have been dwelling on the beauties that filled me with happiness, and occupied my mind to the exclusion of almost every thing beside, for many, many days, with an aching head, and nerves unstrung by fever; and reverting consideration from myself to the reader, I find I have inflicted a much heavier volume than I intended.

I have attempted in the beginning of these sketches, to amuse the reader with what I considered a novelty, i. e. a description of Levantine society at Smyrna. Of the society of Pera I have little to say, the resources of the French and English legations, and the hospitality of the resident English merchants were wanting, and a duller and more unsocial place can hardly be imagined. The *drogomanerie*, who affect to "overpeer the petty traffickers," are always ready to visit and feast in the houses of others, but are extremely renitent of their own doors and their own hospitality,—it is rare that a stranger can penetrate into their beggarly enclosures of illiberality and pre-

judice ; and if he be a Protestant, an additional bar is crossed at the back of the door, by their obsolete Catholic fanaticism. On great occasions, such as the saints' day of Monsieur le Drogoman, or Madame la Drogomanesse, they do, however, open their houses to the access of congratulating friends, and deal for once, by wholesale, in the formula and etiquette of the ambassadorial palaces. I was utterly disgusted, on my first arrival, with what I saw of the flippant impertinence, the vulgar ignorance and ostentation of this class, and was disinclined, moreover, from any intercourse with them by extreme ill health. To one of their parties, however, I did go ; and from mere motives of curiosity, much akin to those which would have led me to a menagerie of monkeys, or any other monstrous exhibition. I found Madame on a sofa at the end of the room, supported by two female friends. Monsieur was shuffling about in his papoushes, offering cups of coffee and glasses of sherbet. The visitors as they entered advanced, hat in hand, straight from the door to the reigning luminary at the end of the room, starch and formal, without looking either to the right or to the left. They made a low bow, paid the compliments of the occasion, which have been fixed by the precedents of at least two centuries, and received in return—a gracious smile, and the unvarying, eternal, response of “ *Monsieur vous nous faites honneur.*” I paid my devoirs like the rest, and received the same formal reply, which was hit off to each of my further questions ; nor could my attempts at conversation elicit anything else, save a “ *Monsieur vous etes trop bon,*” or some such sickening *fadaise*. The women sat in solemn silence, with their legs crossed on the divan, like idols in a pagoda. The men walked about the august apartment, twirling their hats in their fingers, took a cup of coffee, and when the established length of a visit of etiquette was expired, oscillated again before the divinity, and vanished. I, too, speedily disappeared ; and as I walked from the dull threshold, I swore I would never cross such a one again.

I might have saved myself the folly or the sin of an oath, for during the four months longer that I remained at Constantinople, they never gave me an opportunity. The Armenians are afraid of contact with Europeans, lest it should excite the jealousies of their masters, the Turks. Their modes of life and of thought are also at variance with ours, and I could not promise myself much gratification from an intercourse with an ignorant, gross, and sordid race. My curiosity would, however, have induced me to seek an occasional ingress into their generally impenetrable domestic circles, and my friend Z. might have procured it for me, but his connexions of relationship and friend-

ship lay entirely among the Armenians of the Catholic persuasion like himself, and of these the more opulent had been banished some months before into Asia Minor, and the others were relegated in miserable villages, and had their usual fears of the observations and jealousies of the Turks, added to those of their favoured schismatic brethren, increased to a downright panic. I never saw the interior of an Armenian domicile but twice—once in the course of an expedition to purchase painted muslin handkerchiefs, in which they have great skill; and once in the unobserved retreat of the island of Prinkipo, where the handmaidens of the house appeared before me with unveiled faces, and blushing helped me to coffee and chibooks.

The prevalence of abstract principle over personal interest, the sacrifice of our worldly good for the sake of ideas which regard a future and superior state of existence, a martyrdom for religious opinion, whether sealed with blood, or merely by the sacrifice of wealth, of ease, and of comfort, must ever be entitled to our respect; but this feeling was detracted from in my breast, when I saw that the Armenians had submitted to privation and exile from a blind reverence of what they knew absolutely nothing. The pages of history, which treat of the early dissensions of the Christian church, might sufficiently inform me of the nature and tenets of the Eutychean schism; but I was curious to learn the present rituals and discipline of the ancient eastern hierarchy. I enquired of many Armenians, and of some Catholic Armenians who had avoided confiscation and exile, by a seeming conformity with their more powerful brethren, and who at the time had the experience of several months' attendance in the schismatic places of worship, what were the striking points of difference between the Roman and the real Armenian church. They could not tell me; all that they knew was the Eutycheans drew a veil before the Host at the moment of its elevation, and stood up in parts of their worship where the Catholics kneeled down; and, perhaps, it is not hazarding much to say, that of the ten or twelve thousand Catholic Armenians that abandoned their wealth and their professions for conscience sake, and were barbarously driven with their aged parents, their wives, and children, in the midst of an inclement winter, from the comforts of their homes at Constantinople to the poor and remote districts of Asia Minor, there were not a dozen who knew for what they were making so heavy a sacrifice, or could define the broad principles of faith in which the religion of the Pope differs from that of Eutyclus.

I was much amused by the recent conversion of an Armenian to Islamism. This was a sturdy fellow, (as they generally are,) but possessed of a spirit that their caste seems destitute of. A turbulent Turk his neighbour, and the terror of all the district, was wont to insult the robust Caprile whenever he met him. He bore this for a long time. What could he do? Though confident in his bodily strength, as a Christian, as a rayah he could not fail getting the worst of it, should he in the midst of the Turks attempt to retaliate, or even to defend himself. At last he could bear it no longer. "I embrace the Kiblè of Islamism!" cried he one morning in the streets of Stamboul, as his persecutor was about renewing his usual treatment; "I am a Mahometan, an Osmanli: I call all the by-standers to witness;" he attacked and broke the bones of the astonished ruffian, to the delight of all present, and a Turk of course he became—to the great scandal of his patient and devout brethren.

There was another Armenian conversion of less recent date, and originating in what I consider less excusable motives, related to me with all its particulars. A banker, or a merchant, committed the double sin of a violent assault and atrocious forgery; he was condemned to condign punishment, but escaped by embracing the faith of Mahomet. He was more fortunate than renegadoes generally are, and had become grand customer of tobacco, or receiver of the duties of that most important article of consumption. As an Armenian, whose life is in every thing else precisely that of a Turk, he had nothing to change, but the outward semblance of an hostile faith. I met him several times, and was once invited with Dr. C. to eat a roast lamb with him at his kiosk near the village of San-Stefano. He was a thorough Turk; but his turban, his flowing bright robes, the invidious distinction of the yellow slippers, and his wealth and consequence, had not enabled him to correct the inherent grossness of his caste, or to assume the gracefulness and dignity of manners which, as far as exteriors go, and seldom farther, pretty generally distinguish the Turkish gentleman.

The interior of two or three Turkish houses, and an occasional interview with an effendi of the capital, would offer little but a repetition of what I have described in the provinces. An ample tribute of praise is due to the generally honest, loyal character of the Turkish people, but I fear this must be confined to the people; an ascent in the social scale brings us to the open indulgence of the most abominable vices, to the barbarous abuse of power,

to extortion, avarice, and voluptuous indolence; and though feeling no great sympathy for the Turks in general, nor (as far as merely regards them) any deep interest in the pending struggle, my bile used to rise when at the moment the enemy's guns were roaring on the other side of the Balkan, and insulting them even at the mouth of the Bosphorus, when the half naked hordes were pouring over from Asia to defend the crescent, and when, as at last, the minds of the Osmanlis were warmed with the spirit of the sultan, I used to see these luxurious effendis, these lordlings in petticoats,* seated in their cool kiosks on the Bosphorus, smoking their pipes from morning till night, wrapped in stupidity, sloth, and apathy.

Of the society of the Greeks I saw more; and this was in part owing to the greater facility of access, and to my connexion with an intelligent and respectable Fanariote; and, in part, to the superior degree of interest I felt for their class, which, after mature observation, and without shutting my eyes on their faults, I must consider as the most spirited, the most intellectual, and most *improveable* of all the dwellers in the semi-barbarous Levant. I have dwelt with complacency, perhaps with enthusiasm, on the gracefulness of the poor Greeks of Ionia; but at Constantinople I found these natural qualities combined, in many instances, with European ideas and civilization—with a stock of refinement and instruction that would not disgrace the polished members of London or Parisian society. The pride of the Fanar was gone—the families that traced a real or imaginary descent from the early periods of the Greek empire, were ruined and scattered—the heads of many of those families had fallen victims to Turkish suspicion or revenge, and the melancholy remnant dragged on a life of poverty and obscurity. But even from that remnant I could judge of the rest; and misfortunes already suffered, and apprehensions for the future, could not wholly check the movements of a social and intellectual spirit. It belongs not to an Englishman to reprobate the aspirations of ambition, and the vices and intrigues of the Fanar are attributable to the vices of the Turkish government, which left no way open to the enjoyment of a passion, in itself noble, but those resorted to by the Greek Boyars.

But in the Fanar there were many families that stood aloof from the treacherous arena, who gained wealth and consideration by means respected and sacred in all the countries of Europe save Turkey, and who made a noble

* I know no other name to give the effeminate, long dress, worn by these Stamboolis.

use of their affluence, in contributing to the instruction of their brethren. At the expense of these men (and they were occasionally assisted by the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia) schools were established, books were printed, and young men were sent to pursue their studies in Italy, France, and Germany. To them, and to private merchants scattered through the Levant, or established at Marseilles, the commercial ports of Italy, &c. is owing the dawn that has burst on the long benighted Greeks—and I cannot withdraw my admiration from these noble and long-continued efforts, nor avoid expressing a desire, a hope, that they may be assisted by the co-operation of affluent and informed Europe, and that the effect may be to include (a few years hence) a considerable portion of the Greek people within the pale of civilization. I had several long conversations on this interesting subject with dignitaries of the church, and other Greeks, and their opinion was *one*—that it was but by the dissemination of education that their people could be made worthy of the independence and rank they aspire at—and that it was but from the well-applied liberality of Christian nations they could hope for the means of the desired progress.

I can say, from my own observation, that the Greeks both of Asia Minor and Constantinople, and even of the scattered islands of the Archipelago, pretty generally know how to read, and are fond of reading. At the miserable town or village of Milo, I saw two little schools; and I have often seen at Smyrna and on the Bosphorus, an attentive group gathered round a friend reading aloud. I once examined the book whose contents so much delighted them—it was a translation in Romaic of Goldsmith's epitome of Ancient Grecian History!

Though but an infant literature, cramped by almost every unfavourable influence, there already exist many good works in Romaic; but the editions made at Venice, Vienna, and other parts of Europe, by private munificence, were necessarily scanty, and have long been exhausted; and the re-impression of these, and versions of some of our elementary works, (which many Greeks are capable of performing,) would be an invaluable donation, and in the hands of a people naturally so curious and intelligent, would be a powerful engine to work out their reform. Poor Lord Byron, who could see, when he chose, with the eye of a man of the world, as well as with that of a poet, derided the idea of the premature establishment of newspapers; but he felt the value of a few good elementary books for the Greeks, and a short time

before his death, he mentioned to my friend M—— a project he entertained of devoting himself, or procuring a few hundred pounds for that object, by way of a beginning. The literary veteran Coray, when speaking of the regeneration of his countrymen, has repeatedly said, it is education and the press that must begin and complete it—the Greeks have been as Turks for nearly four centuries, they are even now *trop turques*, and it is the literature of modern Europe, the legitimate descendant of that of ancient Greece, which must restore them to their lost estate. My mind glows at the thought of the glorious restitution, and the reflux of gold and of silver from enterprising England to the countries that produce the precious metals, seems to me a vulgar and unimportant stream, compared to that which should carry back our arts and our letters to the regions whence we derived them.

No very considerable sum would be required for the commencement of so noble an enterprize: the presses of England and France might furnish in a few months the *nucleus* of an elementary Romaic library, by merely reprinting the works already existing. These copies might be sent out to different parts of the Levant—the richer Greeks would purchase them with avidity, and for a time, gratuitous distributions might be made among the poorer, by our consuls or agents, as is done with our versions of the scriptures. The translations of the immortal works of their ancestors, by directing their attention to what they have been, could not fail, with the natures they possess, to raise them in the social scale, and we might add interest to capital, in imparting our improvements in sciences of which those ancestors knew little or nothing. A few plain books, such as are now publishing by the society for the promotion of useful knowledge, would be most effective, and it would be easy to procure the labours of travelled Greeks, competent to the task of rendering them into Romaic.

Among the Greeks who are said to be possessed of most literary merit, and who could contribute by their labours and example to the projects proposed for the mental improvement and civilization of their countrymen, I may mention the following from a list furnished me by a Fanariote, a man of talent, whose life has been devoted to literary pursuits, and who has been intimately acquainted with many of the characters he describes.

Aianian, the son of a papas, a native of Epirus, was established at Constantinople as professor of ancient Greek. His school in the Fanar, where the sons of the boyars studied the immortal pages of Homer, Thucydides, and Demosthenes, was well frequented until the period of the revolution, when he

retired to take an active part in the struggle. He gave private lessons to the family of the unfortunate prince Costacki Morousi. He had three brothers, also men of literary merit, with whom he completed a translation, in pure and elegant modern Greek, of the Lives of Plutarch, a desirable work, that lies, like several others, unpublished for want of pecuniary means. Aianian has since been a member of the national assembly of the Greeks. I saw his father at Galata in September 1828, and the old man spoke with parental enthusiasm of the talents of his son, and the prospects of rapid amelioration among his countrymen, now that the great nations of Europe take an interest in their favour. The four first books of Plutarch had been already translated by

Spiridon Valetta, who is a native of an island of the Archipelago, of Nio, the ancient Ios, one of the most distinguished of the Cyclades, which was colonized by the elegant Ionians, and was celebrated as being the place where Homer expired. Valetta's versions from Plutarch are highly esteemed for their elegance, and the manuscript copy has been assiduously perused and admired by many of the superior class of the Fanar, by women as well as by men: the only thing he had the fortune to publish, was a translation of Rousseau's clever paradox, "*Sur l'inégalité*," which appeared under an assumed name, and from its abstract nature attracted little attention. Valetta was employed as secretary by Alexander Soutza, when Prince of Wallachia. On the death of his patron, who, as it is confidently asserted, was poisoned at Bucharest in 1820 by the revolutionizing Greeks, who had opened themselves to him, and had their proposals of co-operation rejected, Valetta retired with the family to Cronstadt, where he married the niece of the prince, a young woman of talent, devoted to literature like himself, who had translated and published Mably's "*Dialogues de Phocion*." Valetta is now in the flower of life, robust, healthy, and enterprising, and only prevented by restricted means from contributing by the labour of his pen to the important cause.

Yacovacki Rizo, a Fanariote and a boyar by birth, has written and published two tragedies, "*Polixene*" and "*Aspasia*," the latter since the revolution; he printed an extensive edition, and the tragedies have been widely circulated and warmly applauded. Rizo is a man of the world as well as of letters; he was principal minister to Michael Soutza, when that prince hoisted the standard of revolt at Jassy, and he is now employed in the civil government of a district of Greece, to which he was appointed by Capo d'Istria.

Athanasius Cristopulo has published some Anacreontics, an Opera, "*Achilles*" on the Metastasian model. He is also the author of a good modern

Greek grammar, the copies of which, like those of all the books so essential to education, have long been exhausted.

Costantino Vardalacho was professor of ancient Greek and belles lettres in the ill-fated college of Scio, where he lived several years, and was much respected for the efficacy of his instructions and unremitting attention to his pupils. From Scio he was invited to Bucharest; thence he fled, at the commencement of the revolution, to Hermanstadt in Transylvania. From Hermanstadt, where he might have died of misery had he not been engaged by the English society on a version of the Bible, he repaired to Odessa, and assumed in the Russian College the professorship of ancient Greek and belles lettres. Vardalacho has published in modern Greek a course of rhetoric, (the best that exists,) and is besides author of many excellent elementary works on mathematics, physics, &c., some of which are printed, while some, from poverty, remain in manuscript. He is cited as being altogether one of the best and most useful of the modern Greek writers, who have nobly attempted to dispel the long gathered clouds of barbarism and ignorance. His style is classical yet easy, and any Greek may understand his valuable compositions. His advanced age, his broken health and spirits, may prevent his further labours in the cause; but the re-impression of his instructive treatises would be an invaluable donation to the Greek people, and he has left many young and active men formed by his instructions, who might be employed with effect.

Neophitus Bamba, a Sciote by birth, travelled in civilized Europe, and studied at Paris at the expense of the generous community of his native island. On his return he became professor of sciences in the rising school at Scio. He fled from his home at the horrors of the revolution, and went to the Morea, where he not only taught and made speeches, but fought boldly against the Turkish enemy. He was obliged, by the unhappy dissensions of the Greek peninsula, to retire to Cephalonia, where he now lives by teaching in a private school, which is particularly well attended. He has written many, but has been able to publish only two works—a Course of Rhetoric, which is said to be excellent in point of language, and to have been looked over by Coray; and a Course of Moral Philosophy, which is thought somewhat inferior to the rhetoric. He is a man in the prime of life, industrious, and enthusiastic in all that relates to the civilization of the Greek people.

Psalida, mentioned by Lord Byron, was professor at Jannina, but he died shortly after the commencement of the Greek revolution. His best works are a treatise on happiness and a treatise on domestic morality.

Constantius, archbishop of Mount Sinai, the sole prelate of the Greek church, independent of the patriarch, is a native of Constantinople. His summer residence is at Antigone, one of the Princes Islands, where I twice visited him, and was delighted with his information, and friendly paternal manners. He is a very learned man: he is critically acquainted with the ancient Greek, writes the modern idiom with purity, and reads Latin, French, and Italian. He was employed for some time in the revision of a Romaic version of the Scriptures, and he showed me with great delight a number of books, among which was a copy of Champollion's Hieroglyphics, which he had received, with a complimentary letter, from the London Bible Society, the only remuneration he would accept. He has published a Topography of ancient Alexandria, dedicated to the late Emperor Alexander, and a topography of the island of Cyprus, where he resided seven years; he has also by him an excellent work on Constantinople, ancient and modern, which his circumstances have not yet permitted him to send to press. He was enchanted with the prospect of the dissemination of good elementary books among the Greeks, and said that was the proper way of beginning the reform of those, whose defects and vices he neither concealed from himself nor affected to conceal from others.

Ilarion, ex bishop of Bulgaria, a native of Crète, is perhaps the most learned and most indefatigable of the Greek hierarchy. From personal acquaintance, I should consider him entitled to occupy a distinguished place even among the literati of Europe, and as a man whose mind and energies if afforded the opportunity of action, could not fail of producing the most beneficial effects on his long-degraded, but still talented and susceptible countrymen. He superintended the edition of a classical Greek and Romaic dictionary, of which, unfortunately, only one volume was printed in the patriarchal press at Constantinople, when the revolution broke out and put a dead stop to every thing. He has translated, and has by him, the tragedies of Sophocles, in spirited modern Greek verse, with a *mot-a-mot* version in prose. He endeavoured, some time since, but unsuccessfully, to raise a subscription to publish. Deprived of his bishopric, he was in extreme poverty, when the Rev. Mr. Leeves* employed him at an annual stipend, to make an entire and new translation of the scriptures, for the English Bible Society. His

* The exertions of this gentleman in favour of the Greeks, and of their religious and moral improvement, cannot be too highly praised. The Greeks are grateful to him, as they ought to be.

intense application had completed the vast undertaking when I last saw him, at an old ruinous house in the suburb of Palat, at the end of the port of Constantinople; he informed me that he had received letters from London, advising him, that the edition was nearly printed; and we may hope that, at last, instead of an unintelligible, garbled version, the Greeks will have the holy book put into their hands in a proper form. Though a churchman, and giving the greatest importance to the salutary diffusion of the scriptures, the Bishop Ilarion, like the Archbishop Constantius, was sensible of the necessity of temporal, as well as spiritual instruction; and though misfortune and poverty, and melancholy experience of the world, checked the lively assurances of enthusiasm, he prayed, he warmly hoped, that an attempt at the intellectual improvement of the Greek people would, if persisted in for a few years, be followed by great and enduring advantages; and he added, (I believe not in compliment to me, for he was particularly frank and even caustic in his conversation,) that it was to England, or to generous English individuals, who were after all the truest friends of the Greeks, he should look for the noble enterprise. He proffered his readiness to engage on the translation of any good work on the conditions of receiving merely wherewith to support life during the prosecution of his labours, and he mentioned several active young men acquainted with the ancient Greek, Latin, French, and Italian literature, who would co-operate with him on the same terms.

In the midst of a general neglect of the culture of the female mind, in countries where the offices of women are confined “to suckle fools and chronicle”—not “small beer,” but pipes, tobacco, and sweetmeats, to wait obsequiously on her lord at table, to hand him his chibook and cup, to veil her face and be obedient, the better classes of Greeks have of late years shown their superiority, by attending to the education of their daughters. I occasionally met an elegant young creature, who resided with her widowed mother, the princess —, at the village of Therapia; she spoke French with purity, she read Italian, she knew music, and was conversant with history and other branches of literature. Since the revolution, in the number of those who have attempted to raise the spirit, and purify the manners of the Greeks, by the labours of the pen, there are several ladies. A tragedy, “The Death of Marca Bozzari,” which was playing at the island of Syra, in the autumn of 1827, to the delight of the Greeks, was the production of a young lady of good family; and I was shown, by a Moreote I met at Marseilles on my return,

a version of Lord Byron's magnificent lyric on the Isles of Greece, the work of a very young female, who, being ignorant of the English language, had rendered it into Romaic verse, from a French translation in prose. I must leave this interesting subject, and hasten to bid farewell to my readers, should there be any who have followed me thus far.

I left Smyrna in the month of May, suffering from illness, and a tendency to inflammation of the eyes and head. I recovered during the sea voyage, and on my arrival at Constantinople, I had so many novel objects to attract and occupy me, that I could not bestow the care necessary to prevent a relapse. After several threats, the disorder returned upon me with violence, just as I had arranged the plan of a journey to Adrianople, and had my imagination full of the Rhodope and the Hebrus, of Turkish camps, and fields of roses.* It was on the 18th of June, after having passed a day of solitary and exquisite happiness, in exploring the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, from the point of Fauar-Bakshi, Chalcedonia, and the Scutari cemetery, to the romantic mountain of Bulgurlu, that I was seized with a painful ophthalmia. By the application of leeches, and by copious bleeding, the pain was somewhat abated, and I was enabled to go abroad occasionally for some weeks; but about the middle of July, when my eyes were comparatively well, I had a still more serious visitation—an inflammation of the coats of the brain. I cannot think without horror on what I suffered. For five-and-twenty successive nights, I could not close my eyes, and the slumbers of the day were short, and interrupted by anguish. During the night, I walked up and down the saloon, trying to dissipate pain by motion, and to occupy my mind by counting my steps, and varying my course, sometimes traversing the room lengthways, sometimes from one angle to another, sometimes breadthways. The pain was always more intense during night; it was with an eagerness I cannot describe that I waited the dawn of morning, and with a rapture that would soothe suffering, that I hailed the sun rising behind the hills of Asia. The views from my window were magnificent; I have contemplated them at sun-set, by moon-light, at sun-rise, at every possible moment of the four-and-twenty hours, and they are ineffaceably written on my mind. The barracks of Scutari, which I have said I have reason to remember, were immediately opposite to me, and

* My friend Z. had often described to me in glowing colours, the immense fields of flowering rose-bushes, which he had seen at a similar season, in the neighbourhood of Adrianople. They are cultivated for the attar of roses, which is manufactured in those districts.

it was on their brightening walls that I could trace the approaches of day—of that day that I so yearningly desired. I was injudiciously, and (what was worse in him) negligently treated by my medical attendant, (a countryman too!) When reduced by bleeding, and torture of various descriptions, and by long suffering, my friends made up their minds that I was dying. I never thought so myself, but I had an apprehension, still more dreadful—that continued pain and insomnolency would drive me mad.

Some time in August, when I was infinitely worse than he had found me, my doctor prescribed change of air, and the village of Therapia. I had frequently passed days there, I loved the spot and its scenery; I had an elegant apartment, and the society of my affectionate friend Z.; but still to Therapia, in the state I was, I did not wish to go. Though no physician, I could feel that an exposed situation, visited even during the heats of summer by cold bleak winds and vapours from the Black Sea, which blow down the Bosphorus, or are condensed in the confinement of its hills, was not a proper place for me; and I was supported in my opinion by the experience of my friend Z., who at once recommended the more sheltered position and the milder air of Princes' Islands. The doctor over-ruled my objections—they were ill-founded—the air of the Bosphorus was what suited me; besides, he could not attend me at Prinkipo, it was too far, too inconvenient, I might die there without his *effective* co-operation; so to Therapia I went, and it blew and it rained the very first night of my arrival, and I caught, in addition to my already insupportable ills, an obstinate intermittent fever, (a pertinacious enemy that has visited me since my return to England, and from which I am not yet liberated.) After fifteen days of uninterrupted suffering, I returned to Pera worse than ever. I then listened to the advice of a Swede, the medical attendant of the Netherland ambassadress, and as kind and attentive a man as ever exercised a profession that gives such importance to both qualities, and which is so rarely accompanied by either. I went to the lovely island of Prinkipo in September, with my faithful Davide, and an intelligent Greek who did me more good than all my medicines, by reading to me, by introducing me into the agreeable society of some Fanariotes his relations, and by seeking every means in his power to divert my mind, and to contribute to my comfort. In somewhat less than a month I recovered, and from my own experience I would recommend the climate of the Princes' Islands to all such as may have the misfortune of an illness at Constantinople. Nothing can be more delightful

than this climate : sheltered by the hills of Asia, and retired from the currents and blasts of the Black Sea, the air is temperate and regular, (which is not the case with *one* of the frequented villages in the Bosphorus,) and the picture of Greek manners and modes of living, their gaiety and sociality, when entirely separated from the Turks, (as they are here,) cannot fail to furnish delight to the observer.

During the latter part of my illness at Pera, it was with difficulty I could go out, and my walk rarely extended farther than the house of the dancing dervishes at Pera, whose strange exhibitions used to afford me amusement. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the unwearying kindness of my friends Messrs. C. and E. Zohrab, Jassiji and Emerick, (an amiable French gentleman,) who frequently deprived themselves of all other society to keep me company in my sick room. Another occasional and delightful associate was an enlightened Persian, Sedi-Khan, well known in London, (as agent of Prince Abbas Mirza,) whence he had recently returned. This gentlemanly Oriental spoke English fluently and correctly ; he had studied at a British college in India ; he admired, he loved England, and every thing that belonged to her. Unfortunately his liver was in as bad a state as my head, but still we managed in the intervals of our disorders to crawl to each other's lodgings, and to spend some delicious hours, (at least such they were to me.) Our talk was of the east and of the north, of India, Persia, and old England—we had information to give and receive ; but so well was that highly intellectual Persian versed in the affairs and customs of our country, compared to my ignorance of Persia, that I learned infinitely more than I taught. Suppressing hundreds, there is one passage in our interlocutions which I must mention, as it relates to a distinguished and unfortunate English traveller in the East, the late William George Brown, Esq.* who, as the reader may remember, was killed in Persia in the summer of 1813, while on a journey from Tabriz to Teherân. My friend Sedi-Khan refuted, with what I considered convincing arguments and proofs, the odious suspicion that the Persian government had to do with his death. “ But what could he expect,” continued he, “ travelling in Persia with a Turkish costume, and with manners so correctly Turkish, that he could not but be taken for an Osmanli? The

* For a biographical memoir of this extraordinary man, and some valuable sketches of his on Turkey, see the excellent compilation of the Rev. R. Walpole, Vol. I.

Persians hate the Turks as they do the devil—it was the Turkish turban and benish that killed him! If he had worn his English hat and coat, he would have been safe—he might have been robbed, but never murdered!”

It has been the practise for superficial observers, to laud the climate of Constantinople as pure and healthy, yet nothing can be more absurd; and in confirmation of my opinion, and my sad experience to the contrary, I may quote a passage from a work I have already referred to with great pleasure—the Travels of Dr. Adam Neale, a physician, and an acute and accurate observer.

“Whoever has visited Constantinople, and has contemplated the vast swampy tracts which extend around it in all directions, must immediately subscribe to this opinion, (i. e. that Constantinople is among the most unhealthy of European capitals.) Doctor Clarke, though no physician, seized the truth at once; for the situation of Constantinople, notwithstanding it is the most beautiful under heaven, is certainly the most unhealthy. At a moderate calculation, I should estimate the marshy grounds lying immediately around its walls to be little short of twenty square miles. Let us trace on a map the low shores of the Propontis, furrowed by shallow muddy streams, obstructed at their mouths, and dilating into morasses. Contemplate the low grounds of Bithynia, the Lake of Nicea, and the fertile swampy valleys at the foot of Olympus, together with the harbour (the Golden Horn) itself, and the stagnating waters of Kiat-hanè, and we shall be convinced that of all places in Europe, Constantinople must suffer most from marsh effluvia.”

Doctor Neale might have added the thick, impervious forest of Belgrade, at twelve miles from the city walls, with stagnant pools in its wooded hollows, and indeed many other insalubrious influences; and he should not have omitted the cold blasts from the Black Sea, which frequently, during the hottest days, nearly cut you through as you turn a corner. The gathered emaciated, fevered crowd I saw at the end of September, on the feast of a Panagea at Keflekeui, and an *aiasma*, or holy fountain on the Bosphorus, gave a direct contradiction to the boasted salubrity of its shores; and it is a notorious fact, that Pera is singularly obnoxious to all inflammatory disorders. Strangers are sure to pay a tribute of sickness on their arrival, or shortly after; and the suite of Governor Elphinstone, who arrived during my stay, and had travelled almost without an aching head, from India by land,

all fell ill at Pera; and one of those gentlemen (as unlucky as myself) has had several returns of his Constantinople fever at London.

I left Constantinople in October with great pleasure—a pleasure heightened by the prospect of a speedy return to England, and by the company (as far as Smyrna) of my dear friend H—— and of my friend D——. My journey homeward was not so rapid as I had calculated, but it was extremely interesting. I did not reach Marseilles until December; I was there condemned to five-and-twenty days' rigid quarantine, and had the vast solitude of the lazaretto all to myself, and attendant or guard. On emerging from my prison, I made some excursions to Toulon and the neighbourhood; and then travelled slowly through the *south* of France by Avignon, Vaucluse, Nismes, &c. and in the midst of as dreary a winter as ever belonged to a climate of the *north*.

On the 2nd of February 1829, I once again saw the white cliffs of old England; and on the following day I stepped, with a beating heart, on my native shore, after an absence of eight years and five months.

THE END.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE first edition of this work was sent in a hurried manner to the press, and the bad state of my health which called for repose, obliged me to pass hastily over many interesting objects in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire, and to suppress some altogether.

I now propose to supply those deficiencies, at least, in part, and request the reader's attention to the following brief and miscellaneous observations.

Of the various and dissimilar classes of the Levant with which my travels brought me in contact, the Turks are those, who, at the present critical moment attract most attention, and of whom it is most necessary to have correct information. I shall therefore begin with them, and with that portion of their operations and condition on which the preservation of their empire not only in Europe, but along the shores of Asia Minor, may depend. I mean their military organization, and their means of defence against the rapidly advancing Russians.

In the preceding work, already submitted to the public, I have given rather copious military details, and, to the utmost of my ability, a fair picture of the state of the Ottoman army and navy, up to the moment of my departure from the Turkish capital, in October, 1828: a few remarks, there suppressed, may now be added (for the interest of the subject has been immeasurably increased by posterior events), and valuable information received from intelligent individuals in the country, and from an English gentleman, Mr. C. H——, who has recently returned from Constantinople, will now enable me to extend my picture, and to give an idea of the state of Turkey, as it was in July, 1829.

The partial ill success of the Russians in 1828, the result of their own inconceivable mismanagement, and notably of their disorganized and vicious commissariat, rather than of any brilliant operation on the part of the

Turks, elated the spirits of the latter, who, lambs at the commencement of the campaign, were lions at its end. The temporary failure of the foe begot confidence in the Osmanlis, and in barbarous minds, confidence is the parent of negligence. The months that elapsed between the cessation of hostilities and their re-commencement, do not appear to have been profitably employed by the Turks, (I speak of the forces in the field); but the Asiatic hordes suffered, as I foresaw, from the inclemencies of the winter in Roumelia and Bulgaria, and the important fortress of Varna, where they had never carried their arms before—not even after a war of seven years—a position which, giving credence to the popular belief that the Emperor aims at a permanent establishment in European Turkey, was well worth all the sacrifices of the campaign of 1828, remained in the hands of the Russians, and was fortified by them. Besides Varna, the northern eagle floated over captured fortresses on the Danube; and though, for reasons I profess not to comprehend, the congratulations, of those averse to Russian politics and conquest, on the failure of the Emperor's arms in Europe, were not disturbed by the success of his arms in Asia; still the fact was evident, that the enterprising Paskevitch had rapidly advanced, had been uniformly successful in the provinces on the Southern shores of the Black Sea, and maintained his ground in the neighbourhood of the important city and fortress of Erzerum. Nor were the effects of the campaign of last year innocuous to the Turks: some portions of their army suffered on their own territory from defects in the commissariat department, similar to those so fatal to the invaders; whatever may have been the deficiencies of their generals, and the defects of their plan of campaign, the Russians are not troops to be met with impunity; the losses of the Osmanlis were considerable, and were of so much the more consequence, as they fell heavily on the Tacticoes or regulars—the cherished corps raised with so much difficulty, which was to be the nucleus of a disciplined army, and an example and an incentive to the Mussulman people. I have described the Tacticoes as I saw them, and it will not excite surprise that a number of these boys sunk under mere fatigue; and that on one or two occasions when they were charged by the Russian infantry, they were at once borne down by superior physical strength.

Their general good conduct, their discipline, their superior alertness, and even their bravery in the presence of the enemy, conferred honour on

the Sultan's essay, and proved, very satisfactorily, that these youthful, half-instructed Tacticoes, might be made in time most efficient soldiers. Had there been no other argument to adduce than this, it ought to have sufficed to change the tenor of Mahmood's conduct, to have led him to listen to the advice of those who are anxious for any thing rather than for the subversion of his empire—to see the necessity of conforming to the proposals of the allied nations of Europe, thereby to obviate a Russian attack until a few years had given strength and experience to his infant army. But even now (Sept. 1829), after the most serious reverses, the Sultan is as perverse in a ruinous system of politics, and as blind to his true interests, as at the end of 1827, when Mr. Stratford Canning, for the last time, exposed them in a luminous and (to all but him) convincing manner.* The obstinacy of the Turks, is indeed proverbial—to judge from my own experience of them, I should say the proverb is most justly applied—the quality exists in its utmost vigour in the mind of Mahmood—from his self-willedness and obstinacy have proceeded all the good and all the evil that have marked his reign, and from them may yet proceed an extent of evil to the Ottoman empire, beyond our powers of calculation. That his obstinacy, however, in the present case, has been fostered by the suggestions of the Austrian cabinet, and by a conviction in his own bosom, that England and France would, under any circumstances, interfere in his favour, whenever the Russians drove him to extremities, I can readily believe from what I have heard and seen myself at Constantinople, nor can I suppress a regret that the popular tone (particularly in England) for some months past, should have been of a nature to confirm him in his opinion, even while we are still uncertain of his adhesion to the treaties of London, drawn up in the best spirit, for the welfare of Greece, and the integrity of the rest of the Turkish dominions.

* The arguments of the distinguished British ambassador *were convincing to all but Mahmood*; and I base this assertion on the information of those who were in the habits of daily intercourse with the members of the divan, and with the principal Turks of Constantinople. An effendi, of the highest rank, in assenting to all the arguments used by one of my friends, said to him, "If you and I had to settle this business, it would be done forthwith—but who shall convince or turn the obstinate sultan!" Yet probably this very man would, in the council and in the presence of his violent master, confirm and echo the decisions of which he saw the peril and absurdity—and this from a regard to his own interest or safety. Such are the blessings of a barbarous and despotic system!

Many of the irregular Asiatic-bairaks that I saw crossing the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, for the defence of the European provinces in the spring and summer of 1828, had enrolled only for a certain number of months. The thoughts of their distant and unprotected families (for, as I have said, nearly every Turk marries at the age of manhood), the inclemency of winter, from which their scanty clothing could ill protect them, and their natural impatience of order and control, must have made them long for the expiration of their engagement, and more so, when their spirit and fanaticism were no longer kept alive by the sight of the detested ghiaours. When the term of their service expired, the Sultan, however, could ill spare a man. A few were permitted to depart,—some deserted—and their tales of suffering were ill-calculated to cheer the hearts of those who were marching to the army, from the regions through which they passed, or from their native districts. The local authorities charged with the support of the families of those who had marched to the theatre of war, had discharged their duties, rather in accordance to their limited financial means, than to the wants of those abandoned by their husbands or the heads of their families. In some inland districts of Anatolia, the distress was great, and of such a nature, that neither it, nor its cause, could be kept out of sight. The Asiatics who remained in Europe, the retainers of the Ayans or feudatory lords—troops that are raised on much the same tenure as our old feudal bands in Christendom, which could rarely be kept together for more than forty days at a time*—the members of the *esnaffs*, the unwarlike denizens of Constantinople, could with difficulty be retained, and their spirits evaporated at the prospect of a lengthened war, and daily privation. The mountaineers of Albania, Thessaly and Bosnia, were of a hardier and more warlike nature; and a portion of them fought for the defence of their immediate European homes. They fought bravely, as they have always done, and maintained the character they have long enjoyed, of being by far the best soldiery of the Turkish empire. But they could take the field merely as irregular partisans or guerillas, having entered a vehement protest against any subjection to the new military system, or the *Nizam attic* of the sultan. So strong indeed was this hatred to the discipline and tactics of the new army, in the breasts of the Albanians, that last year, the enrolment and marching of a body of twelve thousand of

* The term of the services of these Turkish troops is nominally from April to October.

them was delayed (and the delay might have been of serious consequence) until the end of July, nor did they then repair to the seat of war until they had received the most solemn assurances and pledges, that no attempt should be made to drill them like *Tacticoes*, and (to use their own words) to make machines of them.

This feeling was shared by the brave Bosniaks, and the Sultan thus saw the introduction of the European art of war, with which alone he could hope to contend with European troops, resolutely opposed by the most active and most courageous of his subjects.

When, at the close of the last campaign, the Russians had retired beyond the Danube, most of the Bosniaks, and many of the Albanians, withdrew to their homes. Those who remained on the field, passed the winter smoking their *chibooks*—no attempts were made at improvement or military organization, of which they are unconscious of the value, while they detest its forms—and numerous dissensions and revolts broke out among them, occasioned by conflicting prejudices and local feuds of their own, by a remissness on the part of government in paying up their arrears, and by a doubt, a harrowing apprehension, that after all, the sultan was going to make *tacticoes* of them.

The marsh fevers and other incidental diseases, which so thinned the ranks of the invading forces, did not respect the masses of the defensive; and in the whole Turkish army on the field, with the exception of two European surgeons in the intrenched camp of Shumla, there was not one medical man whose acquirements surpassed those of the most ignorant quack. I have seen, myself, hordes of poor wretches from Anatolia, marching, not merely without a doctor and medicine chest, but without a grain of appropriate medicine among them, and at the time that many of them were suffering under the violent attacks of *mal aria* fever. The Jewish *charlatans*, that ply for practice at the coffee houses of Constantinople, with coloured waters and bread pills, were seized and sent to the theatre of war, where their utility may be conceived by a reference to their practice of curing intermittents by tying a string round the wrist, and of treating the most difficult of disorders by charms and conundrums. In the hands of skill, under the guidance of modern science, as perfected by the schools of England and France, the most dreadful wounds may be cured, but in the hands of ignorance and imposture the most insignificant

ones may suffice to kill.* The Turks have many times exemplified this fact, and last year to a fearful extent.

The partial failure of the Russians—their not having done all that was expected on the side of Europe—the determined bearing of the Sultan, invigorated the Moslems towards the close of last campaign; but when that was over, the capture and retention of Varna was felt in all its importance, and the most hasty calculation warned them of the tremendous sacrifices they had made, and of their utter inability to support, for any length of time, a renewal of such exactions and efforts of every kind.

The defects and vices of the Russian commissariat were such as to excite surprise, but those of the Turks were still worse, in despite of the partial improvements induced by the Sultan; and though attempts have been made to conceal the fact, it is certain, that not only the army, but Constantinople, Adrianople, and the towns of Thrace, have suffered from the cutting off the supplies of corn from the ports of the Black Sea.† The honesty that attends the generality of the Turks in their transactions with European merchants, or with one another, as humble and private individuals—a valuable quality which certainly exists among them, and to which ample justice has

* In proof, you rarely see a Mussulman who has lost a limb, though how many must have been wounded since the commencement of the Greek Revolution! We naturally conclude that the greater portion of the wounded (badly) *die* for want of proper surgical aid.

† The Emperor Nicholas's ukase to this effect, was delivered about the end of August last year. The Porte immediately detained a number of neutral vessels (chiefly Austrian and Genoese) that had stopped at Constantinople, on their way from the Black Sea, and paid its own price for the grain they had on board. The orders of government were most imperious; the city must be supplied, and every bushel of corn must be deposited in the government granaries. Yet how were these orders obeyed? The *employés* or servants of the Porte accepted bribes from the captains of the vessels detained, and let them go on with half of their cargoes. A Sardinian brig, on board of which I and my friends H. and D. left Constantinople in the month of October, when scarcity *was* felt, and the bread much adulterated, had at least one half of its cargo in its hold; and the captain disclosed to us all his secret negotiation with the Turkish men in office, and the amount of his bribe to each. What follows will scarcely be credited, and yet I saw part of the transaction with my own eyes, and was intimately acquainted with the merchant who did it. The sultan permitted several neutral vessels to pass the Bosphorus, with cargoes of merchandize, for Russian ports on the Black Sea. A European merchant availed himself of this: the Russian troops on the Danube were known to be in want of almost everything; he chartered a light sailing-vessel, loaded it with wine, rum, coffee, sugar, &c., bribed the proper officers, and sent it from Constantinople up the Danube, to the Russians, who were besieging the Turkish fortresses! I could increase examples of this sort *ad infinitum*. When I speak of the universal corruptibility of the Turks in office, it is on good grounds.

been done by those who have known them—does not accompany their operations with government: fraud and robbery then lose their dishonour in their eyes; they coalesce with the people in office, who are notoriously and universally corrupt; and I should doubt whether there be a government in Europe so cheated as the Turkish. The murmurs of the soldiery reached the ears of the Porte, and commissaries or *fournisseurs* were detected, who had charged for corn the troops had never received, or had dealt out grain adulterated beyond endurance. A peccant head or two were lopped off, but the disease was not cured, nor had the Sultan sufficient corn to send it pure and wholesome to the army.

The quiet, inoffensive behaviour of the undisciplined hordes, on their marches, last year, excited my admiration; but when dispersed over an extent of country, and withdrawn from the observation of those few superiors who had the Sultan's commands and the welfare of the agricultural and pastoral classes, whether Osmanlis or Christians, at heart,—and when they were pressed by want of provisions and by privations of every kind, their virtue was not proof to the temptation of a peasant's cottage or a shepherd's hut,—they recurred to the reprobated practices of former wars, and plundered and ill treated the peaceful inhabitants as if they had been in an enemy's country. It was on the acclivities of the Balkan and the fertile plains at its feet, and on a gentle, a Christian people, the Bulgarians, that this scourge chiefly descended; and when we recall the interesting picture of this peaceful, amiable, and industrious peasantry, as ably sketched by Dr. Walsh in his passage through their districts, we must feel for the manifold sufferings, to which they have now been exposed for many months, with increased poignancy. The effect of this oppression on the pacific Bulgarians has been, to add hatred and impatience of the Turks and Turkish misrule in general, to the sympathy they must naturally have harboured for the Russians, as co-religionists: we see them every where joining the standard of the advancing eagle; and though they have for ages “entirely laid aside the military character that once distinguished their ancestors,” circumstances may now revive and cherish their hardy and gallant spirit, and having arms put into their hands by those whom they *will* consider as their allies, they may act on the Turks scattered among them, or hang on the flanks or rear of a retreating Osmanli army, with terrible effect. Vast numbers of them, as shepherds who have fed their flocks from child-

hood on the Balkan mountain, are better acquainted with its recesses and passes than any other people; merely as sure and friendly guides their services would be invaluable to the Russians,—but their sense of long-suffering and barbarous usage may inspire them to imitate the deeds of the Tyrolese Highlanders in the last war, and the advancing or retiring Turks may be cut to pieces in the gorges or buried in the chasms of the Hæmus, as were the French in those of the Alps.

If we turn to other provinces of the empire, we see similar vicious causes producing the same pernicious effects, and that even in Asia, their *own* continent—the home of Islamism—the power of the Turks is shaking to its very foundation. The line of operations of General Paskevitch has brought him into contact with the Armenian rayahs of the Ottoman empire, and as he has advanced, those people, oppressed by a yoke too heavy to be borne, have every where evinced their sympathy for his successes; and now, emboldened by the rapidly succeeding reverses of their former tyrants, are joining his standard, and taking an active part in the warfare. The Armenians, who abound in the Pashalik of Erzerum and the upper Turkish provinces of Asia Minor, like those subjected to Persia, and in or near to the regions which once formed their own powerful kingdom, differ from the meek, submissive, cowardly Armenians, whom I have correctly described, at Constantinople and at Smyrna. They are characterized as prudent and persevering; by no means devoid of fire and courage; and all the Armenians are physically (as far as bone and muscle go) a fine race, exceedingly robust, and capable of bearing immense fatigue. In the Armenian districts, which Russia has rescinded from Persia, troops have been raised equal to any that march under the banner of the northern eagle, and the materials now reverting to the conquerors will be similar in quality.—The co-operation of the Armenians has led to, or has hastened the capture of Van; * and the value of that acquisition to the Russians is not more enhanced by the great strength and military importance of the place, than by the holy reverence attached to it by the Armenians. The city of Van may be styled one of the capitals of the Eutychean, or real Armenian church; it is the residence of a Patriarch, and of a numerous and organized hierarchy. The

* Other considerations, of some importance, attach to the proceedings in this part of the empire. Memish-Aghà, once a distinguished Janissary, is found in the Russian camp, and arranging the capitulation of strong places. Many Janissaries returned to those provinces, many of those slaughtered left there, relations and friends!

expulsion of the Infidel crescent from such a revered place cannot but be agreeable and tend to raise the spirits of the Armenians—religious enthusiasm may prove an important ally to the Christian invaders, and that enthusiasm has now a rallying point and a place of strength. In the regions on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, through which the Russians are advancing, they will also find a very considerable Greek population, the scattered remnants of the ancient colonies, and of the lingering last Greek kingdom of Trebizond;* and of their dereliction from the Turks no doubt can be entertained.

In tracing the weaknesses of the empire of Mahmood I may go farther still, and even enumerate among them the disaffection of the Osmanli population itself. I have faithfully described the symptoms of oppression, and misery and disgust, that fell under my observation; but these are nothing to what have been remarked by those who have taken a wider range in Asia Minor.

In the upper provinces on the Euxine the discontent of the Turks has been so great, that it has frequently vented itself in expressions such as these—"We are oppressed and ruined! We cannot be worse than we are. Let the ghiaours come to-morrow, they cannot treat us so bad as our own rulers!" Fanaticism, it may be said, remains to the Osmanlis, and that feeling will suffice to provoke an obstinate and sanguinary opposition to the

* The extinction of the last Greek kingdom of Trebizond, and of the Imperial family of Comnenus, is a striking passage in history, and narrated by Gibbon, with his usual effect:—

"In the progress of his Anatolian conquests, Mahomet II. (*eight years after the capture of Constantinople*) invested with a fleet and army the capital of David, who presumed to style, himself emperor of Trebizond; and the negociation was comprised in a short and peremptory question, 'Will you secure your life and treasures by resigning your kingdom? or had you rather forfeit your kingdom, your treasures, and your life?' The feeble Comnenus was subdued by his own fears, and the example of a Mussulman neighbour, the Prince of Sinope, who, on a similar summons, had yielded a fortified city, with four hundred cannon, and ten or twelve thousand soldiers. The capitulation of Trebizond was faithfully performed; and the emperor, with his family, was transported to a castle in Rumania: but on a slight suspicion of corresponding with the Persian king, David, and the whole Comnenian race, were sacrificed to the jealousy or avarice of the conqueror."

When the French traveller, Peyssonel, visited Trebizond, about the middle of the last century, he stated its population at one hundred thousand, Turks and Greeks, and other rayahs, and he is generally accurate. The same place, at present, cannot boast of more than forty thousand inhabitants—a diminution of considerably more than one half, in less than a century! But in this proportion, have the Turks by their vices, or their brutal stupidity, carried on the work of ruin, in all the beautiful regions they possess and disgrace.

Infidels. The Greeks, however, in the same regions, and animated with a religious spirit scarcely less fervent, when oppressed beyond endurance by the cruel and puerile Christian Emperors, at Constantinople, even invited the Turks to take possession of their country, and the early establishments of the Mahometans, in Anatolia, were grateful to a Christian people. In the same manner may spiritual considerations cede to temporal ones among many of the Turks; bigotry may be found an insufficient shield, and the sultans may lose the territories they have abused, just as the Greek Emperors lost them.

We may reprobate, on general principles, the encroachments of one state on the territories of another; and our feeling of abstract right may be invigorated by our fears, or our jealousy of the rapid aggrandizement of an already colossal empire, but the most valuable portion of the occupants of those invaded territories—the agricultural, the industrious, population, will assuredly regard the encroachment as a benefit, and look to the result—the improvement from a change of rulers—with fervent hope or relying confidence.

It is not for the casual visiters, or the protected residents of independent European nations, to judge of the vices of the Turks—they are exempt from and indifferent to, the sufferings of the slave, and are struck with a certain *grandiosity* in the tyrant: but let the tributary subjects, the abused and degraded rayahs of the empire, tell their tale; let them enumerate the horrors to which they are exposed, and we may then (making every allowance for exaggeration) form an estimate of the Turkish character and of the evils that attend their misrule. The language, more energetic than polite, of the Florentine secretary, may be applied with infinitely greater reason and justice by the tributary and conquered subjects of the Porte to their masters, than it was by the Italian to the oppressors of his country, —“*Puzza al naso d'ognuno questo barbaro dominio!*” and all the motives and feelings connected with this world, or their religious belief of another and a better life, unite and urge them to seek the subversion of the Mahometan dominion, and the re-establishment of a Christian empire in the East.

The religious mind will find pleasure in the belief, that other than merely mortal energies conduct even the temporal affairs of the inferior world, and we cannot but be struck with the conviction, that there is a strong under-

current in the world's affairs, which eludes the eye or mocks the calculation or direction of human politics. The Turkish empire has been tending towards its ruin for many years, and though the Russians should not now succeed, though a potent interference in its favour may retain it for a while on its way, still the consummation a philosophic traveller* felt himself justified in desiring, will arrive, and the capital of the Osmanlis must be sought, not merely beyond the Thracian Bosphorus, but behind the Euphrates, or across the Arabian isthmus. Indeed Mahometanism in general, as one of the grand religious systems of the earth, is on the decline. In the remote East,—in India,—England has cut its wings; in Persia it trembles in the leash of Russia; in Turkey it no longer towers “in its pride of place;” its decline and restriction may be as rapid as its rise and extension, and it would not be bold to prognosticate that in another century or two, the exclusive faith of Mecca may be relegated in the barbarous continent of Africa, or linger on, in a rapid decline, in the deserts of Arabia.

A Christian cannot but rejoice at the prospect of his purer faith being substituted, and reigning in those regions where it originated; the philosopher may hail the abrogation of a bigoted, grovelling, and restrictive code, averse to science, liberality and improvement; and the lovers of literature and art can have no sympathy with the Mahometan system, which, with the exception of the Arabs under the caliphate at Bagdad, and the Moors in Spain, seems to have been fatal to the objects of their affections, with all the people among whom it has been established.

But to the politician, the subject of the subversion of the Ottoman empire, may present feelings of a less agreeable nature, and fear and jealousy of those who are to overthrow the idol, may almost create an affection for the monster. I scarcely presume, in matters of such importance, to give an opinion directly opposed to the ideas which more generally obtain, but I have contemplated with pleasure, the possibility—the probability, that none, or but few (and those few but temporary) of the evils apprehended from the occupation of Turkey by the Russians, would be felt in Europe. The vast empire of the Czars,—a collection of multitudinous parts, rather than a great whole,—feels already within itself, the symptoms of disseverance; and those symptoms will be matured by time, and by that improvement which, however slowly it advance, *is* advancing in its semi-

* Mac-Donald Kinneir.

barbarous dominions. Until the effects of that improvement be felt, Russia, however strong on her own territories, in a defensive war, or against such powers as Persia and Turkey, in an offensive one, can never be formidable to the liberties of Europe, or contemplate a struggle with the league of England, France, and Austria; but the consummation of those very effects, by inducing the separation hinted at, will reduce Russia to a discreet, and compatible size. It was to cover the wildest flight of his ambition, that Napoleon drew an exaggerated and startling picture of "the giant of the north," and of the use or abuse it would make of its power: but the fashion of trembling at the bug-bear of his creating, is gone by; we have been accustomed to look to Russia as she is, without any great apprehension for our own existence, and when we see a remedy growing up with the growth of the evil that alarms us, we may await the future with confidence.

The extension of the Russian empire to Turkey, would hasten the dis-severance. The same Emperor would not long reign on the Neva and the Bosphorus; and it seems, indeed, to have been, from the time of Catherine, the project of Russia, never to attach Turkey in Europe to the Muscovite crown; but to place a prince of the same dynasty on the throne of Constantinople, the capital of a new and friendly empire.

Political history does not teach us, that the consanguinity of princes, implies uninterrupted friendship and identity of interests, but its pages are full of the wars of Royal brothers and cousins, and with proofs that the qualities, the interests, the prejudices of the governed, must direct the conduct of those who govern, and rise superior to the sympathies of blood, and the spirit of family compacts.

England and Europe were filled with alarm, when the ambitious Louis XIV. revealed his project of placing a prince of the Bourbon race on the throne of Spain. Already the monarchs of a powerful kingdom (it was reasoned in those days), should the French dynasty extend to Spain, the great countries will be as one; the balance of power will be destroyed in Europe, and no state secure from Gallic encroachment. Blood and treasures were expended to prevent the aggrandizement of the French dynasty: the measures of Louis were successful in spite of them, and his grandson Philip, was invested with the crowns of Spain and the Indies. But the overwhelming evils,—the annihilation of the independence of Europe, did not result from the success of the Bourbons, and circumstances soon

proved that we had been combating a chimera, and literally throwing away money and life. In a few years, the Bourbon prince was identified with the Spanish nation; his successors became intrinsically Spanish; and at their Courts, the voice of an English, or a German Ambassador, was known to be as influential as that of the family Ambassador, or the envoy of France; and for ourselves, whenever Spain has joined France in a war against England, it may be doubted whether community of descent in the Princes of the two countries had anything to do with it, and whether the position of affairs would not have led to precisely the same alliances, if any other dynasty had reigned to the south of the Pyrenees.

The parallel may, it is true, be objected to; for Spain was an old and established nation, whereas Turkey will first have to be formed into a nation, and must be longer dependant on Russia; yet the rise of the new state, with an active and intelligent Greek population for its basis, might be rapid, and the treaties of the great European powers might be of such a nature, as to relieve it from subserviency to its mighty neighbour.

I quit these agreeable speculations, and return to matter of fact.—

In the spring of the present year, Asiatic Bairaks continued to arrive at Constantinople, to reinforce the army in Europe; but these troops were not raised without an increase of the difficulties I myself witnessed in the spring of last year. There was, however, a partial improvement in the military system; for these irregulars were kept for one, two, or three months at Constantinople, and drilled and instructed in some of the rudiments of the military art, and as they marched off (which they did when other corps arrived to occupy their places at the capital) their arms were examined, regular muskets were put in the hands of those who possessed no rifles of their own, and care was taken to supply the deficiencies of the preceding campaign, to which many of these poor Anatolians repaired with only their pistols and yataghans. A supply of muskets, manufactured in the Low Countries, was received, and a Frank merchant, a Signor G——, established at Constantinople, is said to have contracted for the further supply of some thousand stands of arms. It was found necessary to forward a good portion of the Tacticoes or regulars, I left at the capital in the autumn of 1828, to the armies of the Grand Vizir and the Seraskier; the duty they had performed then fell to the irregular bairaks, who mounted guard in the city and the Christian suburbs; but the confusion and inconveniences

apprehended from the substitution, did not happen, for the Asiatics behaved very well, and maintained as excellent order as their predecessors had done.

I have mentioned, that in the month of July, 1828, the Sultan sent a considerable number of the irregular Asiatics to Karabournou, on the Boghaz, or entrance into the Black Sea, thence to cover the whole line of coast, between the Balkan and the Bosphorus. In the spring of 1829, the demonstrations of the Russians obliged him to augment the forces on that line; a Pasha at Doumouzerè,* commanded a *corps d'armée*, twenty-five thousand strong (all irregulars), that stretched from the village of Fanaracki, to the important inlet or port of Burgas, where it joined the forces of another Pasha, destined to repel the Russians, should they attempt to land. The whole extent of this country is broken into swampy hollows, and covered with thick wood, admirably adapted for defence, but excessively unhealthy; the Turkish irregulars suffered almost as much as the preceding year on the plains of Troy; the exigences of the war necessitated their presence elsewhere; the line was weakened, and the Russians took the port of Burgas—the only good place for the disembarkation of troops on the Constantinople side of the Balkan, and they have thence been able to form a junction with their countrymen who have forced the mountains. The vital importance of Burgas and the coast was felt; but though full time had been allowed to the Turks, they had resorted to no ingenuity for their defence; the slight and unskilful works they had thrown up last year were not improved, and the Sultan could not, at last, spare troops sufficient to cover them. Four or five Italian exiles, who were, or styled themselves officers of engineers and artillery, were taken into Mahmood's service, and stationed at the forts on the Bosphorus. These men might improve the topjis or cannoniers, but the defects of the works themselves, are scarcely susceptible of improvement; and defenceless, and commanded by contiguous hills on the land side, they may still be taken in the reverse, whenever the Russians have cleared the country,—an operation I was induced to believe difficult, but which, since their advance from Burgas, seems very practicable.

In describing what improvements the Sultan had made, and in what his

* Doumouzerè is a prettier place than its name should import—it means, literally, “the Valley of Pigs!”

military system was defective, I did not, perhaps, give sufficient weight to the total absence of anything like an "Etat-Major" in the Turkish armies.—The Turks have no staff-officers!—the *mind* of an army does not exist; and among the fatal consequences arising from that deficiency, the Generals of corps on different positions, are uninformed of the nature and extent of each other's plans and movements, and are constantly liable to have their own direct orders misunderstood, and their objects defeated by ignorance. When the enemy multiplied his points of attack, the misunderstandings, the want of concert, and the confusion that ensued, may be easily conceived, and must be fatal. A French General, whose real name is, I believe, Beaulieu, and who has engaged in the Turkish service since my departure, has endeavoured to make the Sultan sensible of the vital deficiency of his army, and to form the *cadre* of an "Etat-Major," but a certain Baron de Bollé, and two or three other military men of doubtful talent, and ignorant of the language, cannot be expected to do much; and the headstrong, uninstructed Turks, offer no fitting materials, nor are their prejudices and ignorance to be dissipated in a day.

I have had occasion to mention that the services even of Calosso, the Sultan's special favourite, are limited to those of an instructing officer, and this because Mahmood has thought it necessary to agree with the Turks' prejudice of having none but men of their own faith to command them in the field. The Italian has since been joined by several of his countrymen, but they are confined to a still narrower orbit than himself. Since the beginning of the last century, when the celebrated Bonneval renounced his religion, and undertook to reform and command the Turkish troops, many attempts have been made by Europeans:—they have all been defeated by prejudice and bigotry, and the disappointed renegadoes, in the obscurity and contempt into which they have speedily fallen, have had ample leisure to mourn over the sacrifices they have made, and to feel the tardy conviction, that Christian and Turk can never blend together. Among the adventurers who avoided the irretrievable step of apostasy, there have been but very few, who could long endure the superciliousness, the brutality, and stupidity of the Turks. The Baron de Tott was he who had most perseverance, and yet, after the lapse of years, he did but little good, and retired at last in disgust and despair. The measures and energy of Sultan Mahmood have, indeed, insured a superior degree of docility, but he

cannot make his subjects respect Christians, or consider them in the light in which officers ought to be regarded by their men, and even he has felt himself constrained to pay deference to points of their intolerance. From all these present causes, and past examples, it may be predicted, that the Europeans, some of them driven by utter destitution, like Calosso, others attracted by Mahmood's spirit and the event of last year's campaign, who have rallied round the Infidel Crescent, will find their positions by no means enviable ones, and that they have erroneously calculated the extent of the benefits they were to render the Turks, and of the honours and advantages they were to derive from them. Some of these men have already withdrawn, but others still go to Constantinople. A gentleman from whom I have received circumstantial accounts of what has taken place since my departure, lately met when on his way to Vienna, a man (who said he had been a superior officer in the Prussian service) repairing, with a young and handsome wife, to Stamboul, to organize the Turkish armies. But the most important of the benefits he was carrying with him for the Infidels, was a new method of firing artillery—a method, as he assured my friend, which, independent of any other military improvement, would at once give a decided superiority over the Russians to the Turks. If his plan be a good plan, it is to be hoped that the Turks will have the good sense to adopt it; but it is much rather to be feared that the German has got something in his head too subtle and ethereal for human operation, and will have gone to Constantinople only to treat the Turks with a puzzle, as happened to a certain American *homme aux projects*, during my stay in that country.

This man, who styled himself “Captain Richards and citizen of the United States,” arrived at Smyrna in the spring of 1828, and gave out that he was in possession of two plans, by the adopting of which the Sultan might not merely render his territories inexpugnable, but might raise them all at once, and by the most simple process, from their extreme poverty to extreme wealth. The captain and citizen talked so loud that the Turks were induced to heed him, and at length the Porte sent down an order to the Pasha of Smyrna to forward the depository of so much wisdom to the capital, paying his expenses, and causing him to be treated with respect on his way. The projector arrived, and the united science of a certain number of the most learned and shrewdest of the Turks, and of two or three Christian advisers, was thought adequate to sit in judgment

on the plans he proposed; and to report on them to the Sultan. But, alas! when the first of the American's projects, or his plan of defending places was developed, through the by no means improving medium of a drogo-man's Turkish idiom, they could make nothing of it, and the more he explained the more obscure it became—they stroked their beards to no purpose, and at last gave up the enigma, and stared at each other and at him with mortified astonishment. Their imperviousness was however not much to be wondered at, as the captain had already submitted, in succession, his projects to the government of his own country, to some scientific Englishmen, to Capo d'Istrias and the Greeks, and none of them had been able to comprehend his hallucination, whilst to some friends and to myself, to whom he ventured partially to unravel the arcana, at the house of his countryman Mr. Langdon, at Smyrna, they seemed so absurd that we began to doubt whether he had not entirely taken leave of his senses. But it was when he touched on the second of his plans, or the means of creating wealth in the Ottoman empire, that the Turks thought he was laughing at their beards. His project was to establish a paper currency! On seeing that he was serious, and that it was not his object to mock them, the gravity of the Turks forsook them, and they retired chuckling over the very specious proposals.

The Sangiac-Sheriff and the Sultan quitted the Serraglio last year to little purpose, as neither went farther than Daut-Pasha; nor, although there has been much talk of the Sultan's putting himself at the head of his army, and of conquering or falling with the holy banner in his hand, has he been farther than the mouth of the Black Sea this year.

His habitual residence all through the summer has been at the pleasant village of Therapia, on the Bosphorus, and in the house seized from Mattos, an exiled Armenian. He was then only about eight miles from Constantinople, scarcely more than one from the valley of Buyukderè, and about five from Domouzderè or the Euxine.

The encampment, which surrounded him in the barracks of Daut-Pasha, last autumn, (see Chap. vi.), was transferred to the heaths above the narrow and somewhat unhealthy hollow that penetrates from the harbour, and behind the village of Therapia into the hills, and the picturesque arrangement of white, blue, yellow, and green tents was seen from the lovely channel of the Bosphorus, immediately in the rear of the Imperial kiosk.

In the contiguous plain of Buyukderè, which is nearer to the Black Sea, the regular cavalry of the Sultan's guard, the lancers of Calosso, whom I have described, and two regiments of Hussars, that I have not seen, were encamped, and being familiar with the beauty of the spot I could enter into the feelings of the gentleman who described to me, in the language of enthusiasm, the scenes it presented in July of the present year.

As you ascend the Bosphorus from Constantinople, Buyukderè presents itself on the left, or European side, at the broadest part of the channel, and at the distance of about four miles from the "blue Symplegades," which classical rocks are concealed under the Thracian shore, whilst the widening expanse of the Euxine sea beyond them meets the eye from particular points, and looks nearly always dark, cloudy, and cold. The Turkish name of Buyukderè, or "The great Valley," is applicable, for it is by far the widest and most open on the channel, although its greatest width, which is at its entrance on the banks of the Bosphorus, does not exceed half a mile. The valley runs into the hills of Thrace, slightly ascending and contracting as it rises, for the distance of about two miles, where, at its narrowest and most elevated point, it is traversed by the aqueduct of Backchey-Keui, which is formed of two rows of pointed or Saracenic arches, and kept purely white. The aqueduct, indeed, terminates the valley; for beyond it you descend to an irregular heath, which finishes at a short distance, and just beyond the village of Backchey-Keui, on the *lisiere* of the dark, thick forest of Belgrade. Whether you catch it from the bosom of the Bosphorus, or its shores, or in glancing up the valley, this aqueduct is a beautiful feature in the scene. Near the other end of the valley, and little more than a musket shot from the banks of the channel, is another object not less interesting—a plane-tree, or a junction of plane trees, of astonishing dimension and richness of foliage.* The

* The beautiful plane-tree of the valley of Buyukderè, is well described by Monsieur Olivier.—

"Seven or eight trees of an enormous size, adhering at their base, rise circularly, and leave in the middle a rather considerable space. A great many Greeks and Armenians were seated on the turf, under the shade of these trees, and smoking their pipes; different groups of Turkish and Armenian women, veiled, and surrounded by their children were seated apart; some Greek women richly dressed, more or less handsome, fixed the looks and the attention of some Europeans whom the crowd of people had attracted. Several Turks were in the enclosure of the plane-tree (or within the circle formed by the different stems) smoking their pipes, and drinking coffee, which had just been prepared for them hard by. * * *

valley, nearly all the way between the tree and the aqueduct, is a smooth, luxuriant carpet of the richest grass, confined on either side by cultivated patches and neat gardens, and by gently ascending hills, covered with pleasant trees and evergreen underwood. A narrow brook, in summer a mere *thread* of water, trickles through this happy vale; but the richness of vegetation is independent of it, as its situation, the number of trees, and the contiguity of the vast forest of Belgrade, ensure sufficient moisture and perennial freshness.

On either side of this lovely valley were disposed the tents of the Lancers and Hussars, and midway, between the two lines of tents, their horses were picketed and tended in the open air. A grand tent, with a temporary mosque and minaret, were erected for the Sultan in the shade of the magnificent plane-tree; and a little in their rear were two other vast tents—one for the Selictar or sword-bearer, the other for the Seraskier. A range of guns covered this part of the encampment, and might command the landing place on the banks of the Bosphorus, whilst a redoubt or battery was thrown up under the aqueduct, at the upper part of the valley. The sounds of the trumpet and the Asiatic drum—those sounds I so often listened to with delight on the heaths of Daut-Pasha and Ramed-Chifik—the roar of artillery—the evolutions of the troops—the stirring activity of the camp by day, and its dead repose—its watch fires—its occasional watch-word by night, must, indeed, have been impressive in these romantic regions, where the divinities of the fields, and groves, and springs—the brightest creations of classical mythology—might have found homes assorted to their poetic natures.

Although the Sultan lived at the villa Mattos, at Therapia, he passed much of his time, by day, at this encampment, and it was here he performed the religious duties and ceremonies of the great annual festival of the Courbann-Bairam.

“The plane-tree often presents at its base, a considerable expansion of a diameter, double and treble that of the trunk, and which may exceed thirty feet; so that it frequently happens, when the tree dies of age, that it sends forth all round the stump, shoots which form so many new trees; this, no doubt, is what has happened to the plane-tree of Buyukderè. We remarked, indeed, that the seven or eight trunks of which it is formed, appear to have a common origin, and that they are all connected by their base.”—*Voyages dans l'Empire Ottoman*.

In the course of the summer and autumn of 1828, I very frequently walked or rode by this tree, which presented much the same appearance as described in 1793, by the traveller quoted; and the groups gathered within the circle, or smoking in the shade, were always there.

Those who have described to me the interesting occurrences of that day, saw the sun rise, not in crossing the Golden Horn, as I had done the preceding year, but on the silvery channel of the Bosphorus at Buyukderè; and as its early rays shot along the valley, the Sovereign of the Osmanlis, with the same state that I have described, and followed by the same train, repaired to offer up his *namaz* in the temporary messdjid by the side of his tent—a humble substitute for the vast mosque of Sultan Achmet, or Santa Sophia—but Mahmood was considered as being in the field—its humility and narrowness accorded with the privations incident on a state of war, and in Mahometan estimation, the prayers to the one God and the great Prophet, are particularly grateful when rising from the tented field, and echoed by faithful hosts, in arms for the propagation or defence of Islamism. By taking the splendid cavalcade from the Serraglio-gate in Constantinople as I have described it, or as more amply delineated by Dr. Clarke, and placing it in the enchanting valley of Buyukderè, the reader may form to himself a novel and imposing scene—romantic and essentially oriental. The splendour of attire of the preceding year, was, however, sensibly curtailed by the general substitution of the common red cloth fess, or military cap, for the lofty caouk and ample turban. Mahmood's intensity of purpose was not to be defeated by the remonstrances or opposition of the Mufti; he had resolved that the Oulemas should not be distinguished by their head-pieces, from the rest of his subjects—the new Sheik-Islam, or head of the faith, less scrupulous or more obedient than his predecessor, gave the spiritual sanction of his *fetva*, and established by reasoning that there was nothing unorthodox in a cloth skull-cap, and nothing absolute either in the Koran, or its commentaries, why the thick heads of the members of the law and church, should be made to look portentous in felt and muslin. Beside, the present was a season of war and privation; splendour of attire, and all other luxuries, misbecame the Osmanlis at a time when they were struggling with a mighty enemy, for the existence of their empire and their religion—and had not their blessed Prophet himself, in a battle with the infidels, loosened the Turban from his honoured head, and used it as a standard for the faithful? At the Courbann-Bairam of this year, only one turban was on the field; it caught the eye, and roused the anger of the Sultan, as he glanced rapidly over the assembled multitude, on his way to the Mosque, but on inquiry, he

learned that it was worn by Sedi-Khan, the Persian envoy, lately arrived at his court, and he could not deem it expedient to meddle with his *coëffure*. This was the first grand occasion on which the general substitution of the red skull-cap* was seen, and hundreds of Turks gazed with speechless astonishment at the *dishonoured* heads of the *grandeës*—and more particularly those of the Mufti—the black Kislar-Agha—the Cadileskers, and the Oulemas.

In exposing the power, and the prejudices and interests of the vast and corrupt body that holds “the oracles both of law and religion,” I have ventured to predict that Mahmood would find the *caouk* of the Oulemas more difficult of digestion than the bonnet of the Janissaries. They have now resigned that distinctive head-dress, which they obstinately retained last year, and for which their Mufti was fain to descend from his pontifical throne, but the typical force of the allusion remains; the Sultan, by over-rapid encroachments on their prerogatives, may rouse an enemy too formidable for him to oppose, and the *caouk* may yet choke him. Indeed, even in its real and material sense, the Oulema head-dress has cost the reformer tremendous pains, and may cost him more;—so obnoxious was the measure contemplated, that when it first was whispered abroad (about a year before my arrival at Constantinople), the discontented party set fire to the houses adjoining the residence of the late Mufti, whom they then thought favourable to the project; and, as deep-rooted sympathies and antipathies are not overcome in a few months, the Turkish aristocracy† may still be supposed to feel, and deeply, disgust and irritation at the substitution of the red skull-cap.

Perhaps European notions can scarcely reach the comprehension of such weight and importance being given to matters in themselves so insignificant; but in the East, points of dress seem ever to have been held with as much punctilio, as points of faith, and where rank and privilege have been designated by the cut of a turban, or the colour of a slipper—a slipper or a turban may be objects sufficient for sanguinary dispute.

The gentleman who has favoured me with the details of the Courbann-Bairam, in the valley of Buyukderè, was pleased, as I had been the pre-

* Nothing else has been worn since.

† I have explained (Chap. iii.) how the Oulema body forms an aristocracy—the only aristocracy in the Ottoman empire.

ceding year, by the mild and even respectful behaviour of the young officers of the Sultan's guards. An English officer, an aid-de-camp of Sir Frederic Adams, who went with him, attracted great attention—his elegant uniform laid hold of the affections of the young Osmanli dandies; and when the ceremonies of the morning were over, and the *cortege* had retired, some of the cavalry officers perambulated him and his companions all through the camp, exposing every thing they were curious to see, and at last led them into the Sultan's own tent, and invited them to sit down, on the splendid cushions where the dreaded Padishah had been reposing but a few minutes before. (The reader ought to be aware of the more than religious respect with which it has been customary to approach even the most trifling thing connected with Royalty in this despotic country, to feel the extent of the change, or the attention and favour thus conferred). As they retired from the festival, and were passing the Sultan's abode at Therapia, the Englishmen saw the Sultan's elder son, and one of his daughters, apparently about twelve years of age (she was unveiled!), standing at an open window. Such an unprecedented exposure, might well awaken the wonder of the Turks! My friend describes the young prince as looking like his father, but delicate and somewhat sickly—the bud of the Serraglio, had the bloodless pallour of the place, but (and in great perfection) the charm of the large, black, oriental eye—she was richly attired.

By persevering in that extraordinary ardour, to make up in part for their losses at Navarino, (which I saw in my visit to the arsenal, in October, 1828), by the spring of 1829, the Turks had been able to put to sea two or three other ships of the line, a frigate, and some smaller vessels.

The maritime operations of the Russians on the Black Sea, and their insulting demonstrations at the mouth of the Bosphorus, only a few miles from the capital, were severely and bitterly felt; but, even after the accretion to its force, the Ottoman fleet was not deemed competent to cope with the Muscovite; and the expeditions of the Capitan-pasha, into the Euxine, were brief *sorties* in the absence of the enemy, and nothing more. The capture of a Russian frigate was the work of chance, and not that glorious exploit it was described to be. The Russians were lying at anchor in a deep inlet, on the Asiatic coast, about fifty miles from the Boghaz; one morning, as the usual vapours cleared away, they saw the Turkish fleet at the narrow mouth of the gulf—there was not a breath of wind to enable

them to get under way and manœuvre—they were not disposed to retrieve their unpardonable negligence by an heroic but hopeless contest, and surrendered without firing a gun.

The popularity of the Sultan's cause, united, perhaps, with other motives, with which I do not pretend to be acquainted, induced two or three officers of the British navy to repair to Constantinople and offer their services to the Turks. The orders of Mahmood were imperious, that the instructions of these gentlemen should be attended to, but those orders cannot eradicate the indolence and listlessness—the distrust and dislike of Christians—the general antipathy to sea and sea affairs, inherent in the Turkish character—and the science of the Englishmen will be thrown away on men ignorant of its rudiments, and who despise what they do not know. The first thing that struck Lieutenant Slade, on his going on board the Capitan-pasha's ship, was the perilous manner in which the powder was exposed—he wondered how, for one day, she could have escaped being blown in the air, and yet the Turks were with difficulty convinced of the efficacy and indispensability of his superior arrangement. I must still doubt whether, as merely instructors, these Europeans will effect any rapid improvement in the Ottoman navy, and in so doing I agree in opinion with several experienced naval men with whom I have discussed the subject; I doubt whether respectable Europeans (English less than any other) can long endure existence cooped up with the Turks,—or support the close contact of their haughtiness, their ignorance, and their foul and notorious vices; and I know that the low state of Mahmood's exchequer precludes the possibility of his tempting them with the compensation of a handsome pay.

Mr. Hanchet, who went out last spring with the steam-boat purchased for the Sultan, was formerly flag-lieutenant to Sir Sydney Smith, and is said to be a man of talent and experience.

He offered his services to Mahmood on condition of having the rank of rear-admiral, and an annual stipend equal to the pay of that rank in the British navy. He was told by the Turks that, as for a title, a name, or honour, he was welcome to it—but that they could not afford the pay he demanded, which was more than four times as much as they gave their high-admiral. The pay, indeed, of all the officers in the Turkish service, is very low,—a general or an admiral receiving only about 300*l.* sterling;

but they make up the deficit by bribery, exaction, and abuse of power—by means a Christian could not, and dare not resort to.

The day before my informant left Constantinople, Lieutenant Hanchet, not being able to come to terms, embarked on board an English vessel to return to his own country. On passing the Serraglio-Point, and when about to merge in the Sea of Marmora, the vessel was boarded by a messenger from government, the bearer of better conditions. Lieutenant H—— returned; but as my friend departed so shortly after, he did not ascertain whether, and on what terms, he had engaged with the Sultan.

Mr. Kelly, the commander of the “Swift,” the first steam-boat purchased for the sultan, and the vessel in which I arrived at Constantinople, remained in the service, and had even adopted the Turkish loose trowsers, jacket, and favourite skull-cap. From personal acquaintance I have described him as a superior man, but I am inclined to doubt, even from his own words, whether he will be able to effect any great improvement on the Turks.

Of the Englishman who went out in the command of the second steam-boat, or the one purchased this year, I know nothing.

In the course of my remarks on the present state of the Ottoman empire, I have frequently had occasion to intimate that its finances were miserably dilapidated; and I have drawn from my own observations, and from those of other travellers, whose range in the vast Asiatic provinces has been infinitely more extensive than mine, a picture of decay and wretchedness that must preclude the possibility of any great resources being furnished by regions so wasted, and lead to the conclusion on which I have insisted, that Turkey, if left to herself, “cannot support a lengthened struggle with Russia, or a hastily repeated series of hostilities.”

To obviate the difficulties of the moment, the Turkish government has long been accustomed to recur to the fatal expedient of deteriorating the currency of the empire, so that now the coin is but the shadow of its original value. I have heard old traders at Constantinople and Smyrna talk of a period, within their recollection, when six Turkish piastres were equivalent to a pound sterling. When Dr. William Macmichael* was in the country, in 1818, 28 or 29 piastres amounted to a pound:—the lapse of years, during which so great a deterioration had ensued, was indeed long;

* Journey from Moscow to Constantinople, in the years 1817, 1818. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

but in the short space of ten years, or from 1818 to 1828, the value of the coinage has been decreased by considerably more than a half. When I first arrived in Turkey, in 1827, 60 piastres were equivalent to a pound sterling; but a recoinage was issued early in 1828, the sequin was farther alloyed, and it now requires from 70 to 72 Turkish piastres to cover our pound.*

The amount of the direct taxes paid into the miri or treasury of the state, and which is under the control of the officers of the exchequer, is supposed by some to be equalled, and by others to be surpassed, by the annual revenues of some of the *vakoufs*, or the rents of pious donations for the support of Mosques and the holy city of Mecca. These revenues are styled the Haremeinn-dolaby, and deposited in the Serraglio, under the care of the Kislar-aghà; but the Mufti is associated with the Vizir in the superintendence of those funds; and the part in them of the Oulema body is so strongly represented, that the Sultan cannot always dispose of them as he wishes. Mahmood might obviate and condemn the check or inter-

* This imprudent system was first adopted in the earlier part of the eighteenth century; but the two reforming Sultans, Selim and Mahmood, have made the most rapid abuse of it. The following passage from Mons. Juchereau's introductory volume to his "Revolutions de Constantinople" may merit attention.

"Le Sultan Sélim entraîné par les embarras continuels des trois guerres qui affligèrent son règne, fut obligé, pour faire face à ses dépenses de continuer à faire usage de la voie pernicieuse de l'altération des monnaies, mesure, dont il reconnaissait en gémissant les abus et la tendance funeste. Cette altération fut faite même avec si peu de modération, que la paistre turque, que se soutenait encore à cinquante sous au commencement du regne de ce prince, était tombée à trente sous vers le temps de sa déposition.

Je ne m'arrêterai pas à détailler les effets nuisibles qui résultent d'une pareille mesure, laquelle ne tend pas seulement à anticiper sur les revenus, mais encore à les détruire. Je ne la comparerai pas à la voie des emprunts perpétuels ou rachetables, laquelle, en accroissant les charges futures d'un pays par le paiement des intérêts annuels, tend du moins à donner une plus grande circulation aux capitaux. Je me contenterai de faire observer que, dans un pays régi par des lois presque invariables et par un système d'administration fondé sur d'anciens usages, et où l'établissement d'une nouvelle taxe produit toujours une réaction violente et dangereuse contre le souverain, les contributions ne pourront jamais éprouver une hausse numérique proportionnée à la dépréciation de la monnaie courante.

"Il en résulte que, quoique le gouvernement retire toujours des anciennes impositions la même quantité nominale, et ne paie la solde des troupes et les salaires des employés que sur l'ancien tarif, cependant les produits des taxes, qui existaient avant le Sultan Sélim, se trouvent réduits au tiers et au quart de leur ancienne valeur réelle, parceque les dépenses de l'habillement, de l'armement et de l'entretien des armées, l'achat du matériel nécessaire aux diverses administrations, et la main d'œuvre ont dû se ressentir inévitablement des variations successives de la valeur intrinsèque des monnaies courantes."

ference, and the necessities of the state might justify his total disposal of the Harem—dolaby; but a fact of more importance, and what he cannot overcome, is, that this branch of revenue has been long on the decline, and that many of the rich estates left to the Mosques are almost uncultivated from want of population, and produce scarcely enough to keep the walls of the temple in repair and to support an Imam and a Muezzinn.

A belief has prevailed among the Turks, that in the most mysterious recesses of the Serraglio, and deep in the bowels of the earth, there existed an Imperial Haznè or treasure, of incalculable amount. From the conquest of Constantinople it was deposited there,—each Sultan on ascending the throne, contracted a sacred obligation not to touch or decrease it, but to augment it by the addition of the savings of his own reign. This accumulated fund was to remain inviolable until the crisis of the Ottoman empire should arrive,—until that evil hour whose spectre has haunted them ever since their establishment in Europe, and which has found an expression in prophecies, tending to discourage the Turks, and to work out their own fulfilment.* At the fatal moment when the Ghiaours should shew themselves too powerful for the Moslems, the guarded chests of the secret haznè were to be opened, and if they sufficed not to maintain Europe, they might defend and adorn the regions of their own Mahometan Asia.

* Beside the well known prophecy recorded by Gibbon touching the conquest of Constantinople by an Infidel people, whom the Turks have long since determined to be the Russians, there are many others in the same sense existing among them. The truth is, the Turks have never felt themselves at home in Europe. *C'est en Asie* (says D'Ohsson, in speaking of the marked preference given by the Turks to Scutari) *qui sont situées les deux cites, réputées saintes, de l'Arabie; C'est autant par un sentiment de piété, que par un effet de cette opinion presque générale dans la nation Turque, que l'Asie est la seule et véritable patrie des Mahométans; que c'est le continent de predication réservé à l'Islamisme par une grace spéciale de la providence, et que les cendres des Musulmans y sont par conséquent beaucoup plus en sûreté que dans les terres Européennes, ou, par un esprit moins politique que religieux, on envisage la domination Ottomane comme moins durable que dans les contrées Asiatiques.* The Turks, at the present moment, with a decrease of fanaticism which lessens their value as a belligerent people, are much what they were when they first crossed the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—they have been stationary in Europe, during four centuries, of the most remarkable scientific and literary development, and while all around them, save their rayah subjects (reduced to a barbarism all but equal to their own), have been advancing with unequal, but generally rapid steps, in the glorious career of civilization! If they are expelled to-morrow what will they leave behind them to tell, a few years hence, that they have existed in Europe?—Absolutely nothing, save the Mosques of Constantinople and of the city of Adrian! Their proudest Serais and Kiosks are of painted plank and lath, and the wooden tenements of the common people can scarcely boast greater stability or permanence than an encampment.

As avarice, and a passion for accumulating, have pretty generally distinguished the Turkish sovereigns, it is probable, that at one time, an immense sum may have been subtracted “from the active and efficient capital of the nation,” and piled up in idleness and uselessness within the Serraglio; but *now*, all but the vulgar, doubt whether that secreted wealth, like the marvellous lamp and treasures of Aladdin, have any other existence than in the imagination.

For more than a century the Ottoman empire has been hard pressed, and her exigences have been numerous; and before we come to the immediate expenditure of the present Sultan, we should do well to remember, that popular accusation enregistered among the sins of his cousin Selim, that *he*, to effect heathenish reforms in the state, had dilapidated those treasures, sacredly reserved for the final salvation of the Osmanli people. But in the present reign, the exchequer is known to have been much more severely tried than at any former period; and this will be understood by reference to its leading circumstances;—a long warfare with Russia,—the revolt of Greece, and the suppression of the Janissaries.

In describing the system of operation adopted at the suggestion of the astucious Halet-Effendi, and so obstinately pursued by the Sultan against the Janissaries, I have mentioned, on good authority, that many influential men were detached from the interests of the body, by the largesses of government; and the secret disbursements for these objects alone, that were made by Mahmood from 1810 to 1826, are said to have amounted to a tremendous sum-total. It is, however, the revolt of Greece that has cost the Sultan most. A Stambooli Turk of rank, and connected with the government for many years, expressed to a particular friend of mine, who was making researches into the financial and general internal condition of the empire, his firm conviction, that the Greek war from 1821 to 1827, had cost the Turks incomparably more than all their wars with the Russians; and that in those six years, the secret coffers of the Serraglio were utterly exhausted. From my own inquiries in Constantinople, I learned some curious facts relative to the sundry items of the disbursements for the armies and fleets sent against the Greeks, and had motive for believing that the opinion of Sultan Mahmood’s having long since emptied the mysterious recesses of the haznè, pretty generally obtained.

The Turks, like all the subjects of a barbarous and despotic government,

under which the possession of wealth is an acknowledged peril, are much given to hoarding and secreting their money, so that at all times, a portion of what specie there may be in the country, is withheld from circulation and buried in the earth. At the prospect or approach of danger, this "secreteness" augments, and in proportion as money is more and more wanted the quicker does it disappear.

It has been the custom with several writers on Turkey, to form their views of its condition and strength, rather according to their hearts' wishes, than to the facts that must have presented themselves to their observation; but no good can result to any party by misrepresentation; the objects of their affections themselves may suffer from their friendly exaggerations, and whether as friends or foes, it is essential that we be informed of the real state and prospects of the Ottoman Empire. In the importance of the subject, the reader may excuse my dwelling so long upon it; and I now quit it for a few desultory remarks on the Turkish people.

GAMING is a vice in which all barbarians are found to delight, and the strict prohibition of the Koran has not been sufficient to repel the passion from the breasts of the Turks. On the quay of Smyrna, and immediately under the windows of my friend Langdon's house, I used to observe daily a tribe of uncouth mountaineers, playing at a game with three thimbles and a pea, (the identical ambulatory mode of gambling resorted to on our race-courses). The table was kept by a Smyrniote Greek, but the solemn Turk, Hadji-Bey, the chief of the police, was a partner in the concern; and thus, not only free license to the infringement of the laws of the prophet, was accorded, but the *cat's-paw*, the Greek, was protected in the exercise of his calling, against the violence of the losers. I have frequently been amused by observing a group of naked-legged devidjis or camel-drivers, gathered round the attractive table: their wild, coal-black eyes would almost start out of their head, as they followed the motions of the adroit Greek; their hard, fixed features would brighten into an expression of triumph, as they threw down their broad hand on the thimble,—sure the pea was there; and perspiration would stand in globula on their forehead, after their repeated failures and losses. All their Turkish and oriental apathy was not proof to the excitement of play; and their animation and expression was the more striking, from their general phlegmatic demeanour,

and the immobility of their countenances. I once saw a fellow of this class, who had just received several hundred piastres, for some figs he had brought to market, play at the thimbles and pea, until he had lost his last asper; and he would then have staked his camels, if the Greek had not been afraid. Another evening I saw a swarthy devidji, who had been repeatedly foiled by the dexterous Ghiaour, and who had lost his last stake, wax furious, and rush on the Greek with his drawn yataghan, swearing he was Satan himself, or he could not so deceive his eyes. Two stout Turks, covered with arms, the allies or the agents of friend Hadji-Bey, always hovered by, to protect the conjurer, and the money,—they were there then, and seized and disarmed the madman, before he could do any mischief.

This game of the pea is the only species of gambling in public I ever saw amongst the Turks.

The necks of the softer sex are considered even, by the Turks, as less obnoxious to the cord or the sabre, than those of their lords; considerable license has always been accorded by the Musselmans to their women; and their boldness may be cherished, particularly when in a crowd, by the mysterious yashmack or veil. The men avail themselves of these privileges, and whenever popular discontent runs high, they send their wives in troops, to clamour before the gates of government, and to express opinions they themselves could not do with safety. The practice prevails of course, in the provinces and pashaliks, rather than in the capital. I witnessed a tumult of the sort at Smyrna, a few days after my arrival: a great crowd of women, with every part of their faces covered, except their large angry eyes; and their figures muffled up in loose sheety robes, for the most part of gay though tarnished hues, collected in the open square in the front of Hassan-Pasha's house, to induce the governor to revoke some oppressive or unpopular measure. As they waved their hands in the air,—as their voices rose shrill and piercing,—as they hissed together like a myriad of serpents,—I could not help feeling that the collected wrath of woman is "a fearful thing." They might have been taken, as they stood in the enclosed square, for a congress of Thessalian sorceresses, or a sabbat of witches, more baleful than those who beset the ambitious footsteps of Macbeth. When they had given utterance to their complaints or threats, they retired without being molested. But it is not always that these feminine ebullitions are so innoxious. In the spring of 1828, and in the district of

Philadelphia, the women of some small town or village, attacked their Aghà, an old man, and treated him in so barbarous a manner, that he died by a painful and lingering death; and towards the end of June in the same year, a tumult, on account of a new excise duty, and headed by the women of Menimenn (a town I have described),* led to very serious excesses, in which several lives were lost, and the tranquillity of the whole district endangered. Simultaneously with this movement, the neighbouring city of Smyrna was agitated, and on the same account, but there the female malcontents did not occasion the shedding of blood.

In describing a few Turks, who, by residing at Smyrna, or with Franks, had contracted a certain degree of sociability and taste for European society and amusements, I have given the foremost place to poor Katib-Oglu, and in lamenting his fate, I have referred to Mr. Turner's Travels, for an account of the treacherous manner in which he was put to death. The circumstances of the foul tragedy may, however, here be related in a few words. Katib-Oglu, after having been governor of Smyrna for a good number of years, excited the ill-will and jealousy of the Porte, and it was determined that he should fall. But so popular and powerful was he at Smyrna, that it was deemed imprudent to have recourse to the means ordinarily resorted to on such occasions, and the Capitan-Pasha of the day, the wily Usref (now Seraskier) was chosen,—as being Katib-Oglu's bosom friend,—for his betrayer and executioner. The Capitan-Pasha came to anchor in the bay of Smyrna, and to lull his suspicions, which could scarcely attach to so old and dear a friend, he treated Katib-Oglu with his wonted affectionate familiarity.

There was an attendant on the Pasha, and a sharer in his secrets, however, who had good feeling sufficient to lament the threatening fate of the Mutzelligim of Smyrna, though he had scarcely courage to give him open warning and put him on his guard. He did, indeed, on his arrival, ask his friend, Katib-Oglu (for he was also *his* old friend), whether his beneesh were new, and his papooshes fit for a long journey, but eastern metaphor was lost on the over-confidence of the victim; and the governor of Smyrna, instead of taking to flight, or resorting to proper defences, accepted Usref's

* About the same time, and for similar causes, added to the irritation felt at some extreme measures resorted to by government, to *enforce* the marching of the "volunteers" for the army, a dreadful female tumult took place at the city of Brusa.

honourable invitation, and went on board the ship, to dinner. Once there, his fate was sealed: the friendly host declared his guest a prisoner, and small indeed was the hope that remained to the duped Katib-Oglu.

As soon as the treacherous deed of the Capitan-Pasha was learned on shore, a general commiseration was felt for the unfortunate Mutzellim. The Christian rayahs—the Franks were all attached to the amiable Turk, and so strong was sympathy, that the Consuls, in a body, headed by the old British consul, Mr. W——, waited on the Capitan-Pasha, and petitioned that Katib-Oglu, at least should not be executed, until favourable representations and prayers in his behalf should be forwarded to the Porte. The cool, crafty Usref, assured them he was not going to execute their friend and *his*, on board his ship—he did not; but on sailing out of the gulf of Smyrna, the prisoner was transported to a smaller vessel of war, and strangled in the cabin, as he was looking with reviving hope and spirits on the blue mountains of the lovely island of Mitylene.

The wily Usref, who so remorselessly, but so successfully proceeded against the powerful Mutzellim of Smyrna, is supposed to have been employed more than once against the Pasha of Egypt, but the game was every way more difficult; and the craft alone of Mehemet-Ali, might be a match for the old Georgian. Against Mehemet-Ali's son, Ibrahim-Pasha, Usref entertains so deadly a hate, that with all his powers of dissimulation, he cannot conceal it: when Capitan-Pasha, and acting in concert with the Egyptian against the Greeks, he is said frequently to have laboured at his ruin: he had talent to foresee some such fatal collision as that of Navarino, but he had malice enough to desire it; and after it had happened, he felicitated himself with the popular opinion in his favour, that had he been there, it would have been avoided, and with the delightful conviction, that ruin more complete could scarcely have fallen on his enemy Ibrahim. It may occur, indeed, as a general remark, that the jealousy, the hate of Turks in power against each other, is nourished to such an intense degree, that all morality, that even patriotism evaporates before it; and that the falseness, the treachery, the horrible perseverance they can bring to work out their revenge, and effect a rival's fall, are astonishing and fiendish.

But again, to take leave of Usref-Pasha, whose personal appearance so much impressed me at the procession of the Courbann-Bairam, that I

made long and diligent inquiries into the circumstances of his character and history; I may conclude with the opinion of a very intelligent friend; who knows the real *character* of this and other Turkish grandees, better perhaps than any other European. "Usref is decidedly the most crafty, insidious man about the Porte—his influence on the mind of the Sultan is great, and whatever be the subject of discussion, it would always be well to gain him before-hand." *

In describing the fate of the great Carasman-Oglu family (see Chap. xii.), I have mentioned that I saw one member of it, who had been ruining himself by building ships of war for the Sultan. I should have added, that this was not voluntary on his part, but that he had been forced by the government, so to dispose of the wreck of his property. This Asiatic scion could, however, scarcely excite much sympathy, for he was a grovelling, ignorant clown.† Of his ignorance, the following dialogue which was related to me by the European interlocutor, will give an ample idea. Gross as it is, it is, however, equalled by the ignorance of many of the great Turks.

Carasman. "You see that ship of the Sultan that is making way for the Dardanelles—do you know where she is going thence?"

Frank. "I am told she is going to Egypt—to Alexandria."

Carasman. "She is, but do you know for what purpose?"

The Frank expressed his ignorance.

Carasman. "I will tell you—and this is the truth!—You know how often our Padishah and the Cral of Muscovy have had quarrels—well! now the Sultan is so irritated against the Ghiaour, that he has taken his empire from him altogether, and he is sending this ship to Egypt to offer it to the Americans." This was said some five or six years ago, by a Turk of rank, but not in office; but at the beginning of last year (1828), the Sultan, and

* The Georgian Usref, and two or three other grandees about the Sultan, owe their influence to talent or craft; but it is the Selictar, or sword-bearer, who holds his on the tenure of real favouritism. This inseparable associate of Mahmood's, is a Candiot by birth (and from Candia rarely indeed comes any thing good, either Turk or Greek)—by profession he *was* a common barber. I have heard him described by those who knew him well, as an ignorant, vulgar savage.

† The name by which this man, now the head of the Carasman-Oglus, is known at present, is Hadji-Mehmet-Agha; his rank at Constantinople, is that of Capidji-Bashi; his palace near the mosque of Sultan Mehmet, is one of the finest and most commodious buildings in the capital.

the whole divan, gave a proof of folly scarcely less conspicuous, when they proposed to the United States, an alliance, offensive and defensive. The Americans, "or the men of the new world," as they are called by the Turks, had never contracted any treaty with the Ottoman Porte, and though their ships frequented Smyrna, Alexandria, and other Scales or Ports of the Levant, they never were admitted within the channel of the Dardanelles, and the consuls or agents at the ports frequented, were never formally recognised, were never allowed to hoist their country's flag, and in short, were merely tolerated by the Turkish authorities. Several attempts had been made by the government of the United States, and more by some of its citizens trading with the Levant and temporarily settled there, to enter into a treaty with the Sultan, that might place them in a position as advantageous as that of England, France, and Russia, the three most favoured countries. When France and England had just helped to destroy the whole of the Sultan's navy and Russia had invaded his empire, the moment seemed propitious for the renewal of those attempts, and they were renewed at Constantinople by Messrs. J—— and G——, on the behalf of the United States.

The two Frank agents were not men to be startled at trifles, but the demands of the Reis-Effendi, that the Americans should at once take part in the Sultan's quarrels, should furnish him with a fleet, and (for certain prospective advantages) form, in short, an alliance offensive and defensive, were of rather too weighty a nature to be acceded to, by the embryo diplomatists; and their discussions with the Porte came to nothing, if we except the passage of a trading American vessel, that as an earnest of future favour, was admitted to Constantinople, and to sell her cargo, at the commencement of the parleys. I saw this merchantman, the "Delos," the first that carried the American flag in those seas, arrive at Constantinople, early in the summer of 1828. She hoisted the Ottoman flag with her own banner; and the Turks were edified during her stay of several weeks, with the complimentary promptness with which the stranger ghiaour attended to their festivals by decorating his ship. On the Friday, when the Sultan went to mosque, and, on his way from Beshik-tash to Constantinople, had to pass the mouth of the Golden Horn, where all the trading vessels lay, his eye used to be greeted with the sight of his eastern crescent, on a level with, if not *above* the western stars, and some of the

ignorant Turks proclaimed, that another unclean race had been sent to do homage to their Padishah.

As soon as the Russians began to threaten the neighbouring coasts of the Black Sea, and their ships to appear off the Boghaz, a species of telegraph was arranged, and posts established from Domouzderé, &c., to Constantinople. Nothing could be ruder, or more liable to mistake, than this contrivance—a mere pole of wood with one transverse moveable bar—but such as it was, it was not attended to. A gentleman I knew, was crossing the Bosphorus from Scutari, one morning, long before he embarked, he saw the Turks very busy at Scutari, and in a great rage, because the post on the other side of the channel took no notice of their manœuvres; all the time he was rowing across, he saw the activity continued, and the transverse bar at last agitated, as if it had been a flail. On landing at Tophana, where was the corresponding point of this well-served telegraph, he had the good-nature to go and tell the Turks, that their friends on the other side of the water had been talking to them for more than half an hour.

Another morning, the Capitan-Bey remitted a telegraph order from the fleet at Buyukderè to the Tersana, or Arsenal, in the port of Constantinople. The order was misunderstood, and a Turk, with a rank correspondent to that of Rear Admiral, said he could not be answerable for consequences unless somebody was sent to tell him what those signs in the air meant! I once took coffee with this enlightened “Rear;” it was in the Arsenal, with Mr. Kelly, the master of the steam-boat, and my friends H. and D. The figure of the Turk was, I think, one of the most repulsive I ever saw: his eyes were fiery red and restless—his eye-brows bushy—his brow contracted—his mouth was buried in his beard—but the quivering motion of the upper moustache denoted it had the same ferine restlessness as his eye—in short, the whole of his ugly face and burly form vouched for the truth of stories I had heard of a ferocity and physical prowess which had, in some instances, rendered him a rival of the great Capitan-Pasha, Hussein.* Yet, when we had finished our tiny cups and our pipes, and had bowed and received his *salam* without any ebullition of brutality towards us, we were almost inclined to call him a civil fellow; and it is from modifications of what we then felt,

* This man several times beat out the brains of Turks, for disobedience, with a club.

that strangers have been wont to form their hurried estimates of the Turks, and to praise them as kind and gentle, as we should a tiger who permitted us to withdraw our head from his jaws without biting us. That same morning we took pipes and coffee with several other Turks in the dock-yard; but when we reached the dreadful bagnio or prison, I could well have dispensed with the honour that awaited us. *We took our cup and pipe with the jailer, and were waited on by two black turnkeys!* The low, familiar walls of the bagnio, as they now are, did not strike me as being more inferior to "the vast and high enclosure" as described by Anastasius, than did the appearance of this real jailer fall short of the dreadful image of Achmet-Reïss, which that wonderful work had impressed on my imagination. Indeed, everything about the bagnio seemed most provokingly to tend to the destruction of the terrible and the sublime; the Rear Admiral we had just left might have figured with effect as that "fiend of hell," Achmet; but our entertainer was a curved, grey-bearded, common, little old man, with an expression of countenance rather mild and good-natured than otherwise. Of course, I speak of the jailer of the foul prison only as a picturesque object—to extend remark, Ali-Pasha, of Yanina, was said, by poor Byron, to be one of the mildest-looking old gentlemen he had ever seen, and the history of any one of the wretched inmates of the bagnio might have been a curious comment on the gentle looks of his keeper.

In the time of De Tott, a school was erected within the Arsenal, and the Turks were there to be taught the useful sciences of mathematics, navigation, &c. The loquacious Baron gives an amazing account of all the difficulties his attempt at the introduction of science met with from the ignorant and obstinate Turks; yet he seems to have done some good, and to have left at his departure a few individuals in the Arsenal capable of solving a simple problem in geometry, and of taking the elevation of the sun with a sextant.* From the time of De Tott until the new and

* Destinée particulièrement à la marine, cette école fut établie à l'arsenal; mais on ne pouvait y admettre que des hommes en état de servir l'intérêt du moment qui l'établissoit: (*The Turks were then at war with the Russians, and suffering from the want of engineers, navigators, &c.*);—plusieurs Capitaines de vaisseaux, à barbe blanche, en se joignant aux autres ecoliers, déjà d'un âge mûr, *me dispensaient de défendre les espiégleries*. (Admirable! post-captains and grey-beards of Turks, were not likely to play school-boys' pranks). Je dictois journellement la leçon en Turc: chaque ecolier l'écrivait dans son cahier, et je chargeois l'un d'eux à mon

unfortunate system of Sultan Selim, or during the quarter of a century, this school was neglected; and the slight improvements made at the latter period, and which were checked by the revolution of the Janissaries, scarcely survived when Mahmood determined that his subjects should be mathematicians. At first there was an immense deal of activity and application; and the Sultan kept a number of youths fagging in the Arsenal with the regularity of his tacticoes—but this soon past:—at the time of our visit the school was empty. This, I was told, by Mr. K——, was its *general* case, but he had sometimes seen a few old Chodgeas or Professors solemnly breaking their heads over the rudiments—the infant steps of plane geometry.

Since my return to England I have had opportunities of speaking with more than one of my countrymen, who were eye-witnesses of several of the events I have described at Constantinople. My intelligent friend Mr. E. F. Starbuck, who resided at the Turkish capital nearly seven years, and who viewed the passing transactions with a curious eye, kept a slight journal, which he has had the kindness to shew me. Its details respecting the Janissaries, and their final suppression in 1826, are highly interesting; and I have been delighted, on comparing them together, to find that my account (drawn up from the details of many people of the country, and of Franks who were present) should agree in its principal points with what he penned

choix d'en être le repetiteur pour le lendemain. Cette methode, en fixant l'attention de mes écoliers, leur fit faire le progres le plus rapide; au bout de trois mois, ils etaient en etat d'appliquer sur le terrain les quatre problèmes de la Trigonometrie rectiligne. C'etoit aussi à qui devoit se borner mon travail dans ce genre. Il ne falloit que des Ingenieurs de campagne; et des Marins en etat de prendre hauteur, faire des relevemens, et calculer la route du vaisseau. *C'etoit encore assez pour des écoliers de 60 ans!* One of the finest specimens of sentimentality in these curious volumes (and the Baron is frequently and highly *sentimental*, as was peculiarly the fashion with French writers of those days), is the scene of his tender *adieux* with these youthful and interesting pupils. “Le bâtiment qui devoit me conduire à Smyrne, avait déjà levé l'ancre, et deployoit ses voiles, l'orsque plusieurs bateaux l'aborderent. Je me vis alors entourés de tous mes élèves, chacun un livre ou un instrument à la main. Avant de nous quitter, me disoient-ils avec attendrissement, donneznous au moins une dernière leçon; elle se gravera mieux dans notre memoire que toutes les autres. Celui-ci ouvroit son livre pour expliquer le quarré de l'hypotenuse; celui-là, avec une longue barbe blanche, braquoit son sextant pour prendre hauteur; un autre me faisoit des questions sur le quartier de reduction, et tous m'accompagnaient jusqu'à plus de deux lieues en mer, où nous nous séparâmes avec un attendrissement d'autant plus vif, qui les Turcs n'y sont pas sujets, et que j'étois moins préparé.” What a picture! Even apart from its sentimentality, it excels the group of mathematicians in Raphael's “School of Athens.”

down, day by day, as the things occurred. There are, of course, many particulars noted in Mr. Starbuck's diary which I was either ignorant of, or could not find room to insert in my brief sketches; of these the following are interesting and characteristic of the awful period, and the strange people, the Turks.

On the morning of the dreadful 15th of June, the commencement of as bloody a day as graces the red annals of the Osmanlis, and only a few minutes before the deadly struggle began in the city of Constantinople, between the Janissaries and the Sultan, Mr. Starbuck saw the friends of either party perambulating the streets of Pera to raise recruits—to summon the Turks to take arms and die or triumph for one or the other cause. These individuals of the opposite factions met each other in the narrow streets, yet no collision, save of words,* took place—they were soon to encounter each other with the arms of irreconcilable and mortal hate (at least, such was the object they were proposing), yet they now passed each other with infinitely more composure than the opposite sides of our electioneering parties would do,—invoking on one side Mahomet and Hadji-Bekdash, on the other Mahomet and Mahmood.

After their final defeat, the sufferings of the fugitive Janissaries were excessive. On the third day from that event one of the sons of Hadji-Bekdash approached, at the dusk of the evening, the house of a Frank, in the village of Belgrade, and supplicated with a frantic but exhausted voice for a little bread! For three days he had tasted no food—for three days he had not dared to move from his place of concealment, lest he should be seen and destroyed.†

This sturdy Janissary who, in the fanaticism of his creed, and the peculiar insolence of his privileged corps, would but a few days before have spurned the loftiest of the ghiaours, was now ready to throw himself at the feet of the humblest. The difference that divided them had disappeared—he now

* "When any of them stopped to converse for a moment," says Mr. Starbuck, "I noticed that it was in a *serious* and *composed* manner, well suited to, though not always seen on the eve of such events."

† The journal is in these words. "A poor fellow, who had wandered out to Belgrade without his arms (probably having thrown them away) begged earnestly for shelter, and a morsel of bread; the bread was granted him, but shelter could not be afforded; he said he had not eaten for three days. On quitting, he called down the direst imprecations on the workers of the present mischief to his corps; and said, Why do not the Russians come down on us?"

felt safer with Christians than with his own caste, and Christians *did* relieve him when his brethren would have thrust him forth to starve, or impelled by the novel fury, infused by the Sultan, have raised their hands against what remained of life in him.*

It must astonish the European, with his free or contemptuous regard of ordinary modes and customs, to see what importance is attached to the very slightest of them, in the countries of the east, and though he may have learned with a smile that a black and dirty cauldron, was to the Janissary Ortas, what the eagle was to the Roman legions, that their honour depended on its preservation, still he will scarcely be prepared to conceive the vital importance attached to the way of carrying it through the streets.

In the days of the Janissaries, the *casans* or pilaff kettles for the troops, were carried by poles on the shoulders; this must now be changed, the faithful adherents to the Sultan and the Nizam-attic, were to sink the poles to their hands in the guise of our chairmen.

Mahmood's imperial decree (and some even say, the Mufti's spiritual *fetva*) was issued to this effect, and the punishment of death denounced against those who should dare carry their soup, as the Janissaries had done. When the *casans* were first observed swinging "prone to earth," the Turks praised Allah, or reverted their eyes in dismay and disgust, as their political predilection might be; but all considered it a great—a portentous change in the customs of the faithful.

Mr. Starbuck's journal, written as it was, from the lively impressions of the moment, conveys in a striking manner, the almost overpowering effect produced by the rapid changes and unexpected events of the period. The bold, bullying Janissary, become a very lamb, and praying for some charm that might efface the marks traced on his arm, at the time of his enrolment, and made indelible by gunpowder: the raw, unturk-like looking tacticoes occupying the honours or duties of his post, the customs and practices of centuries, abrogated in a moment, and those that had been the objects of Mahometan reprobation and hate, at once instituted in lieu of them, were indeed, circumstances to astound imagination.

* In naming the principal personages who took part in the tragedy, or in the long bye-play, that led to the catastrophe of the Janissaries, I have omitted a very important character—this was Najib Effendi, the Capi-Kehaya or agent of the Pasha of Egypt, at Constantinople. Though Najib was averse to cruelty, and abstained during the days of bloodshed, he was one of the warmest promoters of that system, whose proposed end was the dissolution, at least, of the detested association.

On the 29th June, 1826, only fourteen days after the last dying struggle of the Janissaries in the Et. Meidan, Mr. S—— saw some Turks practising the European manœuvres, composedly and in good humour, though in a most awkward style. The same day, the Sultan reviewed and commanded in person as many of the tyro-tacticians as could be got together, in the great burying-ground above Pera, and thither the troops marched through Pera to beat of drum !

The reader may be interested by the following gradation of rank, in the new or regular Turkish army, with the correspondent titles in English. Its correctness may be depended upon, as it was furnished by one intimately acquainted with the language, and with some of the leading military men among the Turks.

SADR-AZAM—Grand-Vizier, Generalissimo or Marshal-in-Chief.
 SER-ASKIER (always a three-tailed Pasha)—General-in-Chief.
 MIR-MIRAN (Pasha of two tails)—General of a Division.
 KAIMAKAM of ditto—Lieutenant-General of a Division.
 MIR-LIVA—General of Brigade commanding three Regiments.
 KAIMAKAM of ditto—Lieutenant-General of Brigade.
 MIR ALLAI—Colonel, commanding five Battalions or a Regiment.
 KAIMAKAM of ditto—Lieutenant-Colonel.
 BIN-BASHI—*Chef de Bataillon* commanding one Battalion.
 KOL-AGASSI—Major.
 YUZ-BASHI—Captain.
 KAIMAKAM (when without affix)—Lieutenant.
 BASH-TCHAUSH—Serjeant-Major.
 TCHAUSH—Serjeant.
 ON-BASHI—Corporal.
 FETI—Soldier.

From a source equally valuable, I have derived information respecting the state of defence of Adrianople.

The ancient walls that once surrounded the important city of Adrianople, less strong or less fortunate than those of Constantinople, have almost entirely disappeared, and the feeble circumvallation raised at later periods, is only traced here and there in tottering fragments. The Turks, aware of the indefensible condition of the place, began some time since to throw up a few works, and to dig a fosse, which *was* to surround the town. Part of the ditch was cut, but so narrow and shallow was it, that a poor Greek Simitji, or itinerant vender of pastry, jumped across it one morning,

an act of contumely, and of disrespect to the talents of the Turkish engineers, that cost him dear, for they cut off his head for it. People on the spot were of opinion that Adrianople could not hold out an hour, and that the Turks would all march out at one gate, as the Russians entered at another.

If, however, the defences of the city itself be so contemptible, the position of Adrianople at the confluence of three rivers, the Hebrus* (whose classical name is lost in the modern appellation of the Maritza), the Arda, and the Tundscha or Yena, is most advantageous for defensive operations. Indeed, so apparent are the advantages offered by this district, that they struck even the stupid Janissaries, who had revolted against

* The Hebrus, down whose stream floated the head of the wretched Orpheus, "still calling on the name of his long lost Eurydice," rises in the Balkan chain between Mounts Hæmus and Rhodope; in its passage through Thrace it is enriched by numerous tributary streams, and it discharges itself into the Ægean sea, by the Gulph of Enos, nearly opposite to the island of Samothrace. Under an industrious and enterprising people, the Hebrus or Maritza might be rendered navigable, as far as Adrianople, for small vessels, and the Gulph of Enos should seem appointed by nature to be the convenient port and outlet for the produce of a rich district. But Enos is a desolate place, and the river is choaked up. The city of Adrianople, or Edrenê, as it is called by the Turks, was for nearly a century the capital of the Ottoman empire, and it was hence Mahomet II. marched to seize the long-desired and fair prize of Constantinople. It is thus described by a modern traveller of merit—"We entered the city by a long, narrow bridge, built over the Tundscha, which falls into the Maritza, at a little distance below the town to the south. Passing along narrow streets, darkened by wooden projections from the opposite houses, we stooped under a low, ruined, brick archway, in the wall of the fortress, and alighted at a Khan, crowded with Albanian troops of the Pasha

The population of the city is now estimated at something less than ninety thousand, of which *one-third* may be accounted Turks, the rest being Greeks, Armenians, and Jews; but the number of its inhabitants, and the extent of its commerce, have been greatly diminished by the plague of four years ago, and the disturbances and depredations committed by robbers, before the appointment of the present Pasha. The two annual fairs which were held in the neighbourhood, to which Russians with furs, and Germans with cloth, were in the habit of resorting, no longer exist; still, however, Adrianople remains a place of considerable trade.

"There is also so great a demand for the manufactured goods of England, that the appointment of a British Consul, at Adrianople, has been resolved upon by the Levant Company.

"That part of the town called the Fortress, surrounded by a ruined wall, with here and there a dilapidated tower, is the chief residence of the Franks and Greeks. We could hear of no remains of antiquity, except the bust of the Emperor Adrian, of whose existence every one seemed certain, though its precise situation could be pointed out by nobody. But the Mosque of Selim and the Bazaar of Ali-Pasha are the pride of Adrianople."—Dr. Mac-Michael—*Journey to Constantinople in the years 1817-18.* London: J. Murray. 1819.

Selim ; and, it was here they made their stand and defeated the Nizam-djedids, or regular troops sent against them. The rebels did nothing but avail themselves of the natural facilities of the country, and throw a body of ten thousand men into Eskibabà, a small town on one of the three rivers, the Yena, which, though inconsiderable in breadth, runs in a very deep bed. Yet they here repulsed the regular troops who crossed the Yena, and returned to the charge three several times, and Cadi-Pasha, the General of the Nizam-djedid, who had thought nothing more easy than to penetrate to Adrianople, was obliged to renounce his project when almost at its gates, and to retreat with great loss. The eye of science or of military genius, might detect innumerable local advantages that escaped the tumultuary Janissaries, and a victorious enemy might here be checked and thrown back upon the Balkan. It is to be doubted however, whether the Turks will have this perspicacity ; it is to be apprehended that they will be panic struck by the dissolution of the charm,—the impenetrability of the chain of the Hæmus, and, *it is known* that they are even numerically weak in the plains of Thrace.

Though a trifle, in reference to Turkish customs, it may be as well to rectify a mistake which prevails, as to the manner in which the heads of those who have received the reward of their crime, or (cases of more frequent occurrence) have fallen under the hate or suspicion of the Porte, are disposed of in the Serraglio. It has generally been supposed that those heads were stuck on spikes on the summit of the gates or on the edges of the Serraglio walls, and there exposed in horrid rows, to the gaze of the public. This popular error has sanctioned the flights of fancy, the Sultan's palace has been converted into a Golgotha, and to speak only of recent pictures drawn of the palace, a French poet* describes the walls as “ decorated with six thousand heads,” while an English writer† represents

* Victor Hugo.—“ Les Orientales.”

† Tales of the Great St. Bernard—“ Hebe, or the Wallachian's Tale.”

It would be, perhaps, difficult to carry the *concettoso* further than has been done by the Frenchman, when, as here, he compares the Serraglio, with its ornaments of skulls, to a king covered with his festal jewels.—*e. g.*

“ Et, tel qu'un roi couvert de ses joyaux de fête,
Superbe, il se montrait aux enfans du prophète,
De six mille têtes paré ! ”

But the affectation of the Englishman may rival his—“ See those skeletons,” said the Caloyer, with a groan of wrath and woe. “ Could the Moslemin have chosen a fitter

its gate as "hung with ranges of *immense* bones, looking ghastly in the illumination." Now, the truth is, there is nothing of all this; the heads of delinquents or victims, if of common condition, are thrown on the ground by the side of the Serraglio outer gate; if of rank, as Pashas, &c., "they are placed in a dish," as Doctor Walsh correctly describes in the case of Ali Pasha, of Yanina, "on a low marble pillar, between the first and second gates of the Serraglio."*

On common occasions the heads are emblem? Within those battlements, under your glance at this moment, lies the most fearful spot on earth; the seat of the most habitual horrors; the scaffold that has drunk the most blood; the grave that has teemed thickest with regicide; the tribunal that has crushed, with the fiercest recklessness, the rights, feelings, capacities, and virtues of man; the throne of utter and essential tyranny."—Hebe glanced up at the huge mass of buildings that, covered as they were with lights, still looked sullen and wild; and, in the whisper of terror, pronounced, "the Serraglio!"

The Serraglio, in truth, is a terrible place, but this is not the way to describe it, and the author of the Wallachian's Tale ought to have been informed, that, even on the nights of the Bairam, the Serraglio, so far from being covered with lights, is wrapped in its eternal and glimmering paleness and obscurity.

But this is a trifle compared to the other instances of want of truth and costume that abound in the narrative. The house of an Armenian, at Constantinople, furnished with *paintings by the most famous masters*—that same house converted into a place of defence; a timid Armenian household, described as "wild-looking men," partly roused from their sleep, or called from the out-buildings and fields; loading fire-arms, sharpening scymetars, and harnessing themselves for the bloody work, opposing the Turks (*Spahis*, of all the people in the world!) sent by the Porte to seize their master and confiscate his property; a renewal of the raw-head-and-bloody-bone exhibitions; "a row of human heads fixed on the spikes of the archway, and glaring in the light with a frightful look of life in torture," and this over "the *Porte of the Serraglio* (*the Porte is one edifice and the Serraglio another*—they are as distinct as The Horse Guards and St. James'); the description of the interior of the Serraglio, the pavilion of the "garden of hyacinths;" the nocturnal attack made by the Bairactar on Sultan Mustapha; the death of Sultan Selim; the boy Mahmood the present Sultan (*who, instead of being a child, was twenty-three years old at the time*); Achmet, a *bos-tandji*, administering the bastinado to the Sultanas (who would have been, not the wives and concubines of the Sultan, as here imagined, but his sisters, cousins, or daughters—princesses of the blood); the Sultan running away from his own women, and in the Serraglio,—these are only a few of the mistakes that must excite the smiles of those who know any thing of Turkey and Turkish customs. It is not for me to be critical; but, as a traveller, I may be permitted to say, that really those who will describe what they have never seen, and furbish up their tales with gorgeous and exotic accessories, ought first to be at the trouble of reading at least one or two of our common books of travel on the countries where they place their heroes and heroines.

* My friend, Mr. Starbuck, also saw the head of this monster. The following is a passage from his Journal, referring to the exhibition. "As we arrived at the second gate of the Serraglio (where it was exposed), they had just taken it away; however, by paying a small sum, it was brought out on a round board, in the hands of the public executioner.

exposed only a few hours, but on more important ones, when government wishes to impress the people, they are left for three days, but seldom longer. After the exposure, they are thrown away, or purchased and buried by relations or friends, but are never kept to fringe walls, and decorate gates. During the horrid exhibition at the gate, or within the court-yard of the Serraglio, *yafas* or paper scrolls, setting forth (truly or falsely) the offences for which those heads are there, are suspended over them, "like the accusations placed over malefactors on the cross," by the Jews and other Eastern nations. I *once* saw, what poor Lord Byron saw long before me at Constantinople, the dogs' tusks *crunching* over a human skull, not, however, in the same place, "beneath the walls of the Serraglio," but in the ditch outside the land walls of the city, and near the Top-Kapoussi gate. Headless trunks, and strangled men, are often seen floating down the Bosphorus, and round the Serraglio-point, but I never could learn, even from the oldest people at Stamboul, that skeletons, heads, and bones, were ever used to decorate the summits of the Serraglio walls. My friend Mr. Starbuck's journal, enregisters a barbarous and multitudinous exposure of "human ears" at the Babamayun-Kapoussi, or great gate, in the month of June, 1825—these were cut by the ferocious Ibrahim Pasha, in Greece, and were said to amount to more than seven hundred pair. The inscription over them imported, that these trophies were cast there in contempt! A *Yirmibesh-lik* or present of a twenty-five piastre piece, was at that time given for every pair of ears.*

When a Turk is seized and beheaded on the spot, his body is laid flat on the ground on its back, and his head is placed under his arm, but the head of a Christian or Jewish Rayah, in the same circumstances, is ignominiously thrust between his legs, and the body is laid on its belly. On common occasions, decapitation is, however, resorted to much less frequently than strangling, and for the Osmanlis, the formula *ought* to be gone through, of firing a cannon for every head that falls.

It was much less appalling than others I had seen; quite free from blood or dirt. It was merely the skin of the face and head, and part of the skull, stuffed with cotton or something of the sort, retaining much of the natural appearance. The nose seemed a little disfigured, and the eyes were removed. I observed no hair on the head, but considerable beard and mustachoes of light grey. The head was large.

* These exhibitions of ears were of very common occurrence at the beginning of the Greek revolution.

In Chapter xviii. I have expressed my surprise at the great scarcity of coffee-houses at Constantinople, and have described how those that existed were travestied into barbers' shops. Besides being obnoxious to the reforming Sultan, as places of resort for the idle and disaffected, they were particularly so as being the property of the Janissaries, for those unmilitary bands had included coffee-houses in their monopoly, and there were very few in Stamboul, but belonged to them as individuals, or collectively to their *ortas* or regiments. Every coffee-house had the Janissary *nishan*, or crest of the particular *orta* it belonged to, marked over the door, to serve as a signal, or rallying-sign.* These *nishans* had been sedulously obliterated long before I reached Constantinople. I had thus no opportunity of studying the Janissary heraldry, but I remember the crest of one of the *ortas* was a fish; that of another, two swords inverted. Many of the coffee-houses were rased to the ground, during the purification which followed the conflict in the Et-Meidan. I had occasion to mention, that since the suppression of the Janissaries, fires have been much less frequent in Constantinople;—in their days, not only did they set fire to the houses, to express their discontent, but as they monopolized the calling of Tulum-badjis, or fire-men, they would let the ravage spread just as far as they chose; and as, even in ordinary occasions, largesses were distributed by the great officers of the Porte, and even by the Sultan, in person, it would frequently be worth their while to light a fire, to be paid for putting it out.

I have had the satisfaction of hearing the character I have drawn of Sultan Selim's friend and counsellor,—the Osmanli Nestor—Chelibi-Effendi,† confirmed in all its particulars, by one who had long and familiar intercourse with him. To this gentleman I am indebted for the information, that besides being the author of the defensive treatise, for the Nizam-Djedid, Chelibi-Effendi wrote and published a Medical Guide to Mecca, for the use of the Osmanlis, who had been accustomed to die by hundreds, on their journeys or pilgrimages to the tomb of the prophet.

In this little work, the spiritual concerns are left to the Imaum, who is always elected by the pilgrims, and the Effendi confines himself to proper

* During the troubles that ensued on the Greek revolution, the Janissaries were accustomed to put their *nishans* over the doors of Greek houses, and to exact *backshish*, for that protection.

† See Chap. xviii.

advice for the preservation of health under fatigue, privation, and unhealthy climates, and to judicious prescriptions for the dysentery, and other maladies to which they are more particularly liable on the road. Chelibi-Effendi was himself wholly ignorant of the science of Hippocrates and Galen, but he had the good sense to despise the nostrums and conjurings of the pseudo-professors, that kill by letters patent, among the Turks, and to apply to European physicians, properly qualified to give the information he desired. The greater portion of his useful notes was furnished by a Doctor Desila, and by the accomplished physician to the British Embassy, and the useful treatise to which many may owe their lives, is still printed, and given to the pilgrims of Mecca.

In the course of my sketches, I have referred more than once, to the distinctions of *chaussure*, in Turkey, and to the honours of the yellow slipper, which are monopolized by the Turks. Rayah subjects of the Porte, however, on very rare occasions, have had the noble privilege of putting their toes in yellow morocco, instead of blue, black, or brown ;*—this honour, prized more than knightly ribbon or star,—was accorded to the Armenians, the Dooz-Oglus, only a short time before their execution ; and it was given unasked for, but as a precious testimonial of the Sultan's consideration, to the wealthy, the charitable, the good Jew, Shapdji, whom it afterwards pleased Mahmood so foully to murder.

The institutions of a *bureau de passeports*, and of an organized department of high police, which the Turks never knew anything about, and which seem so opposed to their indolent, reckless natures, were the works of certain Italians, subjects of Austria, in whose dominions they may well have learned all the details of the system ; and several Jews were employed on the establishment, as interpreters, spies, &c. Once introduced, there is little doubt of their flourishing,—the passports afforded a snug little revenue before I left Constantinople, every person being obliged to take one, and pay for it, even for a journey of but eight or ten miles from the capital ; and the spirit of *espionage* and intrigue which has always prevailed, will foster a system, which gives concentration to its efforts.

I have related how uncourteously the Effendis in the police office behaved

* The drogomans of the Porte, who, until very lately (and for a reason easily understood—the ignorance of the Turks in languages and every thing else), were always Christians, enjoyed the envied privilege of the yellow slipper, as did the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, who, indeed, generally began their political career as drogomans of the Porte.

to me ; indeed, it seemed generally their delight to cause the Franks as much annoyance as they possibly could, as it was their practice to make them pay three times more for their passports, than any other class. But it was to the poor, unprotected Rayahs, that innumerable evils and vexations resulted from the introduction of the system, which *par excellence*, we may call Austrian ; and as the Greeks were more amenable to it, and more apprehended than the Armenians or Jews, it was on them that its teeth ground most ruthlessly. The Osmanlis, however, were not exempted from the passport, at which they were excessively wroth, and I have still in my eye, the indignant, scornful expression of tongue and countenance, of a dusty old Asiatic, when he held up his *teskeré*, for which he had just squeezed some money out of a bag he wore in his bosom, and eying it, asked, "What new invention of Shaitan is this?"

One of my most habitual resorts, at Pera, after the Turkish cemeteries and the lofty Genoese tower, was the Teckè of the dancing Dervishes, which is pleasantly situated on the ridge of the hill, with a glimpse of Constantinople and the Golden Horn on one side, and a fine view of the Bosphorus and of Scutari on the other. The building is neat in a degree approaching to elegance, and all its parts are kept remarkably clean. As you enter a large, well-paved court, you have a beautiful marble fountain with gilt gratings, and cups brimming with pure cool water, on your right hand ; to your left is a flowery parterre, enclosed with pretty iron railings, and containing the tomb of the adventurous French renegado Bonneval ; immediately before you is the Teckè, a tasteful polygon, with a Chinese roof, and extending from it, a good library, some pleasant kiosks, and the college of the Dervishes, which is much like a poor Catholic convent—a collection of low, narrow cells, with a connecting corridor. The comparatively good state of repair of the establishment is attributable to that extraordinary man Halet-Effendi, whose munificence, the result perhaps of his policy rather than of his devotion, was most ample to this religious order of which he had become a member, in whose bosom he contemplated a refuge at the moment of danger,* and in whose respected recesses (here at Pera) he fancied he had secured himself a splendid and honoured grave.

* Halet-Effendi was on his way to a convent of the same order of dervishes in Asia Minor ; and confident in the pledged word of the Sultan, when he was overtaken, and treacherously executed.

This Tecké was open to the public two days in the week, and another Tecké, situated at a neighbouring village on the European side of the Bosphorus, was open two other days, so that four days out of the seven the amateurs of dervish dancing might gratify their tastes. These, however, were the only Teckès remaining at Constantinople, and they were both of the Mevlevi or dancing order—Mahmood had included the idle, fanatic Dervishes in his reforms; and the other and more numerous order, the Becktashi, or howling Dervishes, who were known to be intimately connected with the Janissaries, and turbulent, dangerous fellows, were suppressed altogether as soon as the Sultan was confident of his strength. The ceremonies or performances of both these sects of Mahometan Monks, whose nature and existence were directly opposed to the precepts and the system of the Prophet, who were “the very imitators of the rites of Paganism which the Prophet cursed,” have been amply described by travellers of different nations. The Teckè of the order of Becktashi, the noisy temple of those copyists of the Priests of Baal, situated on the Asiatic side at Scutari,* was closed and silent long before my arrival; but a

Halet, among other acts of munificence, and in accordance with those ideas which he had adopted from European society, had built a fine library at the College of Dancing Dervishes in Pera, and in imitation of Rachûb, the celebrated Vizir of Osman III., had annexed to it a *splendid mausoleum, in which his body was to be deposited after his decease*. His wife, with whom he had not lived happily, was so rejoiced at his death, that she sacrificed two sheep, and went to see his head exposed; but softened by such a dismal sight, she relented, purchased his head (*his body was left to rot at Bola-bashi, the obscure Asiatic town where he was executed*) for two thousand piastres, and deposited it in his splendid tomb. The inveteracy of the Janissaries, however, was not to be appeased by his death; they insisted that his head should be thrown into the sea; and notwithstanding all opposition, it was actually disinterred, brought to the Serraglio-point, and cast into the current of the Bosphorus.—Dr. Walsh.—Narrative of a Journey, &c.

* According to the accounts I have heard from persons who have often frequented their college or theatre, I should judge that the following description of the howling dervishes at Scutari, by the French traveller, Mons. Olivier, is correct, as it is striking.—

“The ceremony began by some prayers, during which all the friars gave each other the kiss of peace or fraternity. The novices, or those who appeared to us of an inferior rank, simply kissed the hand of the Superior and of the chiefs of the order, with the greatest respect. The latter were placed towards the wall, on a line a little curved; behind them were suspended various iron instruments, fit for piercing the different parts of the body, and for taking hold of the burning coals which the dervishes were to put in their mouths or on their tongues; some of these instruments were intended to be made red-hot in the fire, and to be afterwards applied, as we were told, to different parts of the body. Facing these chiefs, towards the middle of the hall, the dervishes were placed in a curved line, in a humble posture, kneeling, and sitting on their heels, according to their Oriental custom.

hasty description of what frequently passed before my eyes at the college of Pera may amuse, particularly as what I saw varies considerably from most of the accounts I have read.

On the appointed mornings when the Dervishes were to dance, 'and "to mistake the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the spirit," a concourse of people would begin to gather in the court and in a burying-ground in front of the college. The proportion of women and children to

"After a few minutes spent in prayer, to each of these last, or to the dervishes, was given a great tabor, in the inside of which were one, two, or three strings, similar to our violin or bass strings. One alone of these tabors had six little copper wires. In front of these musicians, was placed a brazier or pan of burning charcoal, for the purpose of heating the instruments from time to time, and giving to the skins the suitable tension. The Superior beat time and regulated the movement of the instruments with cymbals, whilst two others beat little kettle-drums. This music accompanied Canticles in honour of Mahomet, which all the brethren sung in unison. During this monotonous concert, we were from time to time electrified by the sight of a dervish who came and presented himself to the Superior, as if struck by the omnipotence of the Divinity: he fell by degrees into convulsions: his body then grew stiff, and appeared in the state of one dead. He sunk into the arms of the dervishes in waiting, who affected to be trying to restore him to life by touching his face, his dress, and, principally, his arms and thighs. With some this was simple ecstasy; the return to life was slow and gradual; with others the state of death appeared complete. The attendant dervishes extended the latter on the floor, and appeared to make the greatest efforts to restore them to life. Besides touching them repeatedly, they spoke to them aloud in the ear; and when all common means were exhausted, the chief approached in person, in order to exercise his omnipotence. He spread his hand over the face of the dead person, who at once came to himself, and got up with extreme nimbleness, only assisted by a brother dervish. The same thing occurred during the whole of the ceremony, but it became much more frequent towards its end, when the impostors or fanatics howled in the most frightful manner. After our ears had been fatigued by the music, and our hearts afflicted by the convulsionaries, two men, naked to the waist, came forward to occupy the scene for seven or eight minutes. They were each armed with two irons, upwards of a foot long, pointed at one of the extremities, and terminated at the other by a wooden ball, covered all round with little chains, the last link of which was in the form of a very sharp nail. These men made different movements backward and forward, with force and celerity, and appeared to thrust the points of these two irons in their belly; but they took care every time to put their thumb on the points. However, the quickness of the motions directed sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, the noise and the play of the little chains,—everything prevented their cunning from being distinctly perceived.

"These two men at length pretended to thrust the instruments into their ears, their forehead, and their eyes; but then their precaution appeared greater, their motion was not so quick—a dervish suddenly wrapped them up in a cloak, and they were laid on the floor, where they remained for some minutes like dead persons. They then got up again, at the same time rubbing their face and body with their hands, and appearing as if resuscitated and cured of their wounds. They went and resumed their place and their tabor.

men was generally, I should think, as six to one, nor was their number confined to the wives and offspring of the Osmanlis, for the Armenian and Jewish fair, with their young families, were as frequent as the Turks, and all seemed attracted by precisely the same feeling—a love of music. These strange-looking groups of women, *all* with faces veiled in the ample white cotton yashmack, with forms wrapped up in wide, *shapeless*, envelopes or robes, and with loose, Morocco-leather boots, without soles, thrust into slippers that only attach at the toe and flapper as they walk, would saunter about, staring with their immense black eyes (for here—Turkish, Armenian, or Jewish—all eyes are black and large), or sit themselves down on their heels, caste by caste, and await the opening of the Teckè and the commencement of the performance, not without sundry expressions of impatience. The Turkish fair evidently asserted among their sex the superiority which their proud husbands affect in theirs. I seldom saw them mix with the rayah females, and when they spoke to them it was in an abrupt and brief manner. On the other side, the Armenian dames were equally diffident of the Jewesses, and *vice-versa*; and the juvenile branches, the children of the three conflicting faiths, had evidently been taught from the cradle to keep aloof from each other. The part of the exhibition, which used perhaps to afford me most amusement, was the Turkish children. A

“We were told that sometimes the ceremony is more diversified, that these fanatics put burning coals into their mouth, and apply their tongues to red hot irons.

“When this music ceased, almost all the dervishes placed themselves in a circle, and pronounced the word ‘Allah!’ and then followed the tone, at first slow, then quick, which was given by two of them, who had placed themselves in the middle, and who were during this time singing in honour of Mahomet. The singers shook their heads, sometimes forward, sometimes sideways or circularly, with more or less rapidity, according to the song. At other times they tossed about their body, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and sometimes backward and forward, till they had exhausted themselves with fatigue and were bathed in perspiration. They took breath for a moment: they then began again, constantly pronouncing the word ‘Allah,’ or venting a cry like *heh* or *hei*, which appeared to issue from the bottom of the stomach. The short intervals which occurred between these howlings, were filled by the singing of the two brothers, who, as we have said, were seated in the middle of these howlers.

“We remarked that there was among the chiefs more reserve, more calmness, less disposition to fanaticism; and that those among them who from time to time mixed with the howlers, spared their lungs, and did not over-fatigue their body.

“We came out of this hall with a head-ache and a general uneasiness, occasioned by the horrible clamour of these fanatics, and the sight of such exhibitions.”—*Voyage dans l’Empire Ottoman*.

chubby little fellow, not higher than Uncle Toby's knee, would cock his scarlet skull-cap, and braid across his forehead a piece of muslin (the blossom of a turban), looking passingly fierce and mighty, and you might see by the glances the little rogue would cast on his "yellow boots" and his flowing *shaksheer*,* that he was already conscious of being "somebody." The little Turkish girls, up to the age of nine or ten years (in the lower order), go with their faces uncovered. I saw many pretty countenances among them; but then, even at their early age, the distortion of a feature, which they esteem so great a *charm*, the union of the brows, or one eyebrow instead of two, was always discernible; and you could see the care, and trace the process by which those little aspirants to beauty were attaining the result. In some a light downy line could be traced right across the brow, whilst in others there was a small separating spot, which you might cover with your little finger, between the arches, and immediately above the nose. The hair of these Turkish girls is generally most luxuriant; it escapes from the red *fess*, which merely covers the crown of the head, and is always ornamented with pieces of coin or gold and tinsel, according to the wealth of their parents; the hair is drawn back,—it is braided and plaited; and I have seen, more than once, a trait—beautiful in poetry, more lovely still in reality—the extremities of the long black hair, playing with the snow-white naked feet, or sweeping the ground; and this, in children only nine or ten years of age. Their dress is picturesquely barbaric, and much the same as worn by the women, when at home, and relieved from their cumbrous cloaks and wrappers, which make them, when abroad, look like the wandering ghosts of an old-clothes' stall.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the doors of the Teckè, or the theatre of the dervishes, was usually thrown open, and there then ensued a rapid shuffling of slippers—yellow, blue, and brown—all the women hastening, with excited feeling, to the exhibition. Their place in the Teckè (for, as is to be expected, they are kept widely separated from the men), is in an elevated gallery, or tribune, like the galleries occupied by the nuns in monastic churches, and like them faced with close lattice-work, through which you can only see a galaxy of bright eyes, and a condensation of white yashmacks, looking like fleecy clouds, cast around the luminaries. The male spectators sit down on their heels, on a platform about twelve feet

* Broad trowsers.

in width, that surrounds the arena. No ceremony is necessary, but to take off your shoes or boots, if you be equipped in the Frank style, and your papooshes if you be in the Eastern—the dislike they entertain against Christians, or any other unbelievers entering their mosques, does not extend to these dancing houses, for not only the women of the different castes enter freely, but also the men, and no objection is ever made to the presence of a Frank. I, on the contrary, enjoyed certain privileges in my visits, having a good *seeing* place, and a clean mat allotted to me, for all which I used to pay, in donations of rubiehs or three piastre pieces, to the dervishes. Although the Teckè was often crowded, and I could sometimes hear the murmuring sounds of “Ghiaour” and “Pezavenk,” I never was much annoyed by any of the spectators except once, when a surly old fellow struck me over the toes, because, tired and cramped by sitting so long like a tailor, I had stretched out my legs and they happened to point to the holy east! This was the first time I knew that the Moslems attach as much importance, and consider it as irreverent to “point a toe,” or even, I believe, a finger, to the east, as devout Catholics do to turn their back on the altar or the host. As besides being conducive to personal comfort, it may be considered a duty for a traveller not to insult any religious prejudice or observance of those among whom he has introduced himself, I was thankful for the lesson, although conveyed in so rough a manner.

The exterior of the Teckè I have described as a polygon, with a Chinese or pending roof; in the interior the same form is preserved, and the roof is shaped into a dome, under which the strange devotionary exercises are performed. Slight wooden columns and a hand-railing divide the circle, from the platforms, on the same level, occupied by the male spectators. The pillars and walls are painted with sober colours, but there is an attempt at ornament in the Kebè, that stands towards the east, and the ceiling is prettily coloured and decorated. An inscription or two from the Koran, in Arabic, and in very large black characters, hung in frames, like pictures, against the walls, a cushion of green cloth for the Superior, and some straw mats, the manufacture of Egypt, are the only furniture. The flooring is of broad planks of the plane tree, and within the circle where the rotary dancing takes place, it is worn as smooth and slippery as glass. Over the door of the Teckè, opposite to the recess which points to the tomb of the prophet, and on a line with the grated gallery allotted to the

females, is another gallery, smaller and open, which serves as an orchestra and choir, for there the musicians, and two or three dervishes, who chant, take their stand.

The upper or eastern sides of the Teckè opens into wide and lofty windows, through which the eye, glancing across the singular temple (for none but the faithful and those about the college are permitted to approach that end), may catch a view of the cool and arrowy Bosphorus, with the swarm of its light caïks descending without effort—of the coast and the mountains of Asia—of the mosques and minarets about Scutari—the endless cemetery and its cypresses. To finish with the interior of the Teckè, it is by no means spacious nor in very good repair; wood work will wear out and painting require refreshing—nothing in the way of repair or ornament has been done since the time that Halet Effendi expended his purse on it; and the Dervishes, a mendicant order—like the Capuchins of Catholic countries, mourn, as they do, that the spirit of devotion, which they estimate according to the sum of their receipt, is on the decline among the people.

The ceremonies of the dancing dervishes began thus:—The Superior, a short, shrivelled old man, dressed in green, and wearing a small green turban round his high, cylindrical felt cap, went and took his place on a cushion at the eastern end of the hall, with his back to the Keabè, and his face towards the door. Two or three old dervishes stood by him, with their arms crossed on their breasts. Twelve, and at times fourteen or fifteen dervishes, then entered the arena, and stood in a circle, at regular distances from each other, their arms also crossed, their eyes bent on the ground, and the expression and hue of their countenance, either naturally or affectedly, most solemn and cadaverous. At a sign given by the Superior, the choir shouted *Allah il Allah!* and this invocation was followed by a short prayer, pronounced by the Superior, and joined in by the dervishes within the circle, who were all kneeling, and occasionally bent their foreheads to the floor. A brief, but dead silence ensued; they then began to chant in a very slow, mild, and subdued tone, accompanied by the orchestra, composed of tamborines, small drums, and Turkish flutes or pipes. The dervishes within the circle, then threw off their woollen cloaks, passed with measured steps, and one by one, before the Superior, who stood grim and motionless as a Chinese idol in a pagoda. When

they were in a line with him, they bowed their heads lowly towards the carpet at his feet; and immediately as they passed him, they began to turn round and round, at first very slowly, and in time with the low and deliberate notes of the music, still keeping their arms crossed, and their hands attached to their shoulders. But by degrees, the music waxed louder and louder, the Arabic invocations of the choristers rose again to a shout, the dervishes went faster and faster in their double rotary evolution;* their hands detached from their shoulders, their arms extended to their full length, and held horizontally, their ample garment inflated and spread like half-open umbrellas,—and thus awhile they whirled round the arena, to the wild and thrilling notes of the choir, and the eastern instruments,—a mixed ecstasy of sound and motion. With a watch in my hand, I have seen them continue ten, twelve, fifteen, and *once* eighteen minutes, spinning round at this astonishing speed, and yet, perhaps, the duration of the exertion, which, as Dr. Clarke remarks, should seem sufficient to exhaust life itself, is not more remarkable than its termination, when “suddenly, on a signal given, by the directors of the dance, unobserved by the spectators, the dervishes all stop at the same instant, like the different wheels of a machine; and what is more extraordinary, all in one circle, (*he might have added, at regular distances from each other, just as they began*), with their faces invariably towards the centre, crossing their arms on their breasts, grasping their shoulders as before, and bowing together with the utmost regularity, at the same instant, almost to the ground.” The effect produced was marvellous, and it is a fact that the reader will easily credit, that the first time I saw the exhibition, though quietly sedent on my heels, by keeping my eyes fixed so long on so many objects, all turning one way, and so rapidly, my own head was giddy; and at their sudden, unexpected, and almost statue-like halt, I nearly fell on my face. After a very short rest, they began to walk, one by one, round the circle close to the railing, and on passing and bowing to the Superior, as before, each began to twirl again, and in precisely the same manner, slowly at first, like the devolving rope on a capstan, which quickens with each revolution of the wheel. During the whole of the dance, a “steady old fellow,” in a green *jubbee*, or mantle, and with a face, pale, fixed, and expressionless, either stood in the centre,

* As the earth turns on its axis at the same time that it revolves round the sun, so do these dancers turn round on their pivots (their feet) while they perform the revolution of the arena.

or sailed slowly and mechanically among them, to regulate the performance, should any accident happen. It used to puzzle me, how he could introduce himself, as he did, among these fellows, all spinning round like tops,—close to each other, and with their hands stretched out at arm's length, without being struck by them. Yet such a thing never happened; nor did I ever see the little accidents such as the dervishes striking or jostling against each other, as mentioned by other travellers. After another halt, wonderful as that already described, and after another short repose, they would generally begin a third dance, wilder, more rapid, and more maniac-like than the preceding. The sounds of *Allah il Allah, La, illa il Allah*, rose louder and shriller; the measure of the music was quicker, and more inspiring; the pipes screamed, the tamborines and little eastern drums, clanged; the dancers spun round, marking their orbits with perspiration, which fell in large drops on the floor; the eyes of the Moslemin spectators glistened with delight, the immobility of their form and face was gone, they seemed electrified, and to own, in an extended degree, the effects of ancient music on the savage mind, as described by some historians,—an effect strengthened by the rapid, giddy whirl before them, and from that mysterious, but existing connexion, between sound and motion. The low wooden dome re-echoed and trembled to the efforts of the minstrels, and the whole Teckè at last (to my eyes), seemed to reel round with the frantic dancers. It was impossible not to be led away by the barbaric, but impressive performances; and during the more animated part of them, I several times felt my mind in a state of aberration difficult to express.

Dr. Clarke, in describing the dance, says, that as they turned with inconceivable rapidity, their eyes were closed. From what I saw, however, I should not say their eyes were shut, their lids hung down sleepily, almost covering the pupil; but the eye was visible, and fixed in its socket; and dreamy as it was, while the face was of a cadaverous hue, and while the body was floating rapidly round, as if on air, the effect was ghastly, awful, and approaching what, for want of a better term, we are accustomed to call the supernatural. Other travellers, among whom Chandler is conspicuous, in giving an account of these dancing dervishes, in other parts of the Turkish empire, say, that as they dance they shout *Allah*, and make a noise like drunken bacchanals, and that the ceremony ends by some of them quitting the ring, and sinking from exhaustion, and fainting

away, "at which time, it is believed, they are favoured with ecstatic visions." But at the Tecké of Pera, I never saw any other conclusion, than their stopping at once, at the third and last signal, and standing in a regular ring, with their faces turned to the centre, as described at their first halt, though not so fresh and cool as then, but reeking at every pore and quivering throughout, like overdriven horses at the end of their stage. After bowing reverentially and repeatedly to the Superior, and bringing their foreheads two or three times in contact with the floor, they stand up erect, take their woollen cloaks, which, in material and cut (with the exception of the hood) are not much unlike the *Santa lana* of the Franciscans, and wrapping their steaming bodies well up, retire from the Teckè, as the wild music dies away in a long, low cadence. It has been related of these dervishes, to increase the surprise excited by their performance, that immediately after they are to be seen coolly smoking their chibooks, as if they had been mere spectators: and this is true, as I have several times witnessed at the college of Pera. Such astonishing exertions, however, are not to be made without producing exhaustion, nor frequently repeated without injury to health. The bad effects are depicted on the countenances of the dervishes, which are always haggard, and sallow in the extreme. Intemperance is very general among all classes of men condemned to temporary but violent efforts of labour, followed by total idleness; all the dancing dervishes were known to drink to excess, and it was supposed that there was not a house in all Stamboul and its suburbs, where so much rum and raki were consumed as in the monastic retreat of the Teckè at Pera. I might have testified to the fact from the evidence of my own senses, for an Armenian with whom I was acquainted, and who had a friend or relation a musician, that played in the orchestra of the Teckè, and was thus on a familiar footing with the holy brothers, often proposed to take me in the evening to the college to have some *keff* with them. The Armenian explained away a difficulty I started, as to the Turks being specially violent, and dangerous when in their cups, by assuring me the dervishes were as quiet as lambs, for they were used to it, and were awed moreover by the Superior, who, though he could not check, but partook in the vice, was anxious that no scandal by brawls, resulting from its indulgence, should attach to the house; and I probably should have gone to study nature in the college of the Mevlewî, and on tipsy dervishes, as I

had not unfrequently done in other countries, in the monasteries of Saint Francis, and on monks “powerfully refreshed,” had I not been deterred by the state of my health. My friend the Armenian once paid a visit at nightfall: he was not long away, I know not what quantity of raki he might have taken, but, though when he went he was sedate and heavy, as became his caste, and spoke choice French and Italian, when he returned he evinced a strong propensity to spin round like the dervishes, without their order or measure, and could speak nothing but Turkish. We learned from his excuses the next morning, that it would not have been proper in him to abstain where the saintly Moslems indulged, and that, like Anastasius, in a precisely similar position, he had felt apprehension of the danger of “being too demure.”*

It should appear but consistent, that the fanatic spirit which excludes Christian feet from the Mosque, and is irritated even by their approach to its gates, † should, with increased pertinacity, resist their ingress into the Teckès and Colleges of the dervishes, who are, at least ostensibly, the most devout or fanatic of the sons of the prophets; and yet, I have shewn

* See Anastasius, chap. x. The profligate dervish—the scenes in the dervish convent, are—like all Mr. Hope’s eastern sketches, perfectly in character and keeping,—correct, in short, as far as my observation goes.

† This is certainly the prevailing feeling among the Turks. At Constantinople a Christian cannot visit Santa Sophia or any of the grand Mosques without a *firman* from the Porte, nor even with that, has he hitherto been able to accomplish it without insult and abuse. Having chosen our time well, when there were no Turks loitering about them, I several times approached and peeped through the doors and windows of the Mosques, with my old servant. I was once surprised in the fact, and well pelted with stones by some Turkish boys; and another morning, when with my friends Messrs. H. and D., we crossed the spacious court, and ascended a few of the steps of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet on the Hippodrome (a much finer building, be it said, than Santa Sophia,—the finest and vastest Mosque perhaps of Stamboul), we were violently abused, and threatened by several turbaned fanatics. I never, however, was so seriously incommoded as a certain British squire, who arrived at Constantinople some years before me, with his wife and sons, and being anxious to see the lions of Constantinople, he boldly repaired with the male part of his family to the Mosque of Santa Sophia. Accompanied by a Janissary, they reached the portal of the temple, and there, having all taken off their shoes and left them on the threshold, they entered to enjoy the spectacle presented by the great Christian temple of the Eastern church, now desecrated by infidels. When they had gazed on the defaced mosaics of Greek art, and had every way satisfied their curiosity, they turned to depart, proud, as they had reason to be, with having visited a place so rarely trod by Christian feet. Unfortunately, as they were thinking of retiring, some ill-tempered Turks thought of entering to their devotions: the collision of the Britons and the Osmanlis was by no means courteous,—the Turks were, as usual, abusive and made use of menacing gestures. The poor squire, not understanding a word of what they said, but perfectly comprehending that they were angry,—and being staggered at the popular idea of Turkish fanaticism

how all the unclean are admitted to their exhibition, even as to a profane display of dancing and tumbling. Nor is this all: half the musicians in the gallery, who accompany the *Allah il Allahs*, and the holy words of the Koran, are Armenians and Christians.

I have described the military music of the Turks as I was accustomed to hear it at Smyrna: it was not without its charms, but the Turkish music at the College of dervishes was, as might be supposed, far superior. Indeed, after being somewhat used to its wildness and eccentricity, I began even to relish it, and was frequently deeply moved with its thrilling flight and its simplicity, particularly when the minstrels sounded "the loftier theme," responsive to the Arabic adjurations of devotion and enthusiasm, and the dervishes were dancing violently round, as in a whirlwind. The favourite instrument, and which is indeed their best, is a sort of pipe or flute, held almost perpendicularly, and blown at the end like a flageolet or and ferocity,—took to his heels, and was followed by his family. Alarm did not permit them to stop at the door of the Mosque, where they had left their shoes, and off they went, squire and progeny barefooted; and the louder their own Janissary called behind them, the faster they ran; nor was it until they had traversed several of the narrow, dirty streets of Stamboul, that they were made sensible that the danger of martyrdom was not so imminent, and were restored to their shoes. At several of the obscure towns in Asia Minor, I had advanced to the door of the Messdjids or inferior Mosques, and had even entered the Sanctuary at moments not devoted to worship, without being molested; but the only time I had the facility of viewing a Mosque at my leisure,—and a Mosque, conspicuous, imperial, and well deserving attention,—was at the Asiatic suburb of Scutari, and at the invitation of the ministers of the Mosque themselves. This was one evening when, after wandering in the impressive cemetery, I staid to loiter a short time before sun-set near the modern Mosque of the Sultan Selim. Nobody was with me but my servant, guide, and drogoman Davide. We were behind the temple, looking upwards to the airy minarets, when two Imaums, with all the glories of the flowing robe, the caouk and white muslin turban, issued from a portal, advanced, and asked whether I should like to see the interior of that sacred edifice. I embraced the offer with great alacrity. On reaching the threshold, shoes were to be pulled off; but I wore boots as light as those at Pergamus; and here was room for the display of ingenuity; for the worthy priests seeing that they would not come off, suggested to Davide, that he should wrap up my boots in pocket-handkerchiefs. This was done forthwith. Davide's striped cotton enveloped one boot,—instep, sole, and all,—and my silk the other; and we entered the holy Mosque. The interior was exquisitely simple: it was lined from dome to floor with pure white marble! The sculptured ornaments were few and in good taste; they were chiefly scrolls. Egyptian mats covered the floor, and they, save a beautiful marble pulpit, a kiblè, and a sort of chandelier, hung with ostriches' eggs, were the only furniture in the body of the Mosque. The tribune or gallery devoted to the Sultan, and which had often been occupied by the unfortunate Selim, who built and endowed the Mosque, was high above the door, and faced with trellice work (like the nuns' recesses I have before had occasion to allude to), very prettily gilt. I staid within about half an hour: when I withdrew from the Mosque, the priests held out their hands. I gave them a twelve piastre piece, and we parted mutually pleased.

clarionet: it is above three feet in length, more slender than our common flutes, with its stops much wider apart; it seems made of a simple reed or cane, and has no keys. In short, it is as primitive a musical instrument as I ever saw, and probably has descended without improvement or change, from the most remote ages and the earliest people of the East. Yet from this rude reed, notes are produced that are ravishingly soft and sweet,—some of them dissimilar, but very superior to the finest tones I ever heard from our flute, even when in the hands of a Drouet. There is a species of flute with an elbow, called by the Italians "*La voce umana*," whose notes approach near to those of the Turkish pipe, but they do not equal them.

I have been asked for the Legend which I have mentioned as being attached to the "Tour de Leandre," and more frequently since the Panorama of Constantinople has brought the Tower before the eyes of the public. It is short, but I regret it is neither very novel nor very romantic.

It was predicted to one of the Sultans, say the Turks, while the Greeks, who have the same story, relate it of one of their Emperors, that his fairest, his favourite daughter, then a child, should be stung to death by a serpent. To avoid this catastrophe, he caused a Tower to be built upon a small rock, in the midst of the rapid Bosphorus, and placed his darling in it, as a place secure even in the teeth of a prophecy. The Tower almost covered the face of the rock, which, devoid of a blade of vegetation, save the seaweeds that grew at its roots, and washed by the deep waves, could not harbour a venomous reptile; but just when the peerless Sultana had attained the perfection of her charms, and was dearer to her doating father than ever, an asp—a tiny asp (such, mayhap, as Cleopatra sought) was conveyed to the Imperial maiden of the tower in a basket of delicious fruit. It bit her: she died. The prophecy was fulfilled; the tale ended in a manner consonant to Turkish philosophy—"Who can escape what destiny has decreed?"—and the place was ever after called Kiz-Koulessi, or "The Tower of the Maiden."

I have dwelt with some length (see Chap. xix.) on the extraordinary mandate of Sultan Mahmood to the Patriarch or head of the Greek church at Constantinople, which imported that the Christian primate was to draw up a prayer in vulgar Romaïc, in behalf of the Infidel tyrant, the cruel foe of the Greek race, and to cause the same to be repeated in all the temples of the Greek sect. I here subjoin the remarkable production, with a literal translation.

ΕΤΧΗ' Ὑπὲρ τῆς Κραταιοτάτης Βασιλείας ἡμῶν Σελτᾶν Μαχμὲτ Αὐθέντε ἡμῶν, ἥτις Χρὴ Ἀναγινώσκεσθαι Παρὰ τῆς Ἱερέως Καθ' Ἑκάστην Μετὰ τὴν Ὀπισθάμβωνον Εὐχὴν, Εἰς Ἐπήκοον Πάντων, Ἐπιβοῶντων τὸ ἈΜΗΝ.

ΚΥΡΙΕ ὁ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, ὁ Θεὸς τῆς Ἀβραάμ, Ἰσαὰκ, καὶ Ἰακώβ, ὁ ἐν Σοφίᾳ τὰ Πάντα Δημιουργήσας, καὶ Ἐξ ἑκ ὄντων Εἰς τὸ εἶναι Παραγαγὼν, ὁ διὰ τὴν Ἀπατόν σε Πρόνοιαν, καὶ πολλὴν Ἀγαθότητα ἀκατανοήτως τὴν τῶν ἀνθρώπων πραγματευόμενος σωτηρίαν, καὶ πάντα πρὸς τὸ συμφέρον τῆς Πλάσματός σε οἰκονομῶν ὁ ἐν μὲν τῇ παλαιᾷ Διαθήκῃ σε εἰπὼν: Δι' ἐμῆς Βασιλεῖς Βασιλεύουσι, καὶ ἄρχοντες κρατῶσι Γῆς, Ἐν δὲ τῇ Νέᾳ, διὰ τῆς Μονογενῆς σε Τίτῃ καὶ Σωτῆρος ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, ἀπόδοτε τὰ Καίσαρος Καίσαρι, καὶ τὰ τῷ Θεῷ τῷ Θεῷ, ἐντειλάμενος, καὶ ποιῆσαι πάντων, Δεήσεις, προσευχάς, ἐντευξεις, εὐχαριστίας ὑπὲρ Βασιλέων, καὶ πάντων τῶν ἐν ὑπεροχῇ ὄντων διὰ τῆς Αποστόλες Κανονισάμενος· Αὐτὸς καὶ νῦν Ἁγίε Βασιλεῦ τῆς δόξης, πρόσδεξαι ἡμῶν τῶν ταπεινῶν καὶ ἁμαρτωλῶν Δέλων σε τὴν Ὑπὲρ τῆς Κραταιοτάτης, Γαληνοτάτης, καὶ Εὐσπλαγχνικωτάτης Βασιλείας ἡμῶν Σελτᾶν Μαχμὲτ Αὐθέντε ἡμῶν προσφερομένην σοι δέησιν, καὶ παράσχε αὐτῷ, καὶ τοῖς Πανεκλάμπροις Γόνοις αὐτοῦ, καὶ πάσῃ τῇ Συγκλήτῃ καὶ τοῖς Στρατάρχαις αὐτοῦ Ζωὴν Πολυχρόνιον καὶ Πανευδαίμονα χάρισαι αὐτῷ Εἰρηνικὸν καὶ ἀτάραχον τὸ Βασίλειον, καὶ πάσης γαστρὸς καὶ Ἐμφυλίας πολέμου ἀνώτερον. Ναὶ Κύριε ὁ Θεὸς τῆς Ἐλέως, Ἐπάκουσον ἡμῶν τῶν ταπεινῶν καὶ ἀναξίων Δέλων σε· Ἐν τῇ Ὁρᾷ ταύτῃ, καὶ Κραταίωσον μὲν αὐτὸν τῇ ἀμάχῃ σε καὶ Ἀηττήτῃ Δυνάμει, τὰ δὲ τέττα Στρατεύματα Ἐνίσχυσον, πανταχῶς Νίκας καὶ τρόπαια Κατ' Ἐχθρῶν αὐτῷ Χαρίζόμενος· Διάλυσον τὰς ἔχθρας καὶ Στάσεις τῶν ἐπανισταμένων Ἰψὲ Κράτει αὐτοῦ, καὶ εἰρήνην Βαθεῖαν καὶ ἀσασίαν· Ἐν τε γῇ καὶ Θαλάσσῃ αὐτῷ Βράβευσον, καὶ πάντα πρὸς τὸ Συμφέρον Ἐπιχορήγησον. Ἰνα ἐν τῇ Γαλήνῃ αὐτοῦ καὶ Ἡμεῖς Ἡρεμον καὶ Ἠσύχιον Βίον Διάγοντες, Δοξάζωμεν τὸ Πανόγιον Ὄνομα σὺ τῷ Πατρὶ, καὶ τῷ Τίτῃ, καὶ τῷ ἁγίῳ Πνεύματι, νῦν, καὶ φεῖ, καὶ εἰς τὰς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων, Ἀμήν.

TRANSLATION.

A Prayer for our most Powerful King, Sultan Mahmood, our Lord; which is to be read by the Priest, in the hearing of all, who shall say aloud, Amen.

O LORD our God! the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; who in wisdom hast made all things, who hast brought being out of nothing; who, through thine unspeakable providence and great goodness, hast mysteriously wrought man's salvation, and who disposest every thing for the good of thy creatures; who sayest in thy Old Testament, "by me kings reign, and rulers govern the earth;" and who commandest us in the New, by thy only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, "to give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's;" and who hast enjoined us by the holy Apostles, before all to make prayers and supplications and requests, and thanksgivings for kings, and all who are in authority. Now, O holy King of Glory, receive the prayer offered up to thee by thy humble and sinful servants, for our most powerful, most serene, and most merciful king, Sultan Mahmood, and bestow on him, and on his most illustrious children, and all his senate and officers, a long and happy life; grant him a peaceful and undisturbed kingdom, free from all sedition and civil war. Yea, O Lord, God of Mercy, hear us, thy humble and unworthy servants, in this hour, and strengthen him by thy invincible and unconquerable might; strengthen his army, granting him everywhere victory and trophies over his enemies. Quench the enmity and sedition of those rising up against his power, and grant him profound and undisturbed peace by land and sea, and so dispose all to good, that we also in his serenity, may lead a peaceful and quiet life, and glorify the holy Name of Thee, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, now and for ever, and world without end. Amen.

The character I have drawn of the unfortunate Greek people, by various sketches in the course of my work, though it fall far short of that heroic imaginary perfection, it was for awhile the fashion to attribute to them, rises far above the low, unfavourable estimate at which they are now held. The public voice, to whatever theme it be attuned, will seize the highest notes: we are ever in extremes, and truth, if it is to be found, must be sought for between the two points of exaggeration. My own experience, and the simple narrative of my intercourse with the Greeks, will, I flatter myself, assign them their proper place. It would be idle to boast of impartiality in describing what I saw,—that merit has been awarded me by all parties,—but I may at least be permitted to affirm, as a respecter of truth, in spite of my particular sympathies or speculations, that I have never, in speaking of a people I would serve, misrepresented a fact, to suit my theory. I have described the Greeks I had opportunities of observing, simply and conscientiously as I saw them; and their defects with their merits, their virtues set off against their vices. I feel I can justly come to the conclusion, that they are an amiable, lively, curious, and highly improvable people:—the only dwellers in the degraded Levant, among whom taste and elegance still linger, and who, in their semi-barbarity, are eager to enter into the career of civilization.

Only a few years back, and I should have been accused of coldness, perhaps of unfairness, for the moderate tone in which I speak, and for admitting that the Greeks are not all demi-gods, but strongly marked with the defects of humanity, and the impress of the chains of slavery that have so long bound them; but now, I am well aware, I incur the risk of a very different accusation. It would not be difficult to explain this change in the popular mind, as regards the Greek people, and in alluding to some of the causes which induced it, I beg to be understood as speaking with charitable feelings to all the parties that have any claim to respectability, and as making ample allowance for the immediate passions and interests, which inevitably beset them.

At the breaking out of the Greek revolution, it bore for some time the charm of novelty; but this passed. The party or parties in England and through Europe, who have monopolized the title of “Liberal,” were delighted with it,—*because it was a revolution*. Their sympathy with some variation in its degree, lasted as long as the established governments of

Europe stood aloof, showing either ill-will or indifference; but when England, France, and Russia stepped forward, and undertook the salvation of the Greek, they immediately withdrew; they felt as if their rights—their exclusive rights to liberality were invaded, their interests in the cause ceased; and to be still opposed to the views of kings and ministers, and to have still a victim to mourn over, they put the Turk in the niche of the displaced idol.

At the time when the mania was still favourable to the Greeks, swarms of French, German, Italian, and other adventurers flocked to the Morea, the deist or the atheist clamorous on the antithesis of the Cross and the Crescent, the men to whom the characters of the Greek alphabet were unintelligible scrawls, raving about the poetry and the heroes of the *Ilias*, and, with minds untrained or insensible to the charms of sculpture, painting, or architecture, eloquent in their lamentations over ancient art. These men, composed of disappointed revolutionists and mad theorists, of soldiers whose turbulent career had been stopped by the pacification of Europe, and of dissipated young men, who had never known respectable homes, or were outcasts from them, and were only fit for a vagabond life, repaired to Greece to reap laurels and *pay*. The military profession was the most readily available, and that of which at the moment the Greeks stood most in need; but there was not an ex-serjeant-major, or serjeant, or corporal, among the disinterested devotees to the cause of freedom and of mercy, but pretended at least to the rank of a colonel in the service; and among the individuals who had held superior rank in the different European armies, there was one continual struggle, as to rank and command among themselves, and as to supremacy with the Greek chieftains.

The Frank adventurers were not long in discovering that the Greeks were miserably poor, that they had not sufficient to support themselves, and that though ignorant—barbarous, incalculably below the moral standard at which they (the Franks) considered themselves, the Hellenists were proud and fiery, and generally very prompt in resenting slight or insult. A secession from the cause of Greece, which they had been trumpeting forth as sacred, and as having claims to the sympathies of the whole “Christian world,” was inevitable—a portion of these champions of the cross, left the shores of Greece for Egypt, enrolled themselves under the Ottoman crescent, and were seen afterwards with the ferocious Ibrahim-

Pasha, waging remorseless war against their former associates the Greeks; and another portion of these marvellous liberals returning to Europe, vented their spleen against the Greeks, who would not, and could not make great men of them all, in fierce diatribes in prose and verse—in volumes, pouring from the continental presses, in which every exaggeration of disappointment and irritated self-love found a place, and the “ancient people,” “the classical people,” “the heroic people,” “the Christian people,” were described as a bastardized, barbarous, cowardly and faithless race, every way worse than the Turks!

In the class of the Philhellenes, there were exceptions and glorious ones, but the gallant fell almost to a man at the fight of Peta—the generous Count Santa Rosa had few imitators, and the name of Philhellene sunk, and deservedly, to a contemptible or a disgraceful meaning. I have had the misfortune of a personal acquaintance with several of these valuable friends to the Greeks, in the Levant and elsewhere, and ample opportunities of judging from their own moral conduct, and their intellect, how well calculated they were to pass sentence on a nation. At Smyrna I knew two, who, though as they averred (the adventurer’s last resource!), *de bonne famille* were thieves and inveterate drunkards—and yet, notorious as were their characters, they were listened to there, and even cherished for awhile, because they abused the Greeks.

Besides the sorts of men I have enumerated, there were, however, several others of superior condition, who were attracted to Greece by the attempt in operation for the recovery of liberty and of that civilization (liberty’s dearest offspring!) which could never be attained so long as the Turks remained the masters. These men, though they might have false or exaggerated notions of the state of the country, and mistaken views as to the modes of benefiting it, were sincere in what they proposed, were philanthropists—were gentlemen, and on their reports on the character of the Greeks, people would feel inclined to rely, as on respectable, unprejudicial testimonials. Now, in many cases their reports were decidedly unfavourable. But without exculpating the Greeks from many of their allegations, which it is not possible to do, I fancy I can see how irritation and disappointment should have darkened, and too much generalized the picture. Those who went there with their minds full of the classics, forgot that four centuries had elapsed since the Greeks fell under the degrading

dominion of the Turks—twenty, since the Greeks had ceased to be really a free people*—that nearly twenty-two centuries had rolled between the glorious epoch, when Greece shone foremost in arts as in arms, and “the evil days and evil tongues” of the present. They forgot all this, and not finding the Greeks just what they imagined them to be, they have described them as worse than they are. Or, taking the case of some, who were perhaps less romantic in their estimation of the descendants of the ancient people of Hellas;† they repaired to the country in the expectation of doing a deal of good by their talent and their councils, and being wholly or partially defeated in this expectation, by the force of circumstances and the ignorance and insubordination of the chiefs, they have retired with that disgust which men are wont to feel, who are not merely anxious that good should be done, but that it should be done precisely in their own way, and to the letter and spirit of plans of their own devising.

A great disparity prevails in the accounts of the Greeks given by travellers of different nations, before their attempt to assert the rights of humanity—“prejudice on one hand, and theory on the other.” I have not taken the trouble to balance exactly these contrasting opinions, they are both wrong; but I am told, the voice of those unfavourable to the Greeks is “doubly potential.” Most of these gentlemen, however, have run rapidly

* “Conquered Greece (it has been well said) polished Rome, but the conquerors were Romans. Conquered Greece did not polish Turkey, for the conquerors were Turks.” It might be added, that at the first conquest, the Greeks lost their valour, and well-nigh all their virtue, to the Romans; at the second, the long degenerate Greeks contracted half of the barbarity of the Turks.

† I will not enter into the discussion (over which Byron has thrown his immortal ridicule), of how far the Greeks of the present day are the legitimate descendants of the ancients.—I will only quote the passage (quite in point), with which Colonel Leake opens his considerations on the Greek Revolution.

“There is no nation, as far as history has left us the means of judging, that has so little changed in a long course of ages, as the Greeks. It may be sufficient, without adverting to the less certain indications of manners or physical aspect, to remark, that the Greeks still employ the same character in writing, which was used in the remotest age of their history; that their language has received only such corruptions which cannot fail, for the greater part, to fall into disuse, as literary education, and a familiarity with their ancient writers shall be diffused among them; that a greater number of places in Greece, as well as of the productions of nature, are known by the same names which were attached to them in the most ancient times; and that this language and this people, still occupy the same country, which was always peculiarly considered amongst them as ‘Hellas,’ or Greece, properly so called, namely, the South-eastern extremity of Europe, from the Tænarian promontory to upper Macedonia, together with the islands and coasts of the Ægean Sea.”

through the country ignorant of the language, and under the guidance of some Catholic servant picked up among the descendants of the Venetians or Genoese at Constantinople or the islands; fellows who give full credence to the doctrine of the Romish church, that heresy is more damnable than paganism, and hate the Greeks for this and other causes. It will frequently be the interest, too, of these vagabonds who are born subjects of the Grand Signior, and ought to be Rayahs, like the Greeks, the Armenians, or the Jews, to misrepresent facts; and they, by bastardizing a little French or Italian, have a key to their masters' ears, which the Greeks who may be calumniated by them, have not. I have frequently been irritated by the insulting manner in which these men, who can be said to have neither caste nor country, but who enjoy protection as Franks from holding the barataria of the minister of some inferior European power, would speak of the Greeks as Rayahs, and term them *Grecaglia*; and I have had opportunities innumerable, during a residence of many months, to detect the jealousy and exaggerations of this class.

I could mention several travellers who visited the country, with the advantages of ancient Greek and Romaic, who were every way superior to the common run of tourists, and who could hear and see for themselves, and would not depend on the authority of books, or the distorting medium of others' prejudices. Among these, there are more than one whose estimate of the Greek character is unfavourable; but the very hostility of these men to Christianity as a creed and system, and to all its branches, has induced them into an admiration of a faith opposed to it. They have been guilty of the same species of unfairness of which Gibbon accuses Voltaire,* who would praise in a Turk the very thing he would condemn in a Christian, and on points in which they differ, would unhesitatingly give the preference to the former. This is not philosophy, this is not consonant to the toleration of which their philosophy so much boasts, but it is a truth that such has been the spirit that has animated them, and led them to exaggerate all the vices of the Greek people.

* Voltaire abounds in passages of the sort; but there is one particularly, in his "Essai sur l'Histoire Generale," where he speaks of the abdication of the Turkish throne by Sultan Murad or Amurath II., who retired to the society of Dervishes at Magnesia, and lavishes his admiration on "*le philosophe Turc*." "Would he have bestowed the same praise on a Christian prince for retiring to a monastery?" asks the acute Gibbon (who, sceptic as he was, would not avail himself of such vulgar advantages); and he adds, with a burst of indignation that does not often escape him, "In his way, Voltaire was a bigot—an intolerant bigot!"

I have remarked, that strangers are struck by a certain exterior grandiosity in the Turk, and as far as appearances go, an inferiority or meanness equally strikes him as marking the Rayah, and the Franks of the country do all they can to strengthen these impressions. I was one day running in a great hurry through the Franks' street of Smyrna, and happened to jostle rather roughly against a fat Turk, who was slowly shuffling along in yellow morocco. It was unintentional — the street was narrow and slippery, and I at once stopped and made a sign as if to beg pardon. The Turk was wroth and threatening. A Frank of the place, who knew me, passing at the time, saw what occurred, and gave me as a piece of useful advice, always to be careful how I took the wall of, or ran against a Turk — “if,” said he, “it is a Greek, or any thing of that sort that stands in your way, never mind if you upset him or turn him in the kennel!”

But perhaps none have more contributed to blacken the Greek name than the resident European merchants, who, boasting of their extensive experience, and of their having resided so many years in the country, think their *dicta* positive and incontrovertible. Now, though there are exceptions, I assert, that in general, these men might just as well have been living at Leghorn or Marseilles, for all they know of Greek or Turk: few of them obtain any knowledge of the languages beyond what is necessary for expressing the commonest wants or occurrences, they mix in no society but that of Franks like themselves, they go from their houses to their magazines, where they only see a few traders, and even there, the Armenian or the Jewish broker is the medium of communication between them and the classes, of which they would persuade us they know so much, and it is from the garbled Italian of the Jew and the Armenian who detest each other, but perfectly agree in hating the Greeks their superiors, that these valuable resident accounts of the state of the country and morals of the Greeks are drawn up. Of the exceptions I have been acquainted with, composed of persons born and bred in England,* of one or two Frenchmen,

* I must say, in justice to these gentlemen, that their unfair, prejudicial estimate of the Greek character, did not prevent them from lending great assistance to the Greeks at the times of persecution and massacre. I have recorded the humane, the noble efforts made by my countrymen at Smyrna; at Constantinople they were equally generous, and many a ransomed slave, many a mother restored to her child, live to bless the names of the English merchants in the Levant.

I would speak with respect, though I differ from them in opinion, and am convinced of the incorrectness of their views of their own interest, which give a colouring to their unfavourable character of the Greeks; * but I can extend no courtesy to the mass of the filthy sons of lucre that, disgracing names to which they have no right, live on from generation to generation among the Turks, whom they would be sorry to see overthrown, because they fatten on their stupidity and indolence. Lord Byron, in speaking in

* The views taken by these resident Europeans, may be correct as far as regards their own immediate interests, and their own actual situation, as the commission agents of merchants or manufacturers in England and France, but I deny that the commerce itself, of either country, can suffer from the establishments of the Greeks. The merchants of the country have ceased, for some years, to consider these Frank factors as the sole medium of commercial intercourse; and many of them have been accustomed to purchase direct in the European market, to the injury of the commission merchants perhaps, but hardly to that of the great furnishing countries. Greek talent and perseverance, even when labouring under every disadvantage, and liable to every species of interruption from the impolitic Turks, found out markets for goods, which the Franks never could have done; and favoured by circumstances, they cannot fail extending the commercial arena; what will this be but conferring so much benefit on rich and industrious nations, among which, we, as Englishmen, have particularly a right to place ourselves. The reflections of Colonel Leake come again to my aid, on this very interesting subject. "Notwithstanding the superiority which the Frank merchant enjoyed over the Greek, *in paying a single ad valorem duty, of three per cent., on imports and exports, while the Rayah, besides being subject to illegal extortions, paid five per cent., in addition to repeated charges on moving his merchandize*; the advantage which a native merchant always possesses in economy and local information, had gradually enabled the Greeks to drive the Frank merchants from the fairs of Greece, to obtain a great part of the internal maritime commerce of Turkey, and at length to share very largely in the exchange of the corn, oil, cotton, silk, and other produce of Greece, for the manufactured goods, and colonial produce of the European nations. In the latter part of the last century, the foreign commerce of the Greeks had so much increased, that their competition was the principal cause of the decline of the European factories, which had long flourished in the principal Turkish marts: that competition having been greatly favoured, against the interests of the Frank resident merchants, by their own diplomatic agents, who largely exercised the privilege of granting protections to the Christian or Rayah subjects of Turkey; in virtue of which they enjoyed the same commercial privileges as the merchants of the protecting state."

Now, from this luminous exposition, for the correctness of which, any person who has been in the Levant, and knows any thing of the circumstances of the country, can vouch, it will be at once understood, what sort of spirit dictates those commercial letters which have so often found their way into newspapers, and what degree of confidence is to be placed in the impartiality of Levant merchants, whether settled at Smyrna, or elsewhere, when they touch on the subject of the Greeks. The restrictive system, for supporting specific trading interests, which once obtained, *we*, at least, have renounced; nor can our regret for merely personal, local, and temporary losses, be very deep, when opposed to a conviction we must feel, that by

the same sense, of the little known of the real condition of the country by the Christians, of Pera, relates that he was once told by a merchant, and "with an air of triumph," that in four years, he had but so many times crossed the Golden Horn to Constantinople. His Lordship's informant, I should imagine, must have been of the class last referred to, and in that class I was acquainted with two persons, who afford instances of a still more astonishing want of curiosity and mind. One of these, a man of forty, though born and bred at Pera; though he had been there the whole of his life, or never farther from it than the village of San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora, or Buyukderè, on the Bosphorus, had positively never crossed the Golden Horn at all, never once set his foot upon the opposite side of the harbour, or in Constantinople Proper. The other had been into Stamboul, but only twice. Had I heard this from any more disputable authority, I could not have credited it; but the fellows, rather than blush, boasted of the facts, and told them to me several times with their own lips. To feel the full force of this, the reader must recall to his mind the situation of

those very losses, the trade of the country *en masse*, will gain. Colonel Leake continues his remarks on the commercial enterprise of the Greeks; he shows in a consoling manner, how prosperity induced civilization, and his idea of the peculiar physical excellence of Greece, as a trading country, is peculiarly deserving of attention, as proceeding from one of the ablest geographers and *statistiques* of the day.

"The French Revolution had a further effect, in promoting the commerce of the Greeks, and with it the extension of education and knowledge throughout the nation, by placing in their hands the greater part of the carrying trade of the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean, which had formerly been enjoyed by the South of France, and the Adriatic. For several years before the present insurrection broke out, there were between four and five hundred Greek ships employed in the commerce of the Black Sea; at the same time that colleges, with professorships, in various branches of instruction, were established at *Kydoniès*, Smyrna, Scio, *Joannina*; besides the smaller establishments at Patmos, Thessalonica, *Ambelakia*, *Zagorá*, (in Pelion), Athens, *Dimitzana* (in Arcadia), some of which, although of old date, have been renewed or increased of late years. *It is not surprising under these circumstances, that the mental improvement of the Greeks, and the superiority which it gave them over their unimprovable masters, had rendered the latter more and more dependent upon them in the transaction of business of every kind.* And here the reflection may be made, that if Greece should achieve her liberation, she will be indebted for her return to civilization and independence, to the same peculiarities of geographical position and structure, to the same indelible features of nature, which raised her to greatness in ancient times. While her extensive sea coast, and numerous islands and harbours, rendered her the country of maritime commerce, and were the original cause of the opulence which led to perfection in the enjoyments and arts of civilized life; the mountainous structure of the interior, generated that free and martial spirit, which, however cruelly suppressed, has never been completely destroyed."—*Historical Outline of Greek Rev.*—p. 23.

Constantinople, on the opposite bank of the most beautiful port in the world, that looks like a wide artificial canal ; that caïks are plying backward and forward every moment of the day, and that scarcely from one point of the ridge of their infidel hill of Pera, or from one opening in the descent to their warehouses at Galata, could they help seeing the lofty mosques and minarets, the glories of Stamboul (for whatever be its defects, externally it is a glorious place), nor avoid tracing day after day the bosomy seven hills, the long wavy line of one of the most extraordinary cities of the world. All this class of Franks, whether they inhabit the Wapping called Galata, or the elevated and diplomatic regions of Pera, are Catholic and bigoted to a degree I have perhaps never seen elsewhere ; and they hate the Greeks with that fervour of sectarian hate of whose existence I have several times had occasion to remind the reader.

The same religious feelings animate the *drogomanerie*, and these descendants from petty Italian traders or settlers, were wont to look down upon the noblest families of the Fanar. It is with this class of Perotes that travellers generally come in contact, as they beset the palaces of foreign envoys, frequently (with the exception of an English merchant's or so) the only houses a stranger is received at in Pera ; and it is but *too frequently* from sources prejudiced and illiberal like these, that the Ministers of European governments take their notions of the Greeks and Turks ; for, owing to the peculiar, exclusive character of social order in this unhappy, jealous country, and the difficulties of the languages, the drogoman is the eyes and ears of the ambassador. The interest of these men, who ought to be merely "stickers on the skirts of diplomacy," but who, when they meet with masters indolent and indisposed to see for themselves, really rule the European legations, is moreover identified with the existence of the Turks and of things as they are ! As long as the Osmanlis are at Constantinople, their profession will be a thriving one, for when will the Turks learn European languages ? But by the substitution of the Greeks, or of any other power, their craft and mystery would be at an end ; for *they* could communicate with the foreign representatives of royalty, in their own or in the language of diplomacy,—French, as well, nay better, than most of the drogomans. The drogomans, moreover, feel a lively anxiety for the houses and other immovable property, which they contrive to hold in Pera, Galata, &c., and this motive, which has, times innumerable, given a false tone or

colouring to their interpretations from the Turks to their masters, which has frequently compromised the honour and dignity of half the nations of Europe, invigorates their hatred and distrust of the Greeks. From the very beginning of the Greek revolution, the whole *drogomanerie* identified themselves with the Turks, and every time the latter gained any successes, no matter by what cruelty or enormity they had been obtained and disgraced, these Christians—these servants of Christian powers, would congratulate each other, and boast to those who entertained different sentiments, that *they* had gained a victory! A particular friend—a gentleman for whose feelings and opinions I entertain the highest respect—once thought proper to interrupt the pæans that a meeting of the kind were raising on some reported success of the Turks, by giving the information he had just obtained, and which had not reached them, of Canaris' having blown the Capitan-Pasha into the air off Scio. Their joy was at once converted to sorrow; but they ought to have felt the justice of the reproof, "that it could but excite astonishment to see men who called themselves English, French, Austrian, &c., who were in the employment of Christian governments, that had declared no war against the Greeks, identify themselves with the Turks, as they did!"

I resume: the opinions of this last body, though so widely disseminated, and poured into the ears of those who may direct the councils of Europe, are prejudiced and illiberal, and, as regards the Greeks and Turks, to be taken as *ex-parte* and utterly undeserving of credit: the Franks of the country have motives of enmity against the Greeks; the British and other merchants are not acquainted with them: some travellers have been prejudiced by their inimity to the religious faith the Greeks profess,—a faith which, whatever be its defects, they have nobly persisted in: other travellers* have taken their opinions from Catholic menials, the members of a conflicting, intolerant church: disappointment and the irritating conviction

* Colonel Leake, whose remarks are always valuable, has the following on the subject of travellers in the Levant: "It is remarkable, that travellers who visit Greece, generally return from thence with an unfavourable opinion of the people. But it is not difficult to account for this. From a real or supposed want of time, or in consequence of the disgust and impatience usually produced by the privations and inconveniences of a semi-barbarous state of society, travellers are generally contented to follow the beaten route of Athens, the islands, the Asiatic coast, Troy, and Constantinople; their journey is concluded before they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language, to form any impartial estimate of the national

of their own inefficaciousness, drove some of the advocates of Greece and humanity from the country, and have darkened their reminiscences of it, and of the people, to whom they were to devote their lives; the swarm of European adventurers, the pseudo Philhellenes, whether their secession took a renegade form, and they joined the Turks as soldiers,—or whether it were marked with ink, not blood, and they choked the press with “*Mémoires sur la Grèce*,” “*Sejour en Grèce*,” “*Tableau de la Revolution Grecque*,” &c.—all vituperative as disappointment and malice could render them,—ought never to have exercised an influence on the opinions of Europe as they have done. But by uniting all these sources of prejudice against the Greeks, without referring to numerous others which exist, we may well understand how much truth has been perverted, and calculate the extent of the evil done, in public estimation, to the cause of an unfortunate race.

Were it not from a fear of fatiguing attention, I would extend these remarks, and intersperse them with many details, exculpatory, in a particular manner, of a vast portion of the Greeks,—the inhabitants of the coasts of Asia-Minor,—who are as mild as their climate, and naturally elegant, as the cherished recollections of the old Ionia. Seven or eight years ago, the sufferings of this interesting people, struck a pang in the hearts of Christian Europe: the days of massacre have indeed gone by, but in the midst of the Turks as they are, unarmed, defenceless, they are still objects of sympathy; and whatever be the demerits and recent misdeeds of their brethren, in the Morea, and the islands, *they*, at least, have done nothing to lower our estimation, or cool our philanthropy.

At the conclusion of my sketches of Constantinople, I have mentioned my intercourse with the enlightened Greeks of the Fanar, and some of the superiors of the Greek church, and have given prominence to the opinion in which they all agreed—“That it was but by the dissemination of European education, that the Greek people could be made worthy of the independence and rank they aspire at, and that (from the reduced means of the Greeks, who have been despoiled of almost every thing) it was but from the well-applied liberality of Christian nations, they could hope character; and they come chiefly into contact with those classes upon which the long subjection of the nation to the Turks, has had the greatest effect, such as persons in authority under the government, or otherwise in Turkish employ, servants, interpreters, the lower order of traders; and generally the inhabitants of those towns and districts in which the Turkish population has a great preponderance of numbers.”

for the means of the desired progress." I have described with the pen of truth, the intelligence, the curiosity, the eagerness for information, the love of reading, that prevail among the Greeks; I have echoed their regret, that they have so few good books, and have warmed into an enthusiasm, not feigned, but felt to the heart's core, at the thought of supplying their deficiency—at the noble idea that England should be the means of partially restoring to Greece the civilization, the arts, the letters, that Greece gave to the world.

The state of the public mind, which then seemed far from auspicious to any project that must begin with a disbursement of hard cash, (however small the amount,) deterred me from doing any thing, but merely hinting at what would be generous, and productive of infinite good. I have since, however, had the satisfaction to find, and in many and opposite quarters, that philanthropic feeling for the Greek people still survives,—that the opinions of the philosopher are not subservient to the fashions of the day; and that it is not a popular mania, capricious and changeable, but a sincere and enduring attachment to his creed, and to the bettering of his fellow-creatures, that animates the Christian. Encouraged by a unanimity of opinion in quarters professing different sentiments in most other matters, and by assurances of support from several persons of high character and influence, I now venture to state, that feeling as I did on the subject of Greek education, I pledged my word to several of the Greek church, and to some other friends at Constantinople and Smyrna, to exert myself on my return to my native country, to raise by subscription a sum of money, which should suffice for the re-impression of a few good books in Romaic, already in their possession, and serve as a beginning and an example to exertions of the same sort, that might be extended by the really philanthropic all over Europe, and could not fail of effecting a grand and prompt moral improvement, on a long-degraded, but still noble race.*

* Eton certainly writes as a political partisan; but I consider his sketch of the Greek character not more animated than correct.

"Of the defects of the Grecian character, some are doubtless owing to their ancient corruptions; but most of them take their rise in the humiliating state of depression in which they are held by the Turks. This degradation and servility of their situation has operated for centuries, and has consequently produced an accumulated effect on the mind; but were this weight taken off, the elasticity and vigour of the soul would have wide room for expansion; and though it cannot be expected that they would at once rise to the animation of their former heroes, they would doubtless display

With these encouragements, I now hope in a short time to see a form and order given to the generous exertions of those who interest themselves in the subject of Greek education, and a committee established, whose sole object should be the proper disposal of the money subscribed, in printing good, moral books in Romaïc. In common with my friends who have most warmly declared themselves on the subject, I am anxious only that the good should be done, and perfectly indifferent to the honour that may attend doing it, and should be most happy to see the measures I propose, carried on in unison with a respectable society, which already exists, and has done good in Greece, as elsewhere, under the name of the "British and Foreign School Society," and with a Society directed exclusively to "Education in Greece," recently proposed by the Rev. Mr. H. Leeves, a gentleman of whom I have made honourable mention, (from the evidence of facts and of the persons benefited by him,) as having effectively exerted himself in favour of the religious and moral improvement of the Greeks at Constantinople. The object we all aim at is one; and indeed my project being confined merely to the furnishing of books, will be essentially

energies of mind, which the iron hand of despotism has long kept dormant and inert. It is rather astonishing that they have retained so much energy of character, and are not more abased; for like noble coursers they champ the bit, and spurn indignantly the yoke;—when once freed from these, they will enter the course of glory. * * *

"When we view the Greeks in their more comprehensive character as a nation, their superiority over the Turks is surprisingly great; they possess a great degree of genius and invention, and are of so lively an imagination, that they cannot tell the same story (*this is rather doubtful as praise, but correct as to fact,*) twice, without varying the embellishments of circumstance and diction; added to this, both men and women *speak much*, and with wonderful volubility and boldness, and no people are such natural orators; numbers of them speak Italian, but all have an activity and sprightliness which strongly contrasts with the stupid and pompous gravity of the Turks; a *European feels himself as it were at home with them, and amongst creatures of his own species*; for with Mahometans there is a distance, a non-assimilation, a total difference of ideas, and the more he knows their language, the more he perceives it; on the contrary, the more intimately he knows the Greeks, *the more similar does he find them in habits and manners to other Europeans*: their bad reputation is more owing to the slander of their enemies, than to any really great degree of demerit in themselves. In general, they are an agreeable and a serviceable people, but they are much given to levity, are immoderately ambitious, and fond of honourable distinctions; but this very ambition, now a weakness, when they have nobler objects to pursue, will lead them to greatness. * * * They bear the Turkish yoke with greater impatience than other Christians, (who have long ceased to struggle against it,) and possess a spirit of enterprise, which however ridiculed by some authors, often prompts them to noble achievements. Their ancient empire is fresh in their memory; it is the subject of their popular songs, and they speak of it in common conversation as a recent event."—*Survey of the Turkish Empire.*

subservient to the more extended plans and operations of the two societies; and to the Rev. Mr. Leeves, who has just left England again, to settle for some years at Corfu, I could refer with peculiar satisfaction, as to the proper person for taking charge of books that may be furnished, and for distributing them to a considerable and very interesting portion of the Greek people. In Mr. Leeves' pure and benign character, which is every way suited to the doctrines he professes, (I speak from personal acquaintance, and from the testimony of those who have known him at home and abroad for many years,) the religious will have a sufficient guarantee that nothing but wholesome mental food will be administered, whilst the liberality of his education and sentiments, his enlightened mind and good taste, afford ample assurance that his labours will not be directed by a narrow, sectarian spirit, nor confined solely to spiritualities, but that he will promote the circulation of any works of profane literature or science, which do not impugn those sacred truths professed or respected by all classes of the Christian world.

It is painful by the iniquities of others, and by the too frequent abuse of philanthropic intention, to be constrained to feel how much one is subjected to have one's purest motives misunderstood; yet to those who know me not, I can only protest that my inducement is nothing but a sincere and lively desire of benefiting a Christian people, whom (and just as sincerely) I have described as meriting sympathy and assistance; and I may be the more readily believed, as I aim at directing public attention to the subject, without the least wish of managing the funds that may be furnished by public or private liberality,—an office, be it said, for which my long absences from England, and my total ignorance of the forms of business, would peculiarly unfit me.

The concluding pages of my last chapter, with what I have here said, will sufficiently inform the reader of the measure I advocate, and I do now most fervently address myself to the religious, the generous, the educated classes of my countrymen. England has a character to retrieve, a stigma to remove, as regards the Greek affairs; from England too (at least so I feel as an Englishman) would consonantly proceed the noble efforts to raise and civilize a nation—efforts which *will be made*, and which I could wish *to begin* with my own country? The experience of the past, the test of the disappointment of former hopes, shall not deaden the

vivacity of this, nor check the conviction I entertain that something will be done forthwith, and that my appeal will not have been made in vain.

The following interesting extracts from a paper submitted by the Rev. Mr. Leeves to the friends of religion and civilization, are confirmatory of many of the opinions I have ventured to insist upon, and may very well close my remarks on the subject:—

“ EDUCATION IN GREECE.

“ The Morea, and the islands of the Archipelago, now rising into independence, after their long subjection to the Turkish yoke—and the character of its people, long depressed and debased, remoulding itself under the influence of a native government—are objects calculated to excite a lively interest; and at this critical period, wherein impressions either for much good or much evil will doubtless be made, call for the best exertions of the friends of religion and humanity: whilst the Greeks of the Ionian Islands, as being under the immediate protection of the British crown, possess a claim on our attention, independent of those general feelings of Christian benevolence, which would induce us to step forward to the assistance of their recently-liberated countrymen.

“ Among the measures by which benefit may be conferred on the Greeks, the encouragement of a sound and Christian education must be deemed one of paramount importance. To this point it is earnestly desired to direct the attention of those who wish well to Greece. In the Ionian Islands, very liberal encouragement is given to education by the British authorities; and the Lord High Commissioner, Sir F. Adam, who feels a warm interest in this cause, is actively engaged in promoting it. Many schools for boys have already been established in these islands, and are in active operation; but for the education of females, who are generally found in a state of lamentable ignorance, little has hitherto been done: and, since the influence which wives and mothers exercise upon the general happiness and morality of society is so powerful, the importance of using every exertion to raise and improve the female character need not be pointed out. That the natives of these islands are sincerely anxious that their daughters, as well as their sons, should receive the benefits of education, has been proved by the experience of those who have resided

amongst them; and one English lady in particular, who set on foot female schools in the islands of Cephalaria and Ithaca, not only found her exertions gratefully received by the parents of the children, but met with warm co-operation on the part of the Greek ladies and gentlemen of these islands, and received their cordial thanks on her departure.* A female Greek charity-school has also been lately established at Corfu, which is flourishing; and to render assistance to this school, as well as to those above mentioned, in Ithaca and Cephalaria, of which they stand much in need, is among the objects to which it would be desirable to pay attention.

“There seems, indeed, scarcely a doubt that judicious and well-regulated efforts in this cause would be hailed with general approbation and gratitude; and it is confidently hoped, that, under the patronage of the British government, and in accordance with its general plans, well-informed men, both English and Greek, might be found at Corfu, who would be ready to

* This amiable and highly intellectual lady, is Mrs. H. S. Kennedy, widow of Doctor Kennedy, who with the best feelings in the world undertook the religious conversion of Lord Byron. Mrs. Kennedy, from a long residence in the Ionian islands, made herself mistress of the Romaic; and as such, and as one who was incessantly exerting herself in favour of the Greeks, and mixing with them, her opinion on their moral character is entitled to great weight. I rejoice to say that it accords with mine; and admitting their defects, (that do but the more imperiously call upon us for education and assistance,) she acknowledges the existence of much vivacity and talent, and the germ of many virtues. From the accusation of coldness and ingratitude, the personal anecdotes which I have heard her relate, ought certainly to exonerate them.

Mrs. Kennedy will be disposed to excuse me, if in advocating a cause she has equally at heart with myself, I make use of some extracts of a letter written to her from Corfu, by Professor Bamba, whom I have mentioned as one of the Greeks most distinguished by literary merit, and who is now one of the professors of the college established by the late Lord Guildford.

1st. “The love of study is general among the Greeks.”

2dly. “Their hearts and spirits (notwithstanding the many years of an iron slavery) have not lost the lively and requisite relish for polite literature.”

3dly. “Until now the means of enlightening the Greeks have been few, and the system of the public schools irregular, if we except the schools of Scio, Smyrna, and Haivali; which had some order, and were improving from year to year. From this it appears, in order that the extension of knowledge, and the formation of morals be perfect and regular, there ought to be a regular system brought into action, and the means for the transmission of light ought to be much multiplied. The Philhellenist and the philanthropic European, if they wish—and I am certain they do wish—to confer any real, sensible, constant and memorable benefit, ought to concentrate in one their scattered and irregular forces; ex. gr. establish schools in different parts of continental and insular Greece, and assist them with books and other means.” Professor Bamba concludes, “that this systematic aid would be neither difficult nor beyond measure.”

superintend the proper application of any funds raised in this country, which it might be found desirable, after due investigation, to apply to the purposes of education in these islands.

“It may, indeed, here be suggested, for further and more mature consideration, whether it would not be desirable, in order to prevent this and similar efforts from being merely temporary and fugitive, that a permanent centre of communication with Greece and the Ionian Islands, for this and perhaps some other congenial objects, should be formed in London; that thus contributions might continue to be received, and the exertions of those, who on the spot might be ready to lend their personal aid, be effectually watched over and assisted. It was the sentiment of one of our prelates, on a late occasion, that these were times in which ‘we should hope much, attempt much, and expect much:’ and, with the active spirit of benevolence now displayed by Christians in this country, it is certainly not unreasonable to hope, and to expect, that such an association of the friends of Greece should ere long be established, should it be found requisite thus to meet the special wants of the case.

“The Greeks, it may with perfect truth be said, are at the present time thirsting after instruction and improvement: they feel their inferiority to other Europeans, and they look to Europe for increased light and knowledge. Let it be added, that much false light, and miscalled knowledge, is not only ready to be poured in, but has actually begun to find its way amongst them, and that the apostles of infidelity are actively at work. It is known that translations of the works of Voltaire and other infidels have been already made into modern Greek; and many Greeks, who have received their education in Europe, have imbibed infidel sentiments. Shall then England, with the influence which Providence has given her, directly in the Ionian Islands, and indirectly in free Greece, which she has contributed to render free, not seize the opportunity afforded her, of counteracting the evil influences now at work, and of pouring in true light and sound knowledge? Shall she not embrace every means in her power, of directing the awakened energies, and of satisfying with right nourishment the craving mind of this interesting people? We may be confident that Christian England will not refuse this honourable office: she will be ready, when called upon in an intelligible and practical manner, to do as much or more for Greece than any other nation—to encourage and assist acade-

mies for the promotion of sound and religious instruction among the higher classes of society—to translate and print standard works of piety and useful knowledge, in order to correct or prevent the influence of corrupting and infidel publications—(the Holy Scriptures she has bestowed, and is prepared, through the Bible Society, still more largely to bestow)—and, finally, to assist in the establishment of schools of elementary Christian education.

“From the feeling which has already been awakened to the wants of Greece—and which, it is hoped, will be daily on the increase—it may indeed be argued, that much more than has hitherto been done will be attempted in all these particulars.

“1. With respect to the former of these measures, the encouragement and assistance of the higher class of academies in Greece, Professor Bambas, of the College of Corfu, a man equally esteemed for his moral worth and for his high literary attainments, has, in a letter addressed to a friend in England, earnestly recommended that the attention of the British public should be particularly directed to this point. He thinks, that for the speedy and effectual diffusion of knowledge, and for the right formation of public morals, there should be regular systems of public education; and that if it be wished to confer some perceptible, lasting, and memorable benefit on the Greek nation, such establishments should be encouraged, and aided by the gift of books, and other means. Present circumstances, he conceives, require that there should be two general centres of education, the one in the Ionian Islands, and the other in some part of liberated Greece;—that whilst the college already established in Corfu supplies the wants of the Ionian Islands, efforts should be made in assisting the formation of another, on the continent of Greece, or in one of the islands of the Archipelago: and he suggests that some qualified person should be sent out from England, to superintend the right application of any funds collected for this purpose, to co-operate with his counsels, and to be an eye-witness of their progress. ‘God grant,’ he adds, ‘that some such plan of assistance to Greece may be carried into effect, to the eternal honour of the Christian name!’ That some such establishments as these are wanted in liberated Greece, is evident; and it would be a privilege to England to be allowed an influence in the direction of the course of studies to be pursued by the higher classes of the Grecian youth. Dr. Kørck,

who, on the part of the Church Missionary Society, is actively engaged in elementary education in the Island of Syra, begins to feel this necessity. He thus writes to the British and Foreign School Society :—‘The want of a higher school has induced me to give lessons in geography, Greek grammar, and English, to a higher class. I have some hopes of establishing a higher school.’ In this department, therefore, nothing has hitherto been done : and it deserves the attention of reflecting men, whether something should not be speedily attempted, and a salutary influence exerted in the outset of such undertakings.

“2. The translation and printing of standard works of piety and useful knowledge, is an important means of benefiting Greece ; and the Church Missionary, London Missionary, and other religious societies which have agents in the Mediterranean, have their attention directed to this object ; and will, it is hoped, judiciously, and still more largely than they have done, supply the existing wants of Greece in this respect. The Religious Tract Society has lately voted two hundred pounds for translating and printing works in the Arabic and modern Greek languages at Malta ; and a separate fund, in connexion with that society, has been opened for this specific object. Still there may be various works, very desirable for the improvement of the Greeks, which it may not fall within the proper department of these societies to supply.

“3. Under the third head—of Elementary Christian Schools—an auspicious beginning has been made, by the Rev. Dr. Korck, in the establishment of a large and flourishing school of three hundred boys, and an additional one of a hundred and eighteen girls, in the island of Syra. The benefits resulting from them have been so much appreciated by the Greeks, that Count Metaxas, the governor of the Northern Cyclades, has requested Dr. Korck to take under his superintendence all the schools in his government, viz. those of Syra, Mycone, Tino, Andros, &c. ; and to arrange them entirely as he wishes, allowing him to appoint the masters. The plan of mutual instruction is pursued ; and the British and Foreign School Society, which embraces every opportunity of spreading this system through Greece, has furnished a supply of printed lessons and school articles. ‘The school at Syra, (says Dr. Korck,) is a kind of central school : the different governments have sent young men, from a distance, to be instructed in the plan ; and I have now a dozen under my care, who, besides learning the system,

I instruct in writing, arithmetic, a little grammar, and geography. They have also requested me to explain to them the scriptures, that they may instruct the children.'—'I was anxious, as soon as I could, to introduce girls' schools into Greece, in order to raise the females out of their helpless state. I succeed exceedingly well with my school of 118 girls, which gives great satisfaction.'—'Count Metaxas visited our school, and expressed his satisfaction with its general order.'—'The welfare of Greece must depend, under God, on good education: all the better educated among them feel this deeply, and rejoice in the prospect of its accomplishment.'—'I look with earnest desires to my Christian brethren in England, and elsewhere, for assistance to make use of these openings. Thus you see the Greeks are willing to receive the light: and ought not we to be willing to assist them? Now is the time to help them; and the favourable situation of public affairs in Greece presents an opening, with but little assistance, for much being effected.'—'America is making great exertions, and is preparing for still greater: they have agreed to my wishes, as to preparing printing presses, libraries of the best authors on every science, from which translations may be made; that, in fact, they may give to the Greeks a taste for good things, before it becomes corrupted by bad ones. All this rejoices me. But I think it due to England, whose missionary I am, to ask them to enable me to do something in England's name, as I have done in behalf of America.'

“That the operations so auspiciously commenced in Syra and the adjoining islands may be extended throughout all Greece, must be the wish of every Christian heart. Let it be considered, however, that this is but a beginning; and that whilst continued aid will be required for carrying on this partial undertaking, the larger part of Greece still remains unoccupied. And whilst the above example of what may be effected is cited for general encouragement, it should be distinctly borne in mind, that the Ionian Islands form a wholly separate field. The way seems to be here open, from circumstances previously mentioned, for the encouragement of female schools already existing, and for the formation of others: and if the Christians of England foster the design now proposed, the operations there commenced may hereafter be extended, with much advantage, to the western shores of the Morea, and of that part of Continental Greece which seems likely to be soon added to the Greek territory.

Thus will Greece be at the same time assailed with Christian efforts on its eastern and on its western sides ; which, with God's blessing, may help to raise her from her ruins, to lead her to a higher liberty than that for which she has been contending, and enable her ultimately to exercise a beneficial influence upon those interesting countries by which she is surrounded.

“ The preceding observations are thrown out, not with the idea that they present a fully matured plan, but in the hope, that they may excite the attention of some able and influential persons in this country, who may think this a cause worthy of their exertions. To such persons it is again, with all deference, suggested, whether the circumstances of the case do not require that an association should be formed, for the purpose of watching over and taking prompt advantage of the favourable opening which now exists for benefiting Greece, of collecting information by correspondence, of gathering funds, and of forming a centre, to which those on the spot, who have a common feeling and object with themselves, may have recourse, for carrying forward some plans of the nature above mentioned.

“ P. S.—Since this paper was written, some communications of the Rev. Jonas King, an American missionary in Greece, to his friends in New York, have been published, of which the following are extracts :—

“ ‘ I had an interview with the president; and, among other things, conversed with him about the establishment of schools; and asked his Excellency, whether, in case I had a certain sum of money yearly for the establishment of schools, I should meet with any difficulty in employing it for that purpose. Not in the least, (said he) : you can establish as many schools as you please.

“ ‘ It is now the moment,’ he adds, ‘ and perhaps the only favourable moment, that may for a long time be presented, to do something for Greece. The most important thing to be done first, is the establishment of Lancasterian schools, both for males and females; and two or three schools of a high order. With this, the Bible must be distributed. If something is not done soon, Greece will be lost. The flood-gates of iniquity have been opened, and kept open by the war, the influx of foreigners, and other causes : and the barrier erected against vice by a religion whose superstructure, though resting on a good foundation, is made up of wood, hay,

and stubble, is not sufficient to resist the mighty torrents which are now rolling in upon this country.

“ ‘ But that which I have often stated in America, I would now say again, that, whatever Greece may be as to her present character, she is ready to receive and employ the two means, and I may perhaps say the only means, which God ever blessed to the civilization and happiness of a nation—the light of the gospel, and the light of science. Such an interesting field for labour was seldom, if ever, opened before the Christian and philanthropist, as that which Greece now presents.’ ” *

To take leave of my reader for the present, I will present him, not with a detailed account, but with a few sketches of my sojourn at the Princes' Islands, of which I have spoken with warm and grateful feelings. May my feeble language convey, at least, a portion of that pleasure with which the scenes themselves inspired me, and (in connexion with the subject of which I have last treated) influence my readers favourably towards the Greeks.

It was on a beautiful day, at the end of the month of August, that I took my departure from Galata for the island of Prinkipo, the largest, and, perhaps, the most picturesque and romantic of that fairy group, called the Princes' Islands. I took my passage on board a large caïk, one of several passage-boats that run daily between Constantinople and the islands. Being favoured by a light north-east wind, the Greek boatmen hoisted sail; and I, at that time, had no opportunity of observing their dexterity in rowing, and the great length of time they can persist in their labour without rest, or slackening their speed. These Greeks, with those

* In a respectable periodical which has given insertion to Mr. Leeves' truly Christian paper, I find the following note added; the composition, as I have reason to believe, of a clergyman of the Church of England, distinguished by his literary talent, and his intimate acquaintance with the Levant:—"It may be said, that associations have **already** been formed in this country for the benefit of Greece, and they have not only failed, but the failure has been attended with circumstances, not only discouraging, but disreputable. But it will be recollected how different are both the present circumstances of the country, and the present object of exertion in its favour. Greece was then struggling for her existence, unsettled in her government, and insecure in her dependence. The struggle is now over, her government is stable, and her independence guaranteed. The object is not now to supply ammunitions of war, to manage turbulent chieftains, and to extract a profit from doubtful speculations. It is to cultivate the arts of peace, to co-operate with lettered men, and to secure an almost certain return, not in interests on loans, but in the amelioration, and in the increase of all that is moral and good in the country."

who ply on the Bosphorus, are perhaps among the best boatmen in the world; and readily distinguished from the Turks, who are far inferior to them, though their boats are the same. The *caïks* that dance across the Golden Horn, or shoot up and down the narrow channel, are sharp and extremely light; but as the sea of Marmora is frequently stormy, and they may be carried away from the shore, the passage-boats to Prinkipo are large and heavy: yet the boatmen, each working a pair of oars, pull twenty-five times in a minute, almost as regularly as machinery, and that for the distance of twelve miles. All my fellow-passengers were Greeks—and cheerful and talkative the moment they got beyond the Serraglio Point. I may remark here a curious piece of etiquette. In passing not merely the serraglio, but any of the kiosks belonging to the sultan, all are obliged, Turks as well as Christians, to withdraw their pipes from their mouths, and to cease smoking until they have got to some distance; and the umbrellas, which most people carry on their water excursions during the summer, to protect themselves from the heat and glare of the sun, are also scrupulously lowered within the boat, or shut up, as long as they are in the vicinity of an imperial residence.

I have said the day was beautiful. We glided gently past the red painted wooden houses at Cadikeui, the picturesque but humble occupant of the site of the ancient Chalcedonia, so famed for its ecclesiastical councils; we doubled the low gentle slip of land that extends beyond it, the extreme point of which is denominated Fanar Backshi, and on whose group of stately trees and fountain, ruined mosque, cypresses, and ancient light-house, I have dwelt with rapture in my sketch taken from the tower of Galata. Perhaps, however, this point of Fanar Backshi, which is nearly opposite the Serraglio Point, and on the edge of the sea of Marmora at the termination of the Bosphorus, is more lovely viewed from the sea at a few oars' length than from any other position.

Little rocks project beyond the Miniature Cape, and a reef in some places scarcely covered by the waves extends from these: the water is pure and transparent. In this direction, behind the light-house, the fountain and the ivy covered mosque, the eye can range for some distance along Scutari's forest of cypresses; and ascending gentle slopes covered with vineyards, and dotted with light kiosks, repose on the romantic mound of Bulgurlu, the edge of which is fringed by a few trees bending towards

the south from the impetuous force of the northern winds that blow from the Black Sea; whilst far up the hill, and at the foot of its terminating cone, another fountain is visible, girt by tall trees.

To oblige me the Greeks kept the boat near coast, and we were gently wafted for two or three miles along the Asiatic shore, which is solitary, melancholy, and desolate, with nothing to show its contiguity to an immense city—the capital of an empire still so very considerable. We then stood out from land towards the islands, and in that direction I had Mount Olympus facing me, and brighter and more distinct than I had ever before seen it; indeed, it is only towards the evening of Constantinople's finest days, that this “parliamental seat of heavenly powers” is visible; but then its lofty, long, snowy ridge caught far away across the Propontis, is a sublime feature in the scene, divested even of its classical associations, and to those who know not or despise Homer and all his divinities. The pencil might do justice to the forms and colours of the Princes' Islands seen from a particular point; but its art has no resources to pourtray the varying charm presented when, as you sail along or alter your tack, the fairy group masses together, or detaches into separate parts, or how the islands present themselves in their different bearings and varieties.

After slowly sailing for nearly two hours, we were close into Proté, one of the group—a smiling little island, green from its summit to the water's edge, and with no habitation but a small Greek monastery. From Proté, a very short run, brought us to Khalki, a larger and more beautiful and well inhabited island, where I landed and took some coffee and a chibook, the enjoyment of which was much augmented by the sight of a number of young Greeks dancing in a garden on the water's edge. I crossed from Khalki to Prinkipo in less than a quarter of an hour, and weak and exhausted as I was by long and painful disorder, I stepped with rapture on its shores, as the sun was sinking towards the hills of Thrace, and illuminating in a gorgeous manner the distant mosques and minarets of Constantinople, and the heterogeneous but striking masses of building of the serraglio. The absence of objects that were around me during my moments of suffering, and the presence of those I had not seen—objects beautiful as novel, and each an incentive to exertion and research, might well produce a favourable change, and it is certain I felt myself much better the very first evening of my stay at Prinkipo. The satisfaction of the day

was, however, somewhat interfered with by the annoyances of the night. Inns were unknown at the Princes' Islands, and I took possession of two rooms in the very first house that offered itself. I had scarcely laid myself down to sleep on my travelling mattress, which was spread on the matted floor, when I was covered with vermin. My old servant, Davide, had met with no such molestation; we changed rooms, but before I could get to sleep the invaders were again upon me, nor could I keep myself clear from them in any other way than by rising and walking up and down the room. Fortunately it was a brilliant moonlight night, and the scenery that presented itself through the lattices of my humble and unclean abode, was of such a character as to make me for a while patient under my sufferings. A garden was under the window, and over the pleasant fruit-tree tops I could discern the gentle slopes of the island, hedged by the bright waves; the basin of Marmora, that expansive mirror, in whose bosom the moon was eyeing herself, was unruffled by a breeze—a line, a faint, a delicate line before me, was proud Stamboul, and all its suburbs; whilst nearer, and to my right, were the shores and hills of Asia, sombre and silent as the grave. The air that came through the open lattice was sweet and balmy as the healing breath of an angel, and for long hours it bore no sound but the distant and softened bark of a watch-dog. I believe I enjoyed this as I ought, but the body will interfere with the tastes and aspirations of the soul. My illness rendered repose doubly desirable, and I confess I envied the sound sleep of my old bug-proof Chaldean, Davide. Almost as soon as day dawned I went out in search of more suitable lodgings, and these I soon found in a house delightfully situated on the summit of a hill behind the village, and belonging to three respectable Greek widows.

The history of these poor women is worth relating. The eldest of them had been the wife of a Greek musician of high repute; the two younger the wives of the old ladies' sons: the father and the two sons, who lived together, had been instructors in the accomplishments of music and dancing to the female children purchased for the sultan, and destined to grace his harem. These situations were lucrative, and even honourable in the estimation of the country. The quiet retreat of Prinkipo was well-chosen: the fair Turkish children were lodged in the house of the Greek, and several who had since become the ornaments of the serraglio, or the favourites

of the sultan, had dwelt and played in the rooms of which I was about to take possession.

The employment of the Greeks was one of great confidence, and as I have said, even of honour, and frequently brought both father and sons in contact with the great Turks about the serraglio,—at times even with the sultan himself, and they might indeed be considered as sorts of favourites, and among the small number of Rayahs of their class who deemed themselves bound to pray for the prosperity of Mahmood. At the breaking out of the Greek Revolution they were residing at Prinkipo, whence perhaps they had never been much farther distant than to Constantinople in their lives. Of the movements of their brethren, whether in the Principalities, the Morea, or the Islands, they knew nothing; yet one morning the father and his two sons were summoned to the Porte, and beheaded without a word of accusation or of reason on the part of the Turks. They had repaired at the call unsuspectingly, and even confident in the favour they enjoyed; and the hapless females who were never to see them more, saw them depart early in the morning, nothing doubting but they would return in the evening. The wife of the head of the family who suffered doubly in the loss of husband and sons, at that distance of time had not wholly recovered from the shock which had nearly deprived her of reason. Her widowed daughters-in-law were two genteel women, apparently under thirty years of age; at the time one of them had been suffering for many months from the attacks of a slow fever, which had reduced her to such a state of weakness that she very rarely left her bed. I never saw a human being so pale, and thin, and woe-begone. She would take no medicine—she dared not shorten her life, but she would do nothing to prolong it; and it was sometimes with difficulty that her affectionate relatives could induce her to swallow that infinitely small portion of food on which she existed. As her fever was intermittent I thought that the chinine I was taking might be beneficial to her; she, however, constantly refused to take it, and would not listen to the advice of the Swedish physician, who several times visited me.

The Greeks always wear their mourning, particularly when the person lost has stood in such a close relation as that of husband or son, for a very long time, I believe, scrupulously, never less than three years; but seven years had elapsed since these unfortunate women were widowed, and they

still wore their weeds, which would certainly never be quitted by two of them,—the aged and the sick ; and most probably never by the third. Such a sad household might be imagined not at all befitting one in my state, but their grief had long ceased to be noisy or obtrusive ; their calm melancholy would frequently be enlivened by the gaiety of others, and whenever they had anything to do for me they did it with alacrity and pleasure. That natural grace and gentility which I have so often remarked, even in Greeks of very inferior condition, were strikingly conspicuous in these widows of Prinkipo.

The house, which I always fancied to be the best, or the best situated in the island, stood in the midst of gardens and vineyards, and I remember few places, except in the neighbourhood of Naples, where the windows of my apartment afforded such beautiful views. My mode of life while here was simple, and yet each of its divisions was filled with a variety of enjoyments. A Fanariotte Greek who had accompanied me from Pera used to read to me through the morning ; when my attention was fatigued I could relieve myself by a walk in an extensive vineyard at the back of the house, or on a shaded terrace in front of it, reposing my eye whenever I chose on the verdant hills of Prinkipo, on the blue sea of Marmora, the dusky Asiatic hills, or the diminished glories of Constantinople. An early dinner gave me time for a walk an hour before sunset, when nearly all the islanders, and they, who rather numerously, take up their summer residence here, were abroad gaily attired, and enjoying themselves. The most frequented promenade was a spot called the Magiaree,* an esplanade running for nearly half a mile along the western cliffs which face the other islands and Stamboul. On holydays that place would be crowded. I have often been delighted with the beauty and gracefulness of the Greek females, and astonished at the elegant and *recherché* style, and the goodness of materials in the dresses of even the poorest of the islanders' wives and daughters. The dwellers in England and in France, where dress is certainly not neglected, will hardly conceive the display of these people. On one of their fêtes I met a fellow who used to let me out a donkey and run errands for me ; his wife was with him ; she had fine lace cotton stockings

* The word Magiar means "Hungarian," both in Turkish and the Hungarian or Magiar language. The Hungarians indeed have no other name for themselves. I never could learn how it was applied to this promenade.

or *bas au jour*—her robe was of good cambric, purely white, her little jacket of strong rich silk, embroidered in gold, and those indispensable ornaments in the east, bracelets, were on her wrists, and made of many rows of a small gold chain, united by a solid gold clasp ; they were walking up and down the Magiaree, chatting and laughing, and showing their finery like the rest of the gentlefolks. But of people of a condition by no means more elevated, and dressed with equal cleanliness and elegance, you might see a crowd on the evening of any holyday at Prinkipo. A few of the sad and scattered fragments of the Fanariotes or noble Greek families, still retained their habitations in the Princes' Islands—in the days of their prosperity almost exclusively their resort—and my communications with these civilized and elegant people, certainly contributed to raise the Greek character in general in my estimation. I will not fatigue sympathy by fresh relations of measureless suffering and misfortunes ; but among these people I frequented, there were widows and orphans, childless fathers and mothers—wealthy people reduced to mendicity, and all recently, and by the Turks. The resignation, the cheerfulness of these unfortunate creatures were admirable ; I never entered their houses without being received with smiles and courtesy, and while I staid they did all they could to amuse me, without any awkward appearance of effort or constraint. There was one Greek family in particular that contributed to render Prinkipo a “pleasant place to me.” They had no house on the island, but were wont to repair every summer for two or three months to a Greek monastery, situated on the ridge of a hill at some distance behind my house. Three, or I believe four generations, were united there. I was welcomed by all, from the children up to the great-grandmother ; the maidens of the family would help me to coffee and chibouks, and a monarch might be proud of the beauty and gracefulness of such attendants. Near the monastery, and on the sides of the hill, was a little wood of rustling pine trees ; and my recollections of the manner in which we used to sit in its shade in a scattered group, conversing or gazing over the beautiful scenery, assimilate themselves to Stodart's pictures of the happy groups of the Decameron.

My mind might have taken a brighter colour from the hues of the place, and I might have felt that brightening of the spirits which generally accompanies convalescence after long and intense suffering—there might be other reasons still, but it is certain that even the coarse, illiberal Perotes seemed

less insupportable at Prinkipo. There were several families of them passing their *villeggiatura* there, and at the neighbouring islands of Khalki and Antigone, and their cold breasts seemed invaded by the geniality and gaiety of the place. [N.B. as well as I can recollect, there were no drogomans or drogomans' wives among them.] At either end of the delightful promenade of Magiaree there was a coffee-house, amply furnished with low stools and benches, where the old or the ungallant could repose and smoke their chibooks, whilst the rest walked gaily up and down over a fine carpet of verdure that extended to the very edge of the cliffs, of considerable elevation, or sloped down their sides to the sea-water's edge. The general display of dress among the ladies was really fine and tasteful; and if the coëffure,—the turbans, were less antique and classical than what I had admired on the heads of the fair Smyrniotes, the comparison of the rest of their dress was all in favour of the dames of Constantinople. The promenade was always continued on these holydays for about an hour after the reddening of the sky that exposed the distant capital, and dwelt over the Thracian hills, behind which the glorious sun had sunk. The revellers would then retire to supper—to a meal brief, if not light, for in half an hour they would all be again at their doors singing and playing the guitar, or flocking to the principal coffee-house in the village, where it was fashionable to spend the rest of the evening. This coffee-house stood on the edge of the little port, and a wooden gallery with seats, whence you could see the interior of the coffee-house and all that passed therein, projected over the sea. (I would not mislead even in a trifle: this coffee-house and terrace, that sound so pretty in description, were vile constructions of creaking poles and planks,—all the beauty was in those who frequented them.) A tolerable billiard-table afforded occupation to some of the gentlemen: the ladies could find amusement in looking on from the gallery, or in social chat with each other, or their acknowledged and licensed admirers. I have often lingered about this place, cheered with the general gaiety and goodwill until after midnight; and even then, on retiring from the village, and taking a solitary path that led to my abode, my ears have been delighted with the sounds of men and women's voices, of the violin or guitar attuned to strains of jollity, or to their national or patriotic airs.* Even long after I had retired to

* Their boldness astonished me. Their favourite songs were the invocation of the unfortunate Riga, "the Sword of Colocotroni," the "Death of Marco Bozzari," the brave "Canaris," &c. &c.

rest, I would often catch the same strains as they issued from some vine-dresser's cottage on the hill, or from the more distant cabin of some fishermen by the water's side; you might have supposed that a second carnival had been proclaimed, or that these people, released from the labours of the morrow, had nothing on earth to do those live long summer nights, but to dance and to sing, and to enjoy themselves. That these Greeks were slaves, scarcely a chain's length remove from their tyrant, could indeed scarcely be conceived in such moments; but the privilege these lovely islands have so long enjoyed, of being left undisturbed by the tread of Turkish feet, suffices to make the Greeks happy: they feel that they are withdrawn from the sullen or ferocious gaze of those who hate and fear them: there is no fierce chiaoush or bostandji to interrupt their festivity with the cudgel or the bastinado, and they give full way to their natural disposition, which is buoyant, gay, and festive.

The islands are nominally under the government of a Turkish agha, but he does not even live there; he resides on the contiguous coast of Asia, and at the village of Kartal, several miles from Prinkipo. It is only occasionally that he visits his government; when he does it is merely to receive the taxes, &c. and he takes only two or three attendant Turks with him. It is rare that a Turk of any sort passes the night at any of the islands. I can speak to the good effect of this separation of the Greeks from the Turks, as visible in the conduct and condition of the former people. They are directed by primates, or principal men of their own villages, who do the duty of magistrates; and a bishop, or a superior resident clergyman, co-operates in the maintenance of virtue and good order. During a stay of more than a month I never heard of a theft, (and I took some care to examine the moral state,) I never saw the men quarrelling among themselves, or what I have seen so frequently in the inferior classes of other countries, the husbands ill treating their wives, or the mothers harshly beating their children: the vice of drinking, which I have reprobated in the Greeks elsewhere, certainly existed among them; but they were by no means riotous or disrespectful when in their cups. The only affray I ever saw was among a party that had just come over from the coast of Asia, where they had

And these I have frequently heard them singing on the Bosphorus, when Turks were within *ear-shot!*

been shooting: they were Sclavonians, Ragusans, Italians, all drunk—all Franks.

The vineyards and gardens of Prinkipo afforded employment to a portion of the population: the rest of the islanders gained their living as sailors, boatmen, fishermen, &c. Although somewhat improvident, and over expensive in their habits, I seldom saw those outward and tangible signs of misery and horrid want that have so frequently met my eyes in some of the finest countries of the south of Europe. I have spoken of the attire of their females; their children, too, were very well dressed; and their houses, though confined, and of wood, but too favourable to the increase of those insects that so much annoyed me the first night of my arrival, were superior to the abodes of the peasantry of a good portion of civilized Europe. In the village there were three or four schools, and I observed that the young people generally could read and write; but the works they had access to were few in number, and not over good in quality, and they complained of the want of amusing and instructive books in Romaic. A few works of a religious nature had been distributed among them by the Rev. Mr. Leeves, and by Mr. Hartley.

Beside the Magiaree, or the promenade towards the sea, there was another walk, much frequented when the wind or other circumstances rendered the former one disagreeable. I forget the name given to the place, but the walk began at a little fountain, and ran in a gentle hollow to a magnificent plane tree, the boast of the island, and certainly superior to every thing I have seen of its species, except that in the valley of *Buyukderé*. The holydays were unusually brilliant; but there never was an evening during my stay at Prinkipo, but that at the one or the other of these promenades you might find groups of handsome young women and of cheerful young men enjoying the beauty of the season, and the scenery, and the balminess of the air. I have mentioned in the body of my work my obligations to the climate of the Princes' Islands, and have ventured to recommend it to all such as may have the misfortune of an illness at Constantinople; and I here repeat, that "nothing can be more delightful than this climate; sheltered by the hills of Asia, in a nook as it were of the sea of Marmora, and retired from the currents and blasts of the Black Sea, the air of the Islands is temperate and regular, which is not the case with one of the frequented villages on the Bosphorus."

I have frequently seen Constantinople and the Thracian hills wrapt in gloom, but the clouds rested as against an impassable wall on the hill of Bulgurlu, which terminates in that direction the heights that run parallel with the channel of the Bosphorus. I have seen these clouds for a whole day together, whilst at Prinkipo all was sunshine. A vessel would often be seen issuing from the Bosphorus by the Serraglio Point into the sea of Marmora, violently propelled at once by the force of the frothing current, and the northern winds blowing down the confined channel; her sails would be reefed, and she would seem to be rushing on in a perilous manner, while around the group of islands, ships were loitering on their way with every sail set, and narrow caïks were dancing over a waveless sea.

I have mentioned a Greek monastery, on a hill behind my house, which I used to visit; it was called Christos. There were two other monasteries on the island: the one called St. George, and the other St. Nicholas. St. George was situated at the peak of an elevation to the south of the island, which might merit the appellation of mountain; the road to it from Christos was, even independent of the distant views it commanded, romantic and picturesque. On leaving the monastery amidst pinegroves, I used to descend considerably into a hollow which separates the hilly ridges of the island; in this rocky hollow there were a few olive-trees, but it was mainly covered by brushwood, and thyme, and lavender, and other fragrant plants, among which flocks of fine large goats were seen browsing. From this hollow, a steep, irregular Alpine path ran up the sides of the mountain, with here and there a cross and a stone seat to pray or to repose; the path terminated at a flat of confined dimensions, on which stand a group of waving trees, and a quaint-looking, ill-assorted group of buildings, the monastery and the church. The walls of the building on the side towards the Island of Marmora, which I once, and only once, saw plainly from Prinkipo, rose in several places from the edge of the precipice, and on a line with the lofty cliffs, which were almost perpendicular: so much, indeed, that from a window in the monastery, by somewhat extending my hand, I let a stone drop, and it plashed into the waters that washed the island. The effect of this was the more perilous to the eye, as portions of the wall seemed in ill repair. The church was small and poor; the interior of the monastery was chiefly of wood, and it was occupied, not by a swarm of fat, droning monks, but by a number

of unfortunate Greeks who had lost their senses, attended only by a superior and three or four caloyers. It was, in short, a madhouse, and supported like the hospitals which they have at Constantinople, at Smyrna, and in most places where they reside in any number, by the donations of the Greek people, under the administration or guidance of the patriarch, or of some of their superior clergy. The condition of the place and the treatment of its inmates did not seem, however, very satisfactory. The unhappy wretches were mostly, if not wholly, of a low rank of life; the madness of all but one appeared of a tranquil, melancholy nature; but this one, who asserted at the same time that he was Sultan Mahmood and Sultan Mahmood's daughter's husband, was thrown into the most frightful paroxysm I ever beheld, one morning that I was standing close by him.

Whichever way you turn your eyes on the little esplanade about the building, the scenery is grand and beautiful; but the chief varieties in my pleasure were to sit, either in the eye of Mount Olympus, or to face the deep gulf of Isnimit or of Nicomedia; to see the primitive looking Turkish vessels, with snowy white sails merging from, or repairing to, that desolate recess, once the liquid path to the capital of an empire that could contend in arms with Rome herself; or at the left of the entrance to the deep inlet, and on the solitary shore, I could convert by fancy some one of the mounds discovered by my glass into the tomb of the Carthaginian refugee—of Rome's eternal enemy, Hannibal.*

* Some travellers have fixed, perfectly to their own satisfaction, the site of the tomb of Hannibal, at the head of the gulf of Nicomedia; but, alas! it is still as much matter of dispute as either of the Tumuli or the Troad.

THE END.

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